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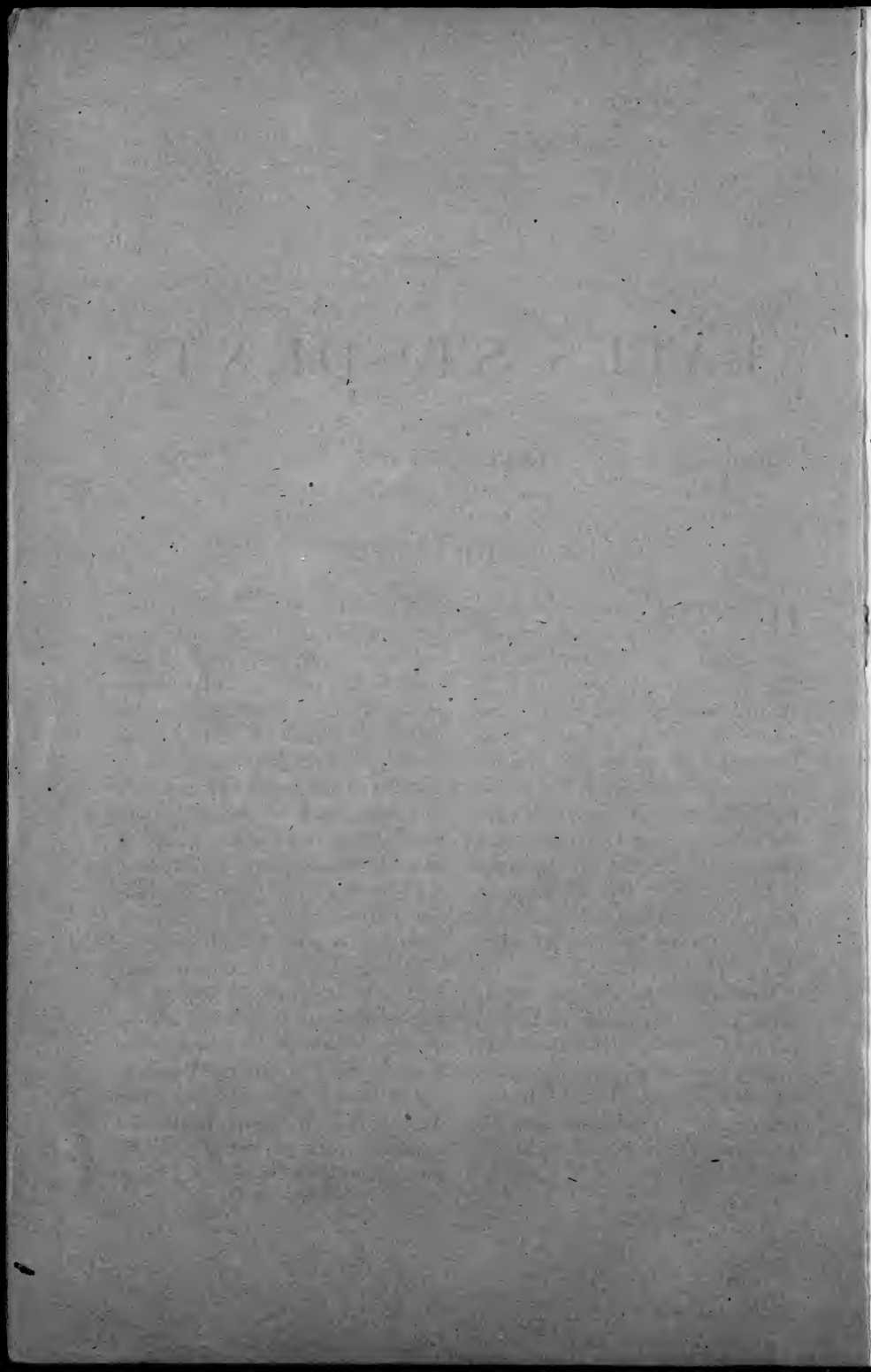
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No. 1.

A HIGHER CULTURE.

ONE hundred years ago the watch-fires of liberty burned brightly throughout the thirteen colonies. The assumed right of taxation, the Boston massacre, and many other minor outrages, perpetrated by authorization or under the sanction of the mother country, had roused the indignation of American patriots. Accordingly Congress assembled with its first act as "an approbation of the conduct of Massachusetts Bay, and an exhortation to continue in the same spirit which they had begun."

Then came the war-note and reveille of the Revolution at Lexington and Concord, in which the British learned the temper of American steel, followed by Bunker Hill and the Declaration of Independence, and the American colonies were virtually free.

The war of 1812, that with Mexico, and our own civil strife have intervened, but the history of our country has been one of unexampl'd prosperity. Separated from the nations of the Old World by broad oceans, we have been left quite to ourselves; and with a wide-reaching and unexplored country within our limits, fertile in its soil and rich in mineral resources, we have felt no need of outside conquest. Thus the last century has been largely one of quiet development and advance.

"I sing of arms and a hero," says Virgil; but there are no arms so potent as those of husbandry, and no hero so valiant as he who by wise counsels dares to continue peace.

The time is close at hand when America will bring the fruits of a hundred years of liberty and lay them open for the world's criticism.

What shall they be? How have we lived? What has been the end in view and the methods?

Man is gifted with the power of adaptation and invention. At his touch crude elements become formative, known powers become subjects of control, and unknown are evoked. Steam takes the place of manual labor. A slender wire binds two continents and marries them with the lightning. Even the atmosphere is laid under contribution, and aerial navigation is yet within the limits of possibility,—and to what purpose? To strengthen feeble hands and increase the sum of human happiness.

All this is well, provided it does not usurp more than its rightful sphere. Our age is largely one of practical tendencies, and our country of abundant resources. In all that relates to the mechanic arts in the coming centennial, America will stand in the front rank with other nations.

This phase of development has been necessary. To any people the ordinary means of sustenance and helps to relieve labor become essential, and with us, having no accumulated centuries of material development, the demand was immediate. But, this once satisfied, we should have recourse to those broader and higher means of ennobling life and securing happiness which come from the cultivation of the more liberal arts.

It is only by the satisfaction of

the spirit that contentment comes. Man's noblest activities are those of mind, and that, too, in its highest manifestations. The grosser side of the question demands attention, but life has higher functions to which this should only minister. The practical should be supplemented and corrected by the æsthetical. Those activities should be most warmly cherished whose products are most lasting. Horace sings, "I have erected a monument more enduring than brass." It is ideas alone that are immortal.

Every thought must seek a symbol for its manifestation. The symbol is perishable, but the thought, never; and those thoughts which are noblest reproduce their symbols oftenest. The thought of the writer must incorporate itself in letters, and the ideal of the painter be spread upon canvas to be transferable; but once expressed, they become undying powers. The locomotive is a symbol for the power of steam, and becomes useful as a study. We place Juvenal and Tacitus in the college curriculum because the thought is better and leads to better living.

We plead for a higher and broader culture. Not that America is without distinction in many departments of higher effort. In prose we have a few masters; in poetry, fewer. For us the Concord school alone would save our prose from disgrace; but where are our Goethes? Longfel-

low has sweetness, Bryant is manly, and Whittier fresh as the morning; but whom have we to match with Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, or Shakespeare, with Dante, Petrarch, or Boccaccio? Rather are we not all their debtors? Where are our types of thought blossoming into painting, sculpture, and song? our Raphaels, Angelos, and Beethovens? True, there must be eras for the highest manifestation, but it is just here that the difficulty lies. By no means would we criticise those noble spirits who bear aloft their torches for want of a clearer light. It is no fault of Church that his landscapes do not gather more of the sunset, but rather of the people which fails to demand it.

The autumns yield their fruitage and we call them eras, but only from spring-times of sowing and summers of warmth and shower do the harvests come; and, with these, we shall have the products, be the reaper's name Angelo or Powers.

It is not man who carves or paints, but the culture behind him. A rose and violet are the same. Materially, both are sunlight and moisture,—æsthetically, all beauty. We care not what the man or individuality, if so be we catch the essence. Men are never wanting; it is the demand that fails. We have potential mathematicians, the peers of Hausen and Leverrier, who never become actual. One of the rarest analysts of this or any other country receives \$1200 for his year's labor.

Is it to be wondered at that his name is not known? In the same State the president of an insurance company receives \$25,000. We have noble names in science, yet representatives of men too often compelled to descend from the higher planes of pure experiment and research to lower levels of utility and application.

Literature has a special tongue, likewise art and song, and all speak to special faculties. It is not every one that can interpret; and, with any one, the power comes from intimate fellowship. But interpretation is not speech. The honey-lipped Nestor was only such in the dialect of the Pylans. The broad-speaking Englishman cannot become the mellifluent Italian in a single generation. The fundamental sounds are caught, but we must grow to the flexibility and richness.

A nation cannot have a noble literature until it is the nation's custom to think in letters. For it, also, there must be a deep substratum of thought and sentiment. New words must be coined, and old words tuned to melody and expression. Its past, too, must be rich in varied associations. We should never have had Ivanhoe without British history, nor Homer's singing without the Trojan war. A man is never so warm as by his own fire. One's fancy droops with the flight in going abroad for materials, and we are in a strange land when we get there.

Our skies are as good as Italian. A lake that will send up moisture between us and the sunset is as good as the Mediterranean. What we want is simply to hold up our prisms before the canvas and let on the sunlight. An effort now is manifest and the picture is over-strained.

Our colors are too artificial. Painting must be first and second nature both to be natural. The best art is spontaneous, not tentative.

Our statues are too muscular, as our life, with not enough of grace. The crudity should be left behind in the unhewn block, and disappear with every stroke of the chisel. We have literary societies and art gal-

leries, but none to match with those of the Old World. We go abroad for discipline and return with foreign mannerisms. Let us not lose our individuality, but develop a talent which shall blend foreign elements of the highest order with our own excellences.

"Build thou more noble mansions, O, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll."

A solid foundation of material prosperity has been laid. Let us rear upon it a lofty temple of ideal culture, buttressed, pillared, and pinnaled, with niches rich in forms of grace, and walls adorned with masteries of art, and whose aisles shall be filled with the harmonies of thought.

ENTHUSIASM.

A GREAT part of life is made up of toils, fears, and despair; and to sustain himself man requires an element in his soul that will maintain in him an interest in life and its duties, that will infuse energy into his thoughts, and give force to his actions. The smallest undertaking, the grandest enterprise, and the realization of the noblest conceptions of human thought, are dependent upon such a spirit; and each one merits the applause of the world, and wins success, in proportion to the vigor and animation exhibited. It is *want*

of earnestness on the part of many men that makes them so indolent and shiftless.

Men, it is true, differ greatly; while some are cold and indifferent, and seldom manifest any zeal, others are susceptible to the least thing that has a claim on human sympathy, and their sensitive hearts are ever ready to respond to noble impulses.

Those stoic natures who remain unmoved in the midst of excitement, and for whom the most pleasing prospects have no attractions, give to the world but little in word or deed

compared to what is given by those whose souls are earnest and strong, whose impulses are to realize their thoughts, and who make great efforts to attain the *ideal* which a powerful imagination has created.

The fountain of action is in feelings, and enthusiasm constitutes the life of genius and furnishes the motive power which enables men to take hold of ventures rejected or given up in despair by others, and to carry them forward to the attainment of glorious results.

The grand achievements in science, the heroic adventures of such restless souls as Sir John Franklin, Dr. Livingstone, and kindred spirits, the great success achieved in art, in literature, and in the fierce contests between right and wrong,—are due to the spirit of work and sacrifice wrought upon by the love and sympathy of enthusiastic natures.

Dante is said to have composed his immortal song amid exile and suffering, prompted thereto by the noble ambition of vindicating himself to posterity; and the sweetest angel of his paradise is the object of his early love.

A sympathetic nature is touched by the distress and sorrow of others, and through its anxiety to relieve them is quickened to action, and a noble deed is done. Much of Shakespeare's power in reading the human soul is attributed to his sympathy with men and to his keeping his

heart closely bound to them in feeling.

It is true, great intensity of feeling often causes men to act hastily and without reason, so eager may they become to accomplish some wild and visionary scheme. The pages of history bear record of the insane doings of revolutionists, the excessive acts of religious fanatics, and the phrensied deeds of men, the heat and fervor of whose souls out-stripping the slower movement of reason, have been productive of sad consequences.

The evil effects of immoderate acts of enthusiastic men have caused men of calm and noble thoughts to regard enthusiasm with but little favor. Locke defines enthusiasm thus: "It is founded neither on reason nor divine revelation, but rises from the conceit of a warmed or over-weening imagination." Yet the fanaticism of enthusiasts sometimes produces good fruits.

The great sympathy of John Brown for an enslaved race, and his intense desire to destroy slavery, filled his soul with an uncontrollable enthusiasm which led him to make an insane attempt to liberate a whole race at a single blow; but his too great love for a good cause urged him on until he committed a crime and lost his life to satisfy the demands of law. But the bold raid of fanatic John Brown served to arouse the American people, and hastened them on to a fierce struggle, which

in the end swept away slavery from our land.

The sympathy and earnest love of Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and William Lloyd Garrison, for the same cause, moved them to utter such strong denunciations and to advocate such extreme measures against the institution of slavery that they were called "crazy fanatics." But, as the sequel shows, they were only in advance of general sentiment, and served to infuse a greater and warmer love for freedom into the hearts of the American people.

The magnetic enthusiasm of Garibaldi electrified a whole nation and gave to the world a "free Italy." Verily, it can be asserted that "Providence often makes gushing earnestness a fountain of glorious achievement." It is not until our feelings are aroused and we become enthusiastic for a cause, that enthusiasm reaches its highest end. Says a

writer: "Within the entire circle of our intellectual constitution we see nothing but emotions; it is not the power, but the fruits of the power in such feelings of a lofty kind as it will yield."

There is, on the whole, danger to be feared from too great enthusiasm, and to accomplish the greatest good with the least amount of evil it must be tempered with moderation and reason.

We do not speak in defence of fanaticism, but only contend for such a degree of enthusiasm as will give force, vigor, and animation to our thoughts and deeds.

The universal testimony of mankind must be, that if it were not for the emotions of the soul, the warmth of feeling, to arouse our faculties to rich endeavor and good efforts, the daily experiences and realities of life would become, instead of pleasures, so many burdens to the human race.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

"No shadow, but it hath a brighter side;
No bitterness hath all of sweet denied."

NOW must we pause, a grave farewell to say
Unto a friend who dieth on this day;
Already falls the pall about the bier;
Already are we dumb with waiting fear.

Another year unto the buried past
Shall soon be gathered; still we hold it fast,
Scanning that life, of our lives grown a part;
Committing it to rest, with thoughtful heart.

Once was it young, and fresh, and fair, and pure;
Once, from its birth to death could we endure
To look and tremble not, nor weep, as now,
That days write lines upon its patient brow—
Lines from our life.

Ho! comrades, will you see?
Dar'st yet behold again and read with me?
Lines from our thoughts we find engraven there;
Dark pages of our words, more foul than fair;
Grim writings of our deeds in full record,
Whose searching truth smites keener than a sword.

O'ercome with shame's remorseful glow, we sink;
The passing bell proclaims another link
Is added to our chain—not golden bright,
Nor iron strong, but foul with rust—to sight
Approaching now.

Wait not, the year is dead,
The requiem sung, our farewells all are said;
O wrong'd friend! a "vale" sad we cry
After thy shade, since thou, alas! must die.

With bow'd heads we stand; night's pageant dark
Hath scarcely passed from view, when list! lo! hark!
What joyful notes are these, in silvery chime,
With death's most solemn dirges keeping time?

The New Year cometh, and we lift our eyes
To greet her, glowing as the morning skies;
The rosy robes of hope envelop her form;
Her whispered words our deadened pulses warm
Unto new life.

"There's still to do," she chides;
"Life, duty, love, while yet your strength abides;
Forgiveness for the past shall fall on you;
Let present deeds your kindling zeal renew."

Then rang the bells in clamor glad and wild;
The New Year, like a promise, on us smiled;
In solemn grief began a watch of woe;
Onward the New Year leadeeth, and we go.

FRIENDS OF OURS.

AMONG the many acquaintances we form, is it not surprising how few—how very few—we take to ourselves as friends? In many instances it may be because we have not the opportunity to become better acquainted. We meet hundreds of people without finding one congenial to us. The next may be a character that shall attract us as a loadstone. It may be for its strength, for its originality, its brilliancy, its honesty; it may be for its very weakness. There is a certain something about it utterly indefinable and irresistible.

Whatever else our friend is, he must be honest and unselfish. But these qualities are not sufficient in themselves. We know some very

honest men in whose company we cannot spend an hour with any kind of ease or satisfaction. Not because of their dullness or lack of willingness to make the interview a pleasant one,—certainly not from lack of endeavor on our part.

The life of a stranger, or even an acquaintance, has but little influence over us. Our friends have some elements of our ideal in them that we admire and imitate. So in the library many books on the shelves parade the names of our mere acquaintances. We nod to them and pass on. Occasionally we chance upon one with whom we have grown familiar, and we take it from the shelf with much the same pleasure that we grasp the hand of a friend.

It may not be the most profound or learned treatise in the language; it probably is not. We tug it home, however, without the slightest twinge of conscience that we have not the work of some long-faced patriarch under our arm for an after-dinner quietus. We respect the dry bones of intellect, but can only love something with beauty and warmth about it, and perhaps a little weakness withal.

To read the name of Addison or Scott is like hearing a stranger speak of a friend. Has not the story of their lives had an influence upon us greater than that of greater men? It is a pleasant picture we have of Scott during the years of his prosperity at Abbotsford. We see him clad in his loose Scottish habit, superintending the improvements upon the grounds and buildings, accompanied by his faithful servant, and receiving his dictations with a quiet smile; or in his study, the dogs asleep under the table, his children at play about him, and he ready, at any moment, to lay aside his pen and mend a toy for them, or even join in a frolic. His literary labors had won for him the most cultivated circle of friends at home and abroad, who made his house a rendezvous, bringing their friends with them. They were all welcome. The houses of the nobility were open to him, and in 1821 he goes to London and is made a Baronet by George IV.

Then a change came. The name of Byron began to be heard and his poetry to lure the public ear from the songs of our Scottish bard. Does he complain at thus being jilted? By no means. Among some rubbish he accidentally finds a portion of his manuscript of *Waverley*, condemned to its lost state by the adverse criticism of a friend years before. He looks it over and now decides to complete it. With what success the world knows. No, we do not even hear him complain when, in 1825, his publishers fail, involving him to the amount of over half a million of dollars. "Time and I against any two," he sang to his creditors; "let me take this good ally into company and I believe I shall be able to pay you every farthing." In six years he had earned, by his pen, one-half the amount, when sickness overtook him. Was there not something of the hero here? What battle-field ever proved a greater? The productions of his pen are so many victories over public opinion, and his retreat from poetry to prose, burdened with overwhelming calamity, was one of those retreats more glorious than victory. It is with feelings of regret, however, that we chronicle the acceptance of the *Sir* by Walter Scott. The tone of public opinion against the acceptance of titles by literary men, has developed rapidly since the early part of this century. It is very probable that his example did

much towards establishing this tendency. It became evident how little honor it could confer upon a really great man.

About a century earlier than this we find another writer, the literary autocrat of his time, as was Scott, towards whom we are drawn by a similar feeling, viz.: Joseph Addison. His figure stands out as the type of that age of English history of which Thackeray loved to write, and which he has brought so vividly before this generation. The days of Marlborough, of court intrigue and debauchery, the days of coffee-houses, of tie-wigs and "eight-bottle men," of chairs and flambeaux! The palmy days of Gent Street and the heroes of the Dunciad! Up through this rubbish rises the figure of Addison, with disheveled wig and a few wine stains upon his waistcoat perhaps, but, all in all, the best man of the period, and the one we most love to follow. We find him at Button's, the Whig headquarters, where he occupies the seat of honor, the arm chair in the chimney corner, that Dryden had filled before him. Young aspirants for literary fame looked to him for favor, as he himself had looked to Dryden. A Whig himself, without being two-faced, he had friends in both parties. No matter what change took place in the government—Prince of Orange, Protestantism and the Whigs, or Queen Anne, High Church and Tory rule—there was always an

appointment for Addison. Four offices he held in all, and the last one Secretary of State. No writer ever ascended the ladder with less difficulty. He had not the misfortunes that Scott struggled against. It was not altogether his genius as a writer that procured him position. He was a better man at heart than most of those about him. People had confidence in the purity of his motives.

The plays of Wycherley, Congreve, and those of Dryden, as bad, were upon the stage and listened to unblushingly by the noblest and fairest of the land. Addison was above the criminality of the day. While other writers were pampering to the depraved tastes, he aimed to elevate them. But it is not as a dramatist or poet that we know him. His Latin verses, and Cato, and Campaign have not stood the test of time, as have his services as "Spectator" of mankind. Here it is that we become acquainted with the richness of his nature. It was not as broad and comprehensive as that of Scott, but there was a delicacy of touch and humor about him wholly his own.

When Steele projected the idea of the *Tattler*, in 1709, he only hoped to publish something to amuse the people. We know his character too well to suppose he would have made it anything more than a reflection of the stage, the court, and the citizens about town. Addison, however, saw in the idea a means of doing a great deal of good. The domestic life of

the nation was corrupt. The little every-day affairs of life, which in the aggregate are its most important considerations, were overlooked. Here was a way to instruct and amuse. If Addison had lived a century later he would have been one of the great novelists. As it is, his essays in the *Tattler* and *Spectator* have all the qualities of fiction, and connected as they are by the exertions of the Club, almost the unity of a novel. We feel as well acquainted with Sir Roger de Coverly as with Uncle Toby or Pickwick.

Pope, Dr. Johnson, Swift, and other able men of the times, contributed to the pages of these periodicals. But we seldom think of these in speaking of the *Spectator*. Addison and the *Spectator* are one to us. The character admirably fitted him. His own nature was as a deep river, silent and cold upon the surface, but beneath there was an undercurrent of sparkling active life. His essays are the true index of this undercurrent of his character. They show us his deep sympathy and keen appreciation of what was going on about him. The "lay preacher," the "parson in the tie-wig," indeed he was. Never was such a series of sermons drawn from a barrel.

With how much greater pleasure do we read the works of such men as Scott and Addison, than those of men whose lives are not in sympathy with their utterances. There were Pope and Swift, for instance, contem-

poraries of Addison. Did not their own lives poison the fangs of criticism by which their works have been judged? Pope's querulous, sensitive egotism kept him in perpetual hot water, and the vapor hangs about his writings to this day. Swift, too, seemed to glare at the world like a hyena. He took a savage delight in unmasking the worst side of human nature. We can not help feeling that there is an insincerity about the writings of such men; something inconsistent; too much tinsel, sham, and affectation. It does not bear the closest scrutiny, as all the noblest works of art do. Something of this may be seen if we will notice the growing tendency to give preference to Thackeray over Dickens.

The quiet, patient work of art outlasts the flash of genius. Perhaps these patient, persistent, cheerful workers are the greatest geniuses after all. A writer must reveal something of his own character in what he writes. We become best acquainted with the noblest characters because they have the least to conceal. This is among the first reasons to account for their lasting influence with us. They become friends of ours. We learn that the works of genius alone are not enduring unless founded upon an honest, laborious, consistent life; and the latter qualities, which are attainable by us all, often send genius to the beam.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

I COME from the land where the setting sun
Sinks down to rest, when the day is done,
In his couch of crimson and gold;
I have visited lands beyond the sea;
I have roamed o'er the mountain, and over the lea
Have wandered uncontrolled.

I have kissed the cheek of the Spanish maid,
And oft 'mid her raven tresses strayed
In free and sportive play;
I have strolled on the banks of the rapid Rhine,
By many a tower and sculptured shrine,
And castle old and gray.

I have listened to legends vague and strange,
That cling to each moated castle and grange
On the banks of that storied stream;
And I drank in that legendary lore,
Till the world seemed but a fairy shore,
And life a fairy dream.

I have murmured softly through the trees,
And sung my sweetest melodies
In Italy's fair clime,—
Kissing the leaves of the riotous vine,
Breathing the fumes of the cheering wine,
Even forgetting time.

Then I hied me away o'er the tossing sea
On sportive pinions, glad and free,
To the distant West;
And here, methinks, when my work is done—
My mission accomplished—my wild race run—
I will lay me down to rest.

HUGH MILLER AS A POET.

THERE are no problems more difficult than those which speculative men sometimes attempt solving, when they set themselves to predict how certain given characters would act in certain given circumstances. In what spirit, it has been asked, would Socrates have listened to Paul on Mars Hill, had he lived a few ages later? or what sort of a statesman would Robert Burns have made? or how would Napoleon have figured in the literary world? However unsatisfactory the conclusions arrived at, or however unnecessary such speculations may seem, they all come under a system recently denominated a science. The theory of Carlyle and Kingsley, that history is only the biography of great men, Herbert Spencer would allow only on the ground that the genesis of great men rests on the basis of a social status. Hence, given the social condition of a people, or a few characteristics of the age, and, like Mr. Taine with his few rules for discerning the literary force of any period, Herbert Spencer will tell you just what heroes will be produced.

It may be somewhat doubted whether human action can ever be reduced to a science, as pretended by very good authority; but a careful study of the products of any single mind with the original tendencies

displayed in early life, may hint to us strange possibilities of what might, under other and superior circumstances, have been accomplished.

Those who have never heard Hugh Miller's name except as connected with his favorite pursuit, geology, may be somewhat surprised at the idea of considering him under any such title as poet; but to those who have read his works—and to read is but to admire them and love the author—it will not seem a strange appellation. Not that Hugh Miller's claim to such a title can rest solely upon his few versifications—which, however, without discovering any remarkable originality, possess many excellences—but through all his prose works gleams, like gold dust in a sandy river-bed or the crimson lines of sunset in a cold gray cloud, the finest spirit of poetry. Shelley hesitated whether to become a poet or a metaphysician. Certainly a strange mixture of opposite qualities must be possessed to give the mind a predilection for two such seemingly opposite courses. Had Shelley chosen metaphysics for his pursuit, no doubt he would have rendered just such a service to science as did Hugh Miller. As it is, in Shelley's writings much is metaphysical, and in Hugh Miller's much is, in the loftiest sense, poetical. When he represents the process of

creation, under the similitude of a vision, his language rises almost to the grandeur of Miltonic poetry. With such poetical endowments as Hugh Miller evidently possessed, it is not strange that Mr. Bayne, by far the best of his biographers, should speculate upon what glory this scientist might have won as a poet in the field of literature. What was said by an eminent critic of Burns's universal capabilities, is no less applicable to Hugh Miller; and if we make moral worth of any account, Burns's range of possibilities must seem exceedingly narrow in comparison with that of Miller. Even in an intellectual point of view, the Cromarty stone mason will compare very favorably with the bard of Ayr. But if any one ever fulfilled the ancient injunction, "Know thyself," it was Hugh Miller. His critical judgment soon outstripped his rhyming vocabulary, and with a self-denial and firmness of purpose highly commendable to a self-sufficient generation of Yankee poetasters, he relinquished the darling of his childish fancies, "the sweet and mellow verse." Let now the cold, grim Carlyle swing his hat for joy; for certainly Hugh Miller could express in prose as fine sentiments, in as beautiful a manner, as he could in verse, and with a far greater range of thought. So we have many gorgeous descriptions of scenery both in Scotland and England, landscape paintings as fine as Shenstone's—

a poet whom Miller greatly admired.

Hugh Miller was born Oct. 10th, 1802, in the town of Cromarty, Scotland. This town is situated on the eastern coast of the island, and the waves from the German ocean dwindle to tiny ripples before they have traversed the sheltering bay of Cromarty and laved its rocky shore. The schools of Hugh Miller were the caves and cliffs, the woods and heaths of this romantic region. He studied every object of nature with close, observant eye. Bird, beast, flower, insect, rock, fossil, everything ministered to his thirst for knowledge. The rich tract of country around Conon-Side, where he worked as a mason-apprentice, with its woods, and tower, and noble river, often bathed in the red light of gorgeous sunsets, gratified his love of the beautiful. The swelling wood beneath the dark rugged hills, the "pale, tall tower of Fairburn seen in the gloamin'" like a ghastly spectre of the past, the ruinous chapels and ancient burying-grounds, each connected with some weird fantastic legend,—these are objects which inspired Miller's poetic muse.

But it is in after years, when telling that exquisite story of his life, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," that we discern the truest poetry. A man who could say, truthfully, that his "happiness was enhanced by every little bird that burst out into sudden song among the trees, and then as suddenly became silent, or

by every bright-scaled fish that went darting through the topaz-colored depths of the water, or rose for a moment over its calm surface;" that the "blue sheets of hyacinths that carpeted the openings in the wood delighted him, and every golden-tinted cloud that gleamed over the setting sun and threw its bright flush on the river, seemed to inform his heart of a heaven beyond," although wanting in what Wordsworth termed "the accomplishment of verse," has, notwithstanding, the chief element of poetry native within him. But in all Miller's daily walks, amid this delightful scenery in which there was not a single object but set his heart aglow, he never could express so much as did Burns in a single verse, showing forth the poetry to be found in walks:—

"The muse—no poet ever fand her,
Till by himself he learned to wander
Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O, sweet to muse and pensive ponder
A heartfelt sang."

Miller's lines on seeing a sun-dial in a church-yard obtained for him very favorable notices in the leading periodicals of the day; but no single quotation would do the poem justice. Neither thought nor expression rises to the standard of originality, in any of his poems. But occasionally a very vivid conception flashes an individual figure before the eye of the mind in a clear visibility, with distinct outline and brilliant coloring. His raven is as palp-

ably bodied forth as Tennyson's wild hawk staring with his foot on his prey:—

"Foulest of the birds of heaven,
O'er thee flaps the hungry raven;
Hark! his loud and piercing cry;
Pilgrim, hark! that faint reply:
Soon, on yonder rocky shore,
Shall he bathe his wing in gore—
Bathe each wing, while dives his beak
In a cold, wave-beaten cheek;
Cold—the fierce tides o'er it flowing;
Cold, though now with life 'tis glowing."

This is not a picture to delight a sensitive mind, and we find an excellent antidote in one of his prettiest prose-descriptions. Hugh and a boy-companion had lingered in a shore cave until the evening shadows were falling, and the tide fast rising had prevented their egress. "The long telescopic prospect of the sparkling sea, as viewed from the inner extremity of the cavern, while all around was dark as midnight,—the sudden gleam of the sea-gull, seen for a moment from the recess as it flitted past in the sunshine,—the black, heaving bulk of the grampus, as it threw up its slender jets of spray, and then, turning downwards, displayed its glossy back and vast angular fin,—even the pigeons, as they shot whizzingly by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next radiant in the light,—all acquired a new light in the peculiarity of the setting in which we found them." The tide had turned about noon, and as "hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shadows lengthened," the tide still rose. "The sun

had sunk behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their bases, and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the glow of evening. The flush rose higher and higher, chased by the shadows; and then after lingering for a moment on their crests of honeysuckle and juniper, passed away and the whole became sombre and gray. The sea-gull sprang upwards from where he had floated on the ripple, and hied him slowly away to his lodge in his deep-sea stack; the dusky cormorant flitted past, with heavier and more frequent stroke, to his whitened shelf high on the precipice; the pigeons came whizzing downwards from the uplands, and disappeared amid the gloom of their caves."

The dangers of the situation, the terrors of night, did not prevent the child from bearing away so lively an impress of his romantic surroundings, that, after many years had stood between, he paints it with a faithfulness to nature equal to Wilson or Audubon; with a beauty of diction unsurpassed by Ruskin; with a vividness, a liveliness, rivaling Christopher himself. He says again, "The clear, calm mornings, when the gossamer went sailing in long gray films along the retired glades of the wood,

and the straggling sunlight fell on the crimson and orange mushroom, as it sprang up amid the dank grass and under thickly-leaved boughs of scarlet and gold, I deem especially delightful." Compare this genuine glow of admiration for native beauties, this spirit which revels in the freshness of natural scenery like a snow-white swan in a purling brook after a summer rain, with the sickly pinings of a Keats shut up in a London store, sighing for a glimpse of the green fields, the sun-lit flood, and quiet fells. It would be reasonable to suppose that Hugh Miller might have become a very promising disciple in his Wordsworth school of poetry, had not a higher—yes, a higher destiny ruled the "spirit of his dreams," and placed him where none can dispute the laurels on his brow. It would be interesting to follow Hugh Miller, did space permit, through his boyhood days, and notice all that ministered to his æsthetic nature; his single love, so romantic, so true; his friendships so dear and tender; his struggles and his victories; and what may be more interesting to some, and which we hope in some future article to discuss, his work as a scientist and controversialist.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

SALUTATORY.

ANOTHER year, having filled its allotted space in the cycle of ages, has passed silently away. With it closes the first century of our national existence, with its victories and defeats. It began amid the scenes of war, waged for liberty, justice, and humanity; it closes peacefully, with these blessings secured. May the century upon which we are entering be marked by greater improvements.

The year which has just closed has placed its record upon the roll of past events, and its pages are replete with its list of blessings and afflictions, its achievements and disappointments, its successes and failures, such as have followed in the footsteps of time ever since man began his earthly career. In the dawn of the New Year, as we look longingly back on the past, and hopefully forward to the future, it is time for thought and reflection; the time for new beginnings, new pledges, noble aspirations. As we hopefully form our plans for the future, let us review carefully our record of the past year, and decide if it has been one of improvement; let us leave with it all errors and bad habits, and, profiting by our failures, write success upon all our honorable undertakings.

Another period has been rounded in our college course, and again the STUDENT passes into new hands. Though we dare not predict any improvement, we hope it will lose nothing while under our care.

It is with reluctance that we take our seat in the editor's chair, and assume its duties and responsibilities, feeling that there are others better fitted to perform them. On the class of '77 we rely for help and encouragement in the hard work before us. We trust you feel that the STUDENT is your especial care; that there is work to be done; and will contribute as generously toward its success as have the class of '76. In your hands rests its success or failure; which shall it be? We, who have known your past history, do not doubt the answer. To the other classes we would say: Do not think that the STUDENT belongs entirely to us, but that you have an interest in it which must be looked after and aided.

The object of the STUDENT is to afford the undergraduates an opportunity for publishing their views on such public questions as interest colleges and college students; for practice and improvement in writing; and to let our friends know what we are doing here each month; and, while we hope to enlarge the

news department, we do not intend to lessen its literary merit. On the alumni we must rely for some assistance, and hope, as they read our columns from month to month, they will bring to mind so vividly the pleasant hours spent here that their interest will be aroused in their Alma Mater, and they will respond generously to our calls for aid.

Our election occurred very unexpectedly, but two weeks before the close of the fall term; thus the short time and many other disadvantages under which we have labored will not permit us to make any alteration, at present, in the management of the *STUDENT*; indeed, we feel relieved to get it published in any form, and hope you will pass your criticisms lightly till we have a better chance. We believe, with the former editor, that the time for experiment has passed, and that this year must note either a forward or a backward step. We hope, profiting by his suggestions, and assisted by our friends—for we cannot do it alone—to make some changes.

With these few lines, we greet for the first time the readers of the *STUDENT*, earnestly desiring that our connection may be pleasant and profitable, and that the year upon which we are entering may be one of prosperity, happiness, and improvement.

OBJECT OF A COLLEGE COURSE.

What are you studying for? Why do you devote so much time to Latin

and Greek? What is the use of a college course? These questions are repeatedly asked college students. We are not surprised at this when we consider how many students associate with study no definite object, how many graduates fail to compete successfully in the affairs of life.

The world will point to men of liberal education that have failed of success, and ask, "What practical benefit was a college course to them?" As an answer to these, I would point to the thousands that fail in all the pursuits of life, and ask, What was the use of their trying? and, on the other hand, to the alumni of our colleges, who fill honorable positions; who are the directors of our educational system; who give tone to our literature; who are the thinkers and reformers that elevate mankind and give impulse to social life.

By our presence here, we say emphatically that a college course is useful. What, then, is its object? Different students have different objects, and so the main one is forgotten. One will say, his object is to fit himself thoroughly for his profession; another, to attain a better position in society; another, to discipline his mind; and many have no definite object. The primary object is culture, and that the broadest and most liberal; not confined to one branch of study or one train of thought.

A college curriculum is so arranged as to afford the greatest

amount of mental culture in four years. Its object is to lead individuals out of the narrow channels of thought, down to the vast sea of knowledge. After we enter upon our profession, it requires all our energies to win fame or even success; and if we neglect the opportunities of our early education to obtain a broad culture, then we forever lose its benefits. We claim, therefore, that culture is the object of a college course. "To augment the excellence of our nature, and render an intelligent being more intelligent." This is the ground to assign to the genuine scientific passion; indeed, it is thought by some students to be the end of all study.

Every individual should strive to master all scientific and natural questions that present themselves to him, and to improve the brain to its utmost capacity. To cultivate a thing is to make it grow. We have in us the germs of powers, to which no bounds are set; to develop these powers and capacities, especially the nobler ones, so as to ensure a well proportioned, intelligent, happy being, is mental culture. Sidney Smith says, "It is noble to seek truth, and beautiful to find it." To devote one's life to discovering the first causes of nature, the laws that control the heavenly bodies, the motives that determine human action, the growth and expansion of man's religious nature, the rise and fall of nations, the advancement and retreat of civ-

ilization,—surely if these be the ends of culture, we may count it all joy while we consecrate to their attainment the strength of our youth, while we give up present pleasures, and endure, if need be, the hardships of poverty. The enervating pleasures of luxury and idleness offer no joys like the triumph of our nobler powers, and the consciousness that the faculties given us by the Creator have been exerted to their utmost. But there is another and a higher culture than the scientific; that moral culture in which love goes out to all the human race, with a desire to check human error, to relieve human misery,—the noble desire to leave the world better than we found it. Many a man strives to improve his fellow men by instilling into their minds his own ideas and belief; by giving them intellectual food prepared according to his own theory; by converting them to his sect or party. Culture works differently; it does not try to teach down to the level of inferior minds, but to bring them up to a higher position, where all, like itself, may live in light and purity, and in the unrestricted use of ideas.

Our college life must then be steadfastly devoted to a broad and generous culture,—a culture limited by no prescribed course, theory, or dogma; untrammelled by prejudice or bigotry; but earnestly seeking that which will most improve our mind, and best fit us to perform the duties

of life,—to fill positions honorable to ourselves and useful to our fellow men.

To obtain this culture, the first requisite is methodical labor; method is one of the principal elements of success. If we should divide our time systematically, we could do a great amount of work, and have ample time for exercise and recreation. It is a prevalent idea among students that genius and labor are incompatible; accordingly, afraid of being thought dull, they remain ignorant; or for fear some one will say they plug, go to the recitation room unprepared, and fail.

The object of a college course is not to develop geniuses, but to fit common minds for useful activity. The deeds that have adorned the pages of history with their brightest examples, have been performed by men of the hardest labor, the most untiring thought; and when, after years of persevering toil in the pursuit of knowledge, an opportunity has been given and the worker has distinguished himself, then the world exclaims, A genius!—a genius of labor.

A young man does not know for what pursuit he is adapted till his mind has been disciplined by thought and observation; and so he needs the varied studies of a college course. To lay the foundation of his other studies, and to introduce him to the ancient world with its wealth of literature, he needs Greek and Latin;

to develop his reasoning powers, mathematics; and so on through the curriculum. We do not think one should devote his whole time to these, but use it in the way that will afford the most benefit. He should not think every recitation cut, and every duty shirked, so much gained, but should make use of all the advantages offered him,—thus the public declamation, the debate, the lecture, the society, and, above all, that never-failing source of information, the library, should each be regarded as essential to his mental growth. That he may become acquainted with the different thoughts and fancies of men's minds and their methods of expressing them, with the customs and habits of the peoples who have inhabited the earth at different periods, his reading should not be confined to one branch of literature, but include all branches.

Most of all, students need a keener sense of the influence which their college course has on their after life. We seem to think ourselves isolated from the world, and the time spent in college a period having no connection with the past, present, or future; as if the main point were to see with how little study we can make a passable recitation. We imbibe a sort of indifference to all things around us, and when the worker beats us and bears off the prize, we content ourselves with the thought that we could do it if we should try. This is a pleasant posi-

tion to occupy, but if it follows us through life what will be the consequence?

THE GYMNASIUM.

The gymnasium is a subject that every editor thinks it his duty to write upon. We do this early, to relieve ourselves of that duty, and with a hope to effect some change in its present management. Now that the weather forbids out-door sports, we must turn our attention to the gymnasium. We are not going to inflict upon our readers an extended article on the importance of exercise; all admit that. To have good thorough scholars, we must have healthy students; to be healthy, they must take a certain amount of exercise. That the gymnasium is the place to take it; that our gymnasium, at present, is not suitable for this,—are facts the Faculty ought to know and remedy. They are bound to provide for the physical, as well as mental, growth of their students.

Our building is very good, and so is the apparatus as far as it goes; but in the present state of affairs the money spent for these is nearly useless; yet with the aid of a little more to purchase some new apparatus and hire an instructor, it can be made very beneficial. We are not disposed to do what we know to be for our good unless compelled to do so. We think every student at Bates would hail with pleasure a rule

compelling him to devote some time each day to exercise. If we can not have an instructor, at least the gymnasium can be made comfortable, by putting in a stove and a few other things, so that the students can resort there during certain hours of the day, and in that way be induced to take some exercise.

We are glad to see that the interest in athletic games is increasing, and hope the time is not far distant when Bates will take her stand with other colleges in field sports. We think all that is needed is practice; and to practice we must have a good gymnasium. Let the students consider these things, and make some move to try and induce the Faculty to make the needed improvements.

OUR EXCHANGES.

During the last month it has been our lot to receive the exchanges of the *STUDENT*, and within that time we have made many new and pleasant acquaintances. Each day some new friend has greeted us; and in each is presented some good quality, commending itself to those acquainted with it. Every paper that we have seen has some characteristic peculiar to itself, and sometimes these peculiarities are quite strongly marked. Some papers come to us with a sort of solid look, which we admire, but which inspires in us a certain awe, and sometimes, sad to relate, with an unmistakable feeling

of drowsiness. But this feeling we can ascribe to nothing but our own uneducated taste, for these very papers generally contain the matter best worth reading. From these we turn to another entirely different class, which always contains more or less pleasant but somewhat light reading; and here, we confess, we are most inclined to linger.

Here we find the criticisms upon one another, which, though often quite sharp, seldom appear to be productive of much hard feeling.

Some of our exchanges give most of their attention to the editorials and criticisms, somewhat to the exclusion of essays. This is probably due, in many cases, to lack of contributed matter. With the editors of these we heartily sympathize,—though, as yet, we have not been long enough in the ranks to know much of the sorrows which belong to the lot of an editor.

It is certainly somewhat perplexing to find that one upon whom you depended for a good article, "will be unable to be ready in time for this number—you must wait till next time." Well, so it must be, and we must bear up under it as best we can. Hoping that our friends in other colleges will not be so troubled, we wish all a happy and profitable New Year.

The *Niagara Index* is the first of our exchanges that meets our eye, and, judging from its last number, will always be acceptable.

Its article on Colonial Blue Laws is interesting, especially to us of New England, and presents some novel facts. It seems to us, however, that we have somewhere read an article very similar to this one; but probably we are mistaken about the matter. What attracted us especially to the *Index* was the ingenuity displayed in the criticisms, some of which gave signs of more attention than even the editorials.

The *Tufts Collegian* makes its appearance on our table this month, and we offer greeting to this newcomer, which presents itself in a form so attractive. The *Collegian* is one of the best of our exchanges, in matter of appearance and execution. The first article is a poem, a translation from the German. It is well written, and is pleasant to read on account of the smoothness and freedom of the verse. The writer of the article on Teaching laments that the students of Tufts are no longer encouraged to teach; saying that, while the system of allowing students to be absent from college duties has many ills, yet to counterbalance these are several important benefits to be obtained by the student who spends part of his time in teaching, among which is mentioned experience. It seems to us an open question whether the student gains or loses by taking a portion of his time from his college course for such a purpose.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Happy New Year, all.

January came in like a lamb, and according to looks at present, will go out like a whipped puppy.

That young fellow who "puts out eyes and teeth" is invited not to take his exercise when we are round. It's dangerous.

That young man who broke a pane of glass out of the gymnasium window will save himself trouble if he don't say anything about it.

The Juniors made a "ten strike" last term when they cut that lecture. All the absentees received their reward in due season, except one or two who were "meek and lowly" of mind.

Things are rather dull about here these days. Parker Hall is almost deserted. You can't get a crowd together even by commencing a discussion of that last game with Bowdoin and the subsequent events.

In a country school during the reading of the Bible, the passage "And he smote the Hittite that he died," occurred. A scholar being called upon to read it gave it this way: "And he smote him highty-tighty, that he did." He didn't see what they were laughing at anyway, and it made him mad.

Now is the time when each one has to get the whole lesson, and what is worse, recite on it every day. The classes are so small that we are at the mercy of the professors. You that are away, make an end of your work and hasten to relieve us.

When you get a *cut* on any Prof., don't make remarks about it in public places. As a reason for this remark, we will add that the rejoicings of a certain Senior at a recent occurrence of that kind, were suddenly cut short by the discovery that Prof. S. had been an unobserved listener to the pet names bestowed on the absent one.

We are informed that one of our class, who has quite an interest in the advertising department of the STUDENT, was so carried away by his zeal as to apply at the *post-office*, offering them an excellent opportunity to increase their business by taking a small space in our advertising columns. The offer was declined with thanks, and the poor fellow went away very much depressed. Sad case!

There was a quite largely attended meeting of the Junior class on Saturday, Jan. 8th. The place of meeting was most anywhere on the

streets of Lewiston; the object, to discuss business, base-ball, etc. The meeting was somewhat informal in its character, and as there was no place to sit down, no chairman was chosen. Nevertheless, everything went off quietly, and at the close of the meeting all departed well satisfied with the measures adopted,—the greater number to resume their duties as pedagogues on the following Monday.

As foot-ball has of late attracted much attention in our College, perhaps the experience of one of the immortal eleven will not prove amiss as a warning to aspirants to fame in that direction. While he was trying in vain to dress himself on the morning after that game with the Tufts boys, some such words as these fell from his lips: "Well, I swan! Foot-ball is the *gorramdest* game I ever heard of. It has cost me five dollars; coat-tail gone! two pairs of pants and a shirt! and here I am so lame and stiff that I can't get my pants on. Nevermore will I play foot-ball! 'Oh! oh!'"

It was rather a ferocious parody on Caesar with which the youth who had been sent in quest of his natatory-minded brothers, answered his father's inquiries as to his success: "*Tractum, lictum, ductum.*"—*Volante*.

Prof. (reading)—"*Puer non est,*" etc., suddenly stopped and asked an inattentive student what he had just

read. Student was not exactly certain but thought that he was reading about some one who was "poor but honest." He was soon *non est*.—*Niagara Index*.

"Where is your room-mate?" inquired a student of a friend the other morning. "O, I left him kicking the bucket." The inquirer's solicitude was quieted, however, on learning that the absent one was breaking the ice in order to wash.—*College Mercury*.

Dartmouth students offer hymn books and chromos as prizes to their faculty to encourage the attendance of that body at the chapel. The idea is a good one and we hope it will be carried out here. We certainly need some such arrangement.—*University Herald*.

Were there much hope of good results we would suggest the same to students of Bates. But, alas!

A new means of raising a row has been invented by one of the Juniors. An iron poker, of large proportions and venerable appearance, is taken to the head of the stone staircase and thence solemnly launched on its downward career. The effect is very fine, and must be exceedingly gratifying to its inventor.—*Dalhousie Gazette*.

This can't be equal to rolling the twenty-pound balls down the stairs of Parker Hall; and even a wood-box would, we think, make more noise.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

Sixty-six students of Dartmouth have leave of absence from college for the purpose of teaching.

Now is a good time to fit up that bowling-alley. It seems too bad to let the alley remain useless for want of balls.

More than sixty students are now absent from Bates, most of them wielding the rod in country districts.

Harvard changes its base-ball uniform for the coming season, adopting the Knickerbockers with crimson stockings.

It is suggested, since we have beaten the Bowdoin so thoroughly in the season of 1875, that this year we try some of the college nines in the neighboring states.

How cold it is when one takes hold of the clubs or bat in the gymnasium. There is not much comfort in working there when it is so cold. A stove would be in order there.

Amherst is now the leading college of the country in base-ball matters. She has beaten Harvard—long the champion. One reason for this superiority, perhaps, is the stand taken by her faculty in the matter. We understand that by a law of the

college the players have to spend a certain time each day in base-ball practice. If we could only bring this same custom about here we might have strong hopes of success in the future.

By recent bequest of Judge Parker, over twelve thousand dollars has been added to the fund known as the "Parker Fund." The whole is for the benefit of the College library.

The matter of position at the next regatta has been decided by lot, giving first position to Harvard, the second to Brown, the third to Trinity, Cornell coming in sixth, and Bowdoin eighth.

Base-ball still occupies the minds of many of us, and we look forward to a lively season this year. The nine will probably commence regular practice in the gymnasium as soon as the students return to College. Muscle is what is wanted.

Eleven colleges were represented at the inter-collegiate examination held December 1st, at the University of New York. There were nineteen competitors in all. . . . The first prize, both for Greek and Mathematics, is \$300, the second \$200.—*Brunonian*.

PERSONALS.

'69.—G. B. Files is still Principal of Augusta High School, and is meeting with excellent success.

'70.—W. E. C. Rich has recently accepted a situation in one of the Boston schools.

'72.—E. F. Nason is stopping at his father's home in Hallowell. His health is quite poor.

'72.—Herbert Blake, who has been studying law with W. P. Whitehouse of Augusta, has opened a law office at West Waterville.

'73.—N. W. Harris is now at his home in Auburn.

'74.—W. H. Ham is Principal of Baring High School, and is meeting with excellent success.

'74.—Robert Given is now in Denver City, Col., where he is stopping for the benefit of his health.

'74.—F. T. Crommett is Principal of Normal School at Paris. He was in town a short time since.

'75.—J. R. Brackett is Principal of Foxcroft Academy.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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THE STUDENT will be furnished to all subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid, as required by law.

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

No. 2.

NATURE AND THE MIND.

"To her fair forms did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran."

IN a certain vague way, no doubt, every one feels that there is a deep vital relation subsisting between his own mind and the world of form that lies around him and above him. Man and nature are constantly acting and reacting upon each other; but the connection is wonderfully complex and mysterious, revealing itself with fullness only to those minds that "see into the life of things," and have power to grasp the great ideas of unity and harmony which underlie creation; so that few men ever realize how dependent they are upon the things of sense for that fuel which feeds the fire of the mind.

The senses are the windows of the soul. Through them Nature is forever pouring her illuminating rays, under whose genial, quicken-

ing influence the faculties expand and ripen, as truly as the plant receives life and nourishment from the sun in heaven. In childhood, in youth, and in old age alike, we are receiving invisible lessons from the visible world; we drink in through the pores of sense a thousand impressions every day. Thus the mind becomes a mirror of nature, and the inner world of thought takes its form and color from the things about us. Light and shadow, mountain, plain and sea, all have their influence, silent, but potent, in moulding the character and shaping the ideas of the soul.

So true is this, that nations of kindred origin, from dwelling under different skies, surrounded by different aspects of nature, are often found to have little in common, either in manners or ideas. Nor is this influence on the mind wholly

general and indefinable. Certain objects tend uniformly to foster certain elements of character. There must be, then, an intimate correspondence, a vital relationship between them.

The beautiful in Nature ministers to the æsthetic faculties; sublime objects appeal to heroic sentiments, seeming to impart something of their own inherent grandeur to the souls that dwell in their midst and listen daily to their teachings.

"Two Voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice;
In both, from age to age, thou didst rejoice,—
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!"

The idea is a favorite with the poets; but it is none the less a truth of philosophy, and a necessity of the human mind.

Switzerland has been the synonym of a free country and free institutions in Europe for centuries. The tyrant that would conquer the Swiss mind must first change the character of Swiss scenery. "They must be free, or die," who dwell among her everlasting hills. England, too, is what she is, in spirit and in power, largely from her natural surroundings—

"Encompassed by the inviolate sea."

No one will study a nation's history aright, or comprehend the ruling spirit of a people's inner life and development, who fails to take into account these various voices of Nature to the soul. Shelley, in one of his letters, says of the old Greeks:

"They lived in harmony with nature; and the interstices of their incomparable columns were portals, as it were, to admit the spirit of beauty which animates this glorious universe, to visit those whom it inspired." And in another place he says: "I now understand why the Greeks were such great poets; and above all, I can account, it seems to me, for the harmony, the unity, the perfection, the uniform excellence, of all their works of art. They lived in perpetual commerce with external nature, and nourished themselves upon the spirit of its forms."

They looked on Nature, not as too many at the present day regard her, as the mere expression of fixed and inexorable laws, but as instinct with life and beauty,—as something to be spoken to and loved. The sea, the groves, and the air were peopled with invisible beings. A spirit moved through all things. Their own spirits responded to this myriad life of Nature, and they were able faithfully to reproduce her beautiful forms in their works of art, which later ages study to imitate, but dare not hope to rival. Those myths and fables which seem so extravagant to our duller sensibilities, are the legitimate offspring of minds that *felt* this life in Nature, whose sympathy with it was not forced, but spontaneous and deep. They nestled like children in her bosom, and "felt in the blood" the wild, joyous pulsations of her being. As the result of this

free-hearted, real companionship, imagination became truly creative,—

“Art, daring because souls could feel.”

But it is often said of the Greeks, that they lived in the childhood of the world, and looked on Nature in a childish way. It is equally impossible and undesirable that we should return to their ways; we have outgrown them; we see things more nearly as they are, and by our conquest of nature are fast rolling off the burden of the mystery of the unintelligible world, which has so long oppressed the mind.

It is true, much of the superstition that beclouded the ancients has been lifted from us; but have we lost nothing which it were well to have retained? Their matchless productions in literature and in art speak of something that is gone from us. We spend our time in trying to copy them. Modern art is but a feeble imitation of ancient models; modern literature is, for the most part, a quotation from Homer or Plato. And why need it be so? Surely the human mind has lost none of its power during the centuries. Nature is as full of sublimity as ever; her voices are as various, her melodies as sweet, and she is as glad to reveal them to the mind. If our sensibilities were but as lively and responsive, we should come as near to her heart as the ancients.

“Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We’ve given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the Moon;

The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we’re out of tune.”

It were well if we had kept more of that simplicity and self-abandonment of childhood in our communion with Nature, and in the study of her forms. In our cold, one-sided view of her offices, we are approaching another extreme. The tendency of so much devotion to natural science has been to materialize the thought of the age. Literature and society are full of evidences of this. The mind is absorbed with thoughts that look to the increase of bodily comforts and conveniences, and a new discovery is valued in proportion as it ministers to these. Any other way of looking on the world around us is regarded as behind the times,—well enough for poets and long-haired sentiment-alists, perhaps, but of no value to him whose thought is in harmony with the spirit of the age. No wonder the “progress of civilization” is fatal to works of poetry and art.

Only those minds that carry the imagination into their contemplation of Nature, and approach her reverently, as the visible expression of the thought of God, and therefore as revealing God, can bring away the great lesson which it is her office to teach the mind. For such as come to her in this spirit, with heart and brain alive to the melody of her voices, she has ever a loving welcome; and she leads them “from joy to joy.”

"For she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

The same beneficent Spirit that moves the hearts of men and cares for all His creatures, is present in the manifold forms and scenes of Nature; through them he reveals His wisdom and His love; from them man is forever receiving impressions that strengthen and ennoble his mind. Those who feel this most

deeply are the men of thought and power in the world. It is the secret of the poet, orator, and philosopher. The greatest thoughts can be adequately expressed only as they are clothed in the similitudes of Nature. In proportion as we come into harmony with her life and catch the finer strains of her music, do thoughts come free and fast, and life becomes beautiful. As Goethe says: "To such there came trooping up out of the meadows and singing down out of the skies, thoughts like free children of God, crying out: "'Here we are! Here we are!'"

WAR vs. PEACE.

IN the ages of the past, deeds of war have been regarded as the loftiest theme. The pages of history are replete with glowing accounts of human conflict. From the misty mountain tops of antiquity comes the voice of poetry, accorded to the harp of immortal melody. But from this, too, is breathed the breath of war, that has thrilled the hearts and aroused the ambitions of men in all the thronging generations. Even in our own day, the voice of man, although softened to accord with more generous utterances, is yet given to martial praise.

The glories of military life are instilled into the mind from its earli-

est years. Childhood's slumbers are broken by martial songs. Its waking hours are amused with the plume and the sword. The dreams of youth are enlivened by thoughts of noble daring and heroic death upon the field of battle—dreams that in manhood too often prove a reality. Not with a self-forgetful valor, yielding up life as a generous sacrifice upon his country's altar, does the warrior die; but with the fever of rage upon his brow, and with his heart exasperated by a thirst for revenge.

Constantly gazing upon war, we have become blinded to its ghastly visage. The sanction of civil governments has caused it to be re-

garded by the citizen as a duty. In cases of civil claims and disturbance of the peace, resort is had to the arbitrament of courts and juries; but for the settlement of public claims and the restoration of peace from local dissensions, the universal arbitrament is *war*. Unjust, indeed, is such arbitration, and in the language of one distinguished member of the French Assembly, "The order restored by the bayonet is but the peace of tyrants and the silence of despotism."

From this universal resort for the adjustment of the rights of men, is there no appeal? Shall the dignity of human nature always be thus assailed? Shall human lives always be regarded as of such little worth that they shall be trampled upon as the dust and cut down as the tender grass? No! From this picture of blood and woe we turn, to gaze upon a happier destiny for mankind.

In the midst of strife and disorder there have ever been a few who have looked forward with longing expectation to an age of peace,—a time when deeds of war shall be exchanged for deeds of justice and beneficence, securing and advancing human happiness. Poets have dwelt upon it in sublimest measures. Philosophers have made it their fondest speculation. The ancient prophets, inspired by more than mortal wisdom, heralded its coming in the far future. Our age, fortunately, has its devotees to this cause, and we

sometimes hear them giving expression to the belief that we are living in the dawn of that age. Over-sanguine as they may be, we can but be inspired by their utterances to hope; and, as with eager eye we occasionally catch what seems to us to be the faint glimmer of the dawn on the distant horizon, we are filled with inexpressible joy.

Let us turn for a moment to consider whether this sentiment, that has found expression alike with the poet, philosopher, and prophet, is but the flashing up of a poetic vision, the gleaming of a fancy, or the well-defined shadow of events fast approaching. And, first, as man advances in civilization, his higher sentiments, affections, and understanding are alike averse to war. Humanity becomes an ever-growing principle. Pity is elicited for the sufferings of others. Friendly negotiations are found to produce more economic results than a resort to arms. The pursuits of art and literature are ever lending new charms to civil life. The investigations and discoveries in science, and the application of these discoveries to practical and general use, are fast welding links in the chain of universal brotherhood.

Again, the commerce of the world, which in ancient times trembled to cross a narrow strait or a lofty range of hills, is now sending out its trains and ships, like shuttle-work, over land and sea. Thus is established

"the great commonwealth of nations." Thus does a war in one country, however remote, bring disaster to all others.

Lastly, the spirit of association, or, in other words, the benevolent spirit of modern times, is manifesting itself in a thousand forms of loveliness; is extending itself with astonishing rapidity; is disseminating principles of universal justice and love; is everywhere elevating the character of mankind, and uniting them in inseparable bonds of

peace. Thus do we not find substantial evidence that this long-expected era is at hand? And when, instead of the dread arbitrament of war, the representatives of the highest intelligence of the nations shall sit in common council for the adjustment of international dissensions, then may it be said that the age has truly come when "they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and the nations shall learn war no more."

THE APPLE.

AN APOLOGUE IN IMITATION OF THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

At Herod's brilliant palace
A wealthy chamberlain dwelt, rich in splendor;
No sorrow vexed the surface,
Nor seemed his happiness to hinder.
One day, a friend of childhood,
Who would a change of climate make to seek his good,
Him came to see.

The master, wishing his reception there to be
In fashion as resplendent,
As was his fortune independent,
Prepared a grand collation.

All his neighbors, high in station,
Were bidden to his table.
They arrive, are seated; all seemed delectable;
The porphyry, the silver, and the gold
Displayed the master's wealth untold.
Refreshing coolness came from distant mountains;
Of wines delicious, the cups were fountains;

The fruits, with ruddy skins, vied with all their powers
To flash as varied hues as most brilliant flowers.
The chamberlain, joyous, entertained his guests;
His words were winged with humor, wit, and jests.

The friend, who from afar had come,
Of grandeur much had seen at home;
But he had never seen table as sumptuous,
And palace so magnificent, and crowd so joyous.
He suffered not himself to vaunt this state;
The splendid decorations; the relish of each plate.
He thought, indeed, his friend's estate worthy the strife,
And said in turn to each: "In the pathway of life,
Was there ever mortal who had been more fortunate?
Born 'neath the luckiest star, his fortune made him great;
Nor e'er such favor came to crown another man."

And then to him an apple the chamberlain
Gave, on plate of gold sustained;
Its form a stoic well might win;
The voyageur took it, and, unconstrained,
Cut,—and found at the heart, beneath its shining skin,
A worm.

LETTER FROM A GRADUATE.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:—

I SEND you for publication the following letter from Robert Given, Jr., Class of '74, believing that it will be of interest to his classmates and friends. Mr. Given went to Colorado for his health, and at the time of writing was with J. H. Baker, of '73.

DENVER, COL., JAN. 28TH, 1876.

DEAR T—: Just six weeks in Denver. How am I? Well, I am

better, very much better than when I left Lewiston.

It took me about a week to get acclimated,—that is, so I could breathe this rare atmosphere (we are *up* about 5,500 feet) with any degree of comfort; and then I commenced to improve rapidly. Of course I cannot tell what the permanent effect will be, but have great confidence in this climate as a sanitarium for pulmonary and throat difficulties.

I have not done any work yet, but have made it my duty to walk several miles each day, either about town or on the plains surrounding it. The territorial legislature and a constitutional convention are in session in town. Repeated visits to them have made me quite familiar with the ways of the Western politicians, and made me long to be a Congressman or a highway robber or something of that sort,—besides furnishing divertisement for me.

An occasional visit to Baker's school keeps the pedagogue art fresh in memory. He (Baker) has an excellent school, and is doing good work with it. All concerned are well pleased with him. The mental training and culture of BATES will stand a comparison with the best of them, I think. A course of the good solid work of BATES and institutions like it, is worth everything in comparison with the slipshod, "practical"—so-called—methods so generally advocated at the present time. There are graduates here from almost every institution in the country, including Yale, Harvard, Bowdoin, Michigan University, etc., etc. The "society" of town is generally good, made up as it is largely of New England people and those from the older Western States. Snobbery, of course, has quite an extensive sway here, as everywhere where people get rich suddenly and spend their talents in devising how to display their wealth.

The situation of this town is somewhat of an anomaly. It is about twenty miles from the foot of the mountains, surrounded by a perfectly treeless plain, extending as far as the eye can reach on the east, north, and south, and to the mountains on the west. A ride upon the plains brings nothing to view but short buffalo-grass, cacti in abundance, prairie dogs, antelopes, jack-rabbits, etc., but no trees or pleasant farm-houses, as in Maine and other New England States. All the land in this vicinity has to be irrigated before it can be cultivated with success. The trees in town are kept alive by water running in ditches along their bases.

Every day since I have been here has been a pleasant one; no rain; snowed twice in night-time, but it all disappeared in a day or two. The most disagreeable freaks of the weather are the "gentle zephyrs" of Colorado. They produce dust storms occasionally, when it is more pleasant to be in the house than out of doors; but even in the house the dust will find its way, and deposit itself in beautiful layers upon the various articles of clothing and furniture. "Every house has its skeleton"—eh?

Mercury averages about 40° during the day, with colder nights. Mining is the great business of the territory, and just now there is quite a rush from here to the Black Hills, Pike's Peak, and other mining dis-

tricts; but where one gets rich, ten get poor. Cattle-raising is destined to be one of the leading interests of the territory, and quite a safe business, too. The professions, here as elsewhere, are crowded; only fifty-eight lawyers in a town of 20,000 inhabitants, and a proportional number of medical men. There are not, however, any too many ministers, perhaps. No Free Baptist church, but almost every other denomination has a place of worship. Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Catholics are the leading denominations. Catholics have a strong hold in the territory. The Bishop has just been delivering some lectures against the godless public schools, and in favor of a division of school money and non-taxation of

church property. He assumes the Catholic to be the only true church, and then argues *ad nauseam*.

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Wish some of the boys could come out here and form a sort of a colony of Batesites. Best country in the world for study of Geology, Mineralogy, and Botany.

Think I'll try the mountains next summer. Snow-slides now are apt to cover a traveler up a few feet, or knock him off some precipice and unfit him for duty; but in the summer it is glorious, unless you meet a grizzly.

—The letter closes with an expression of regards to his classmates and friends, and a wish that they would write to him. His address is Denver, Colorado; Box 1759. S.

THE IMAGINATION.

IN attempting a brief essay upon the subject of imagination, or power of combination, it seems fitting at the outset to deny, in anticipation of any accusation, all claims to originality of ideas. We would freely acknowledge ourselves plagiarists; and would challenge any of the daring to advance a single idea upon this subject which has escaped the careful research of the profound in philosophy. Our only excuse for forcing upon the attention of the readers of the *STUDENT*, ideas so

commonplace—as viewed from a philosophical standpoint—is the contemptible position which the imagination holds in popular opinion. It is but too often looked upon as synonymous with fancy; and we think we may freely assert that those of highly active imagination are generally regarded as nearly allied to the occupants of mad-houses. Few realize that an active imagination exerts any beneficent influence upon health, happiness, or usefulness; or that it is at all necessary to the

attainment of the highest success. Yet the imagination is, in fact, one of the most important of the intellectual powers, and may, and probably does, exert a beneficent influence over the lives of most, second perhaps to no other power.

Creative and complex in its nature, it is possessed in various degrees by all. And while some, like spectators at a panorama, possess the power only of forming pictures on presentation, other minds, of more plastic cast, are the authors of such. The imagination of the one is passive and unproductive; of the other, active and productive. Each, though in various degrees, is a source of enjoyment, a spring of activity, and an efficient agent in moulding the character. Extremely active, it is the fertile source of much good, and also of much evil; of much pleasure and of much pain. For while we claim for imagination the highest efficacy as an instrument of good, we freely admit that this, as all other powers, may, if not subjected to proper control, become equally efficacious as an instrument of evil. Its good or bad influence depends not so much upon its activity as upon its right exercise. For who that is continually imagining himself afflicted with all kinds of diseases, will not soon find his health impaired in reality? Who that wishes to consider himself opposed by fate, and must therefore be continually complaining at his lot, can be happy?

And who that is inspired with no loftier ideal of life than the reality of his own, can rise above that reality? But he of lofty and reasonable ideal must necessarily rise, accompanied by all the gratifying influences of success, though his ideal—which may rise accordingly—may never be attained.

A cultivated taste, therefore, accompanied and guided by sound judgment and reason, becomes necessary to the right exercise of the imagination, that the most appropriate and beautiful conceptions may be used in the formation of such ideals as shall best agree with our notions of perfection. A passive imagination thus sustained, cannot fail to find in literature exhaustless sources of delight and happiness; while the real stamp of the additional blessings of an active imagination, and of the innate power of the intellect of its possessor, will probably soon be found fixed to a beautiful collection of original conceptions.

Here, then, in this active imagination, do we find the author of the arts. And as different languages are but different modes of expressing ideas, so the fine arts are but different modes of expressing ideals. The modes of expression vary according to the individual endowments of the artist. They are all based upon the imagination; all appeal to the imagination, awakening admiration in us according to the beauty, novelty, or grandeur of the ideal. The archi-

tect and sculptor appeal to our notions of perfection and symmetry of form, and, through such, to our conceptions of majesty, nobility, and character. The painter, in addition to this, increases the vividness of the ideal by the beauty and exquisite harmony of color and shade. But the master poet, by the powerful strokes of his magical pen, excels all. Not that the poet is the greatest genius; but from the peculiarity of his individual endowments, he is enabled with greater facility to give expression to his ideal, and with greater vividness to address such to the passive imagination of others. The main design of each is to please the taste; and he is the most finished artist in each who has the most vigorous imagination, and the most delicate taste in moulding the creations of such to the pattern of nature.

We have thus far spoken of Poetic Imagination; but there is "another mode in which the imagination acts," which has been denominated Philosophical Imagination. Poetic imagination "makes use of parts of individual wholes"; philosophical imagination, of "single general truths or laws of nature." The former is addressed to the taste, but the latter appeals exclusively to the understanding. The particular function of the one is to please; of the other, to instruct. And as poetic imagination, as we have seen, is the

author of the fine arts, so philosophical imagination is, in a great measure, the author of the sciences. For nearly every great discovery in science has been preceded by a theory of the imagination, which awaited the test of its truth by an application to the known workings of nature. It is thus that the primary principles of science were established; and it is by the same agency that the known bounds of science are daily extended.

But the imagination not only leads to discoveries in science, but may be said to be, in a measure, a part of science. For it is this upon which we must depend for a distinct idea of the nature of many scientific subjects, as, for example, electricity, or magnetism. This it is which swarms every leaf with myriads of animalcules, and endeavors to give us an understanding of the minute elements of their organization. And this it is, finally, which, though it cannot give to all thought shape, can nevertheless awaken such; and, which, though unable to afford us a reasonable ideal of the immensity of space, in comparison with which the earth is insignificant, and man—what words are wanting to express and the imagination equally at a loss to conceive of,—may yet encourage man with a dull conception of the possible achievements of the soul, of which it is itself a part.

NEVER BE WEARY.

"Be not weary in well doing; for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

"**B**E not weary in well doing,"
 Though thy burdens grievous are;
 Still thy onward way pursuing,
 Seeds of truth around thee strewing,
 Though the reaping seems afar.

'Mid the furrows keep on toiling,
 Though the soil is hard and cold;
 Deep, with earnest faith, subsoiling;
 Satan's wiles with labor foiling,—
 Comes he stealthily or bold.

When the morning light is shining;
 When the sun glows hot at noon;
 When the day, at eve declining,
 Light with shadow is entwining,—
 Work!—the harvest will be soon.

Go where duty's voice is calling;
 Murmur never at thy lot;
 Faithful stand—no fear appalling;
 On thine ear the word is falling:
 "Ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

THE SEVENTH APOSTLE OF JOSEPH SMITH.

THE following is the substance of several conversations with Mr. James Huffman, who for many years was a resident of Atlas, Pike Co., Illinois, and who claims to be the original seventh apostle for the advocacy of the Latter-Day Saint religion.

In order to become interested in

this person, it is necessary to state that Mr. Huffman, in his simple ignorance, seems to believe, first, that Joseph Smith was one of the purest-minded men whom he ever knew, and that Smith's life was upright and free from the reproaches cast upon him; second, that the introduction of polygamy, which was strenuously

opposed by Smith and all the faithful adherents to Mormonism, was the overthrow of a religion destined soon to become the prevailing religion of America, and ultimately of of the whole world; and third, that all Mormons who denounce polygamy are considered apostates, whose doom, if they are brought before a church council, is death,—because Brigham Young has instituted a band of men, called the “destroying angels,” for the extermination of all deserters and apostates from the faith. We will now let Mr. Huffman tell his own story.

“In the year 1831, there appeared in the State of Ohio a preacher who claimed to receive his instructions directly from God. From town to town he traveled, preaching wherever the spirit directed him. The religion he advocated was peculiar to itself, and was then noted for its simplicity and purity. His followers were at first few in number, but they began slowly to increase. This preacher was Joseph Smith.

“I was at this time an overseer in a large cooper shop in Kirtland, Ohio, and seldom found time to attend the evening meetings. But having attended church one Sabbath day, I was so impressed with the truth of Smith’s preaching that I was converted, baptized by Smith, and joined his church. From this time forth, I continually studied the new doctrine, and prayed that Smith and his followers might do good to

fallen men. The peculiarity of this religion consisted in the fact that it was to have a living prophet, and twelve apostles to preach it to the world.

“Smith himself was the prophet, and through him the apostles were to be chosen. Already had Smith, with God’s direction, chosen six apostles, and six more were yet to be chosen. But the Lord revealed to Smith that the seventh apostle must be a man of nerve and experience,—one who could go through every trial, and still remain steadfast. Some years passed by, and at length it was revealed to Smith that James Huffman was the person to be chosen for the seventh apostle.

“Smith at once informed me of my mission in the following words: ‘James Huffman, thou hast neither riches nor learning, but thou art great in faith, and hast power with God; and He hath chosen thee to be the seventh of the twelve elect. Forsake all thou hast, pray for more faith, and preach the gospel to mankind.’

“I was astounded! It seemed so strange that I, a poor, ignorant man, should be chosen for this great mission. The more I thought of it, the more stubborn and unyielding I became. But Smith many times explained to me the 18th, 19th, and 20th verses of the fourth chapter of Matthew; and I, having prayerfully considered my great calling, resolved to obey it and to advocate the new

doctrine. The remaining five apostles were soon after chosen, and, with these twelve elect of God, who could commune with him through Smith, with a living prophet for our guide, and with the book of Mormon for the rule of our lives, we declared ourselves a separate people, being known as 'Latter-Day Saints.'

"As we were hated and despised in Ohio on account of our creed, we moved first into Missouri, and finally to the town of Nauvoo, in Illinois. Here our numbers rapidly increased. We were kind to one another, and a poor man was not known among us. Prosperity smiled upon us, and the good results of our ministry were apparent in all the neighboring towns. We were greatly cheered by the revelation that, so long as we and our descendants continued faithful, we should never be without a living prophet, and that a line of prophets and apostles should exist with us, in an unbroken continuance, till the end of the world.

"But now comes the sad part of my story. 'Charity toward all' was a part of our creed, and was the real cause of our dispersion and final overthrow. For, through charity, criminals and outcasts of all grades found a lodging-place at Nauvoo, and after they were allowed the same privileges which we ourselves enjoyed in the town and church, they began to stir up dissensions among our people. Smith and I watched these movements with tear-

ful eyes, and pleaded hard with our people and dissenters, but all to no purpose.

"Detectives traced the causes of many crimes to these very dissenters at Nauvoo; consequently Smith, myself, and two others, were placed in jail to answer charges brought against our citizens; and one morning in June, 1844, a ruffian shot and killed Smith, who was preaching from the jail window to crowds on the street below him.

"With the death of Smith, all my future prospects perished. After this time our opponents grew stronger; polygamy was openly sanctioned; leaders of a like character were chosen, and they migrated to Utah; and thus the Mormons of the present day seem as noted for their crimes, as the founders for their piety.

"Of the original twelve, only five of us remained faithful to our first vows; and, when polygamy was authorized, we abandoned our sin-stricken people, and have lived apart from them, each in his own way. Since 1844, my four companions one by one have died, and I alone am left.

"As the present creed of the Mormons is entirely hostile to that of their founders, I am living in continual fear lest Brigham Young may send one of his 'destroying angels' to murder me. But I have seen enough of this world, and shall welcome death, whether it be natural,

or by the hand of Brigham; for I know that the Lord will be merciful to me."

As the old gentleman related his story in so simple and modest a manner, our attention was somewhat excited; and we listened to him with greater interest as we reflected upon the fact that, if Mormonism is a national curse, we were then talking with one of its first adherents.

If a stranger should visit Atlas, Illinois, he would be repeatedly told that a Mormon was living there; and if he should fail to visit him, he would miss seeing the only attraction that the town could boast of. This Mormon is now quite old, but he manifests great enthusiasm whenever any one wishes him to relate the account of Smith's death, and the flight and dispersion of the "saints." His memory for Bible facts is indeed great, but his knowledge of other literature, and even of local occurrences, is surprisingly

small. And when it is considered that the followers of Smith came mostly from the poor and illiterate classes of people, it is not much of a wonder that Mr. Huffman became a convert to Mormonism. His neighbors say that his character is good, that industry is the rule of his life, and that he condemns Brigham Young and the "Salt Lake business" in the severest terms. They do, however, express much doubt as to his ever having been an apostle of Smith. If he ever was appointed to that office, his influence could not have been very great, for his name nowhere appears in Mormon history.

Having met with several losses, Mr. Huffman is now obliged to work hard to support himself and wife. There, in a remote part of the town, in a log house at the foot of a large hill, forsaken by all of his youthful associates, lives the last of the faithful apostles of Joseph Smith.

NATIONALITY IN LITERATURE.

IN reading the various literary works of different nations, one perceives a diversity of thought and style. Some please by their manner of presenting thought; others have thoughts agreeable and interesting of themselves, but expressed in

an insipid manner. We pronounce judgment upon a piece of literature without noticing whether the theme would interest us were it differently presented. Let us look at the literary works of some of our greatest novelists. Probably no nation has

produced so many eminent literary works as England. Germany has had few prose writers, and those do not stand forth with prominence. Scotland has reared men who have acquired a posthumous fame in the literary world. France has had novelists of no mean rank.

As portrayed by the writers of these nations, we find that nature has different hues; the sky, different depths of color; the phases of life are dissimilar; and the types of human character different. As long as each has endeavored to present us that picture with which he is most familiar, so long has he been national in literature. Many authors have left, in their works, a lasting legacy to the world—not that they left us the most beautiful flowers of rhetoric; not wholly because they vividly presented particulars to our minds; but because of their theme and the spirit of its execution.

Doubtless Sir Walter Scott's fame is due to the fact that he selected ordinary events, landscapes, customs, and types of character, and clothed them in truth. Many of these are derived from historic records, and embodied so interestingly that they stamp their associations upon the memory of the reading world. His themes do not, at first sight, strike us as of importance. We begin to read, and new forms, new customs, and new scenes are laid before us. Without doubt it is to their eminent

nationality that his novels owe their absorbing interest.

George Eliot clearly portrays the different phases in the life of the laboring classes of England. And, since their manner of living is so dissimilar from our own, we find interest in her novels. She does not seek other countries for scenes with which she has had no considerable acquaintance; but, content with writing truth, she rises into distinction as a novelist.

Strange as it may seem, yet it is a fact that our literary journals have sought to follow the English. Almost every journal of importance seeks to reproduce the style of some English journal. "No man is ever great by mimicry." We have accepted this as an axiom; yet some literary men say it is inevitable that our journals walk in some trodden way. This concedes that our literature must, during that period, be merely second rate. We must follow other nations in our literary works, only as we would in political or civil acts. When authors content themselves in writing the truthful acts and realities of American life, they will find themselves springing into life among the literary magnates of the world. We find a few writers who have dared to be American in theme and style. Probably no American writer has achieved so great transatlantic success as has Mrs. Stowe. Though her work may possess much

excellence, undoubtedly it was her theme which gained her victory. It was thoroughly national. It presented to the literature-loving people of Europe a subject novel and interesting. Its reception by her countrymen was such as to realize to the most sanguine their highest aim. She awakened the mind of the public, long dormant from contact with slavery, and drew a life descriptive of the system with all its horrors. The subject had long waited for one who had a spirit of nationality; fearless she plunged into its loathsome details, and gave to her age one of the most popular books ever written.

The fame of Cooper seemed to extend "co-extensive with our commerce." His novels were American — wholly American in spirit of execution, in scenery, and in character; yet a certain something in his writings seemed to appeal to the sympathies of human hearts in all lands. The number of tongues into which

they have been translated shows their popularity. He could portray man in the "primitive forest," in the wildest aspect of a new country, with corresponding surroundings. He could place man on paper as an active being, ever contending with his fellows, or struggling with the elements of nature. He presented characters unknown to other novelists, and those pertaining to his country. He was original; or as one author has expressed originality, "saw with fresh eyes." He possessed the faculty of converting "truth into life and life into more truth." To write upon such themes requires more ability than to portray the common scenes of English life, or to delineate a tournament. Themes of a like spirit exist; and when we have authors who can travel and read in other lands, and not become copyists, then can we feel that they are national, and soon will reach the height of success.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WHAT WE SHALL STUDY.

WHAT shall we study next term, now that something can be substituted in the place of Calculus? is the prevailing question among the Juniors. Whether this is the beginning of a movement that shall end in elective studies, or only allowed in this instance to the Juniors on account of the change made in some of their studies during the last two years, we do not know.

Now that it is decided that those who wish can take another study in the place of Calculus, the question is, what shall it be? We would say another term in rhetoric and elocution; there is nothing we need more than a thorough knowledge of our language, and the means of expressing it. Thought and expression are so closely allied, that the want of one weakens the force of the other. A man may have thoughts and ideas capable of creating a revolution, but if he fails in presenting them, their force is lost, and their object unattained. Language is the key that unlocks the treasures of knowledge, and lays them open for our use; it is the instrument by which all things useful to be known are conveyed to us; and the better we are acquainted with it, the more rapid will be our acquirement of these things. The attainments of a

scholar are often judged by his acquaintance with language, and ability to express his knowledge.

Some will say they do not intend to become public speakers or writers, and consequently do not require so much rhetoric. Every scholar needs to be thoroughly acquainted with his language; the scientific as well as the professional and literary man. How different would have been the fate of many authors who have died unknown, and whose books have been consigned to obscurity, if the same material had been presented in a different form. How many beautiful and original ideas have been lost for want of proper expression. How many ministers fail to carry conviction, whose motives are pure, and thought sublime, because they do not clothe them in clear and impressive language. How many lawyers fail, because they cannot present the facts plainly and convincingly to their jurors. Compare the difference between two historians, both of whom have ability, and present the facts with candor and fairness: the works of one read and admired; those of the other laid aside and forgotten, or only used for reference; their only difference the use of language. Many books are condemned without noting their beautiful thoughts and

ideas, because their style fails to please.

Often we hear the expressions "dull" and "dry" applied to the productions of our public men, when the trouble is not in the matter, but only in the manner of expressing it; or "eloquent," "beautiful," while it is only nicely written and delivered. The symmetry and perfectness of Shakespeare's beautiful passages add as much luster to his name, as his noble thoughts and original ideas. Even the sublime theme of Milton would not have immortalized him, had not the thoughts been clothed in appropriate language. Other orators had as fruitful subjects and as vivid conceptions as Demosthenes and Webster; but, in the use of language and power of expression, they excelled. Some will say, "Ideas alone are immortal," and those are what we want, not studied rhetoric; but ideas must be so framed as to draw attention, or they will remain undiscovered. Many students graduate and go forth into the world with an imperfect knowledge of the construction and use of language, and have to spend years afterwards in acquiring it,—or, what is more probable, never know it.

Elocution is so imperfectly taught in our colleges, that, if a majority of the students were called upon to read a piece they had never seen, or to render a difficult selection in public, they would fail, if judged by the standard of good elocution. We

who have listened to Mrs. Siddons and others, and heard them read old and familiar selections, presenting so many new thoughts and beautiful expressions that the spirit and meaning of the piece were changed, can judge something of the power of expression. It seems to us a very appropriate time to take up these studies next term. We shall have a great deal of writing for this year, and our prize declamations come at the close of next term.

We hope the Juniors will consider these things before choosing a study in the place of Calculus.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

On reading some numbers of the *Yale Record*, one is tempted to say that the only things worthy of note in its columns are the astronomer and his owl, and the comments on exchanges—which are always spirited. At other times, however, it furnishes matter which entitles it to a high place among college papers. We noticed recently an article against the tendency, common among students, to indulge in vulgar stories, and admire the stand taken by the writer. We would suggest, however, that *slang* is a companion evil which the *Record* would do well to suppress in its columns.

The *McKendree Repository* opens with a poem, "The Knight's Toast," which carries us back to the time when we were a small boy and made the acquaintance of this piece in one

of our old Readers. However, perhaps it is still new in Illinois. A good feature of this paper is the attention given to items and persons, which contribute largely to make a college paper interesting.

The collection of seals and big words on the first page of the *Alfred Student* is apt to startle one at first glance, but further search shows us little but good reading inside.

The *University News* has picked up a story about a Hindoo, who has managed to get along without breathing for the space of ten months, and come out from the experiment alive. This tale fills the space of over half a page, the account being interspersed with headings in small capitals. It also contains a story entitled "The Feather Canoe," which is a decidedly poor imitation of an old German tale. As a college paper the *News* is not a success.

The *University Herald* is one of our most welcome visitors. Its attractive dress, as well as the certainty of something worth reading, combine to make it a very pleasing sheet. The article on "The Novel," in its last number, is well written, and shows a good appreciation of the strong points of several of our first novelists.

We have received a copy of *Vick's Floral Guide*, a quarterly journal, finely illustrated, and telling all about plants, their cultivation, habits, &c. Mr. Vick's seeds have a high reputation, and we are ac-

quainted with several who testify to their quality. Address, James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

The Targum has a good deal to say about the grave of Miss Ellis, a lady "to fortune and to fame unknown," whose chief characteristic during life appears to have been a love for flowers and lap-dogs. Now this may be of interest to the writer, but it is dry for others. The paper is well filled otherwise, and we consider it one of our best exchanges.

CHARLES RIPLEY TRACY.

It is with sadness that we announce the death of our friend and former classmate, Charles R. Tracy. As we pay our feeble tribute of respect to his memory, we feel how inadequate are words to do justice to his life.

The deceased was born in Palmyra, on the fifteenth day of April, 1855; and after a short and exceedingly painful illness, died at Kenduskeag, January 5th, 1876. At the time of his decease he had charge of the Kenduskeag High School, which he had previously taught with eminent success. He was loved and respected by all of his pupils, who showed him every possible attention during his last illness. For more than four years our own connection with him was the closest and most intimate. There was no dark side to his character; no act or period of his life which he would not willingly have exposed to public

view. Deceit was foreign to his nature. Thoroughness and love of right were the leading traits of his character. Kind, generous, and true to his friends, he was beloved by them all, and the evergreens with which they lined his grave are appropriate tokens of the lasting affection with which they will ever regard his memory.

In early life he displayed a love for study, and formed the idea of entering college. He began his preparatory course in the high school of his native town, but shortly entered the classical course at Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield. From this institution he graduated, at the head of his class, on the second of July, 1873. He was admitted to Bates in the class of '77, but devoted the following year to teaching, and did not enter college until the winter of 1875. So thoroughly and faithfully, however, did he make up the studies of the term during which he was absent, that at the close of the year he ranked among the first of his class. He did not study because he regarded it as an obligation imposed upon him, but that he might be benefited. He loved his work, and the labors which were a task to some were a pleasure to him. He enjoyed the study of the classics,

especially Latin; and the rapidity with which he mastered this language was remarkable. His abilities were of the highest order, and faithfully were they improved. Seldom do we find one in whom high mental endowments, noble aspirations, and a pure Christian life were so strongly blended. Death, whose summons he was prepared to obey, has again broken in upon our number, and has called one of the purest and best from a life of usefulness here, to a higher and better world.

The following resolutions were passed by the Sophomore Class of Bates College, on the death of Chas. R. Tracy:—

Whereas, in the providence of God, the Class of '78 has sustained a deep loss in the death of a dearly beloved classmate, Charles R. Tracy, therefore be it

Resolved, That, while we bow submissively to the will of God, we yet deplore the irreparable loss to the Class.

Resolved, That we hold in sacred remembrance the many noble qualities by which he endeared himself to us all, no less than his constant faithfulness, his scholarly attainments, and Christian deportment.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his relatives and friends in their great bereavement.

Resolved, That copies of these Resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, and published in the BATES STUDENT and *Lewiston Journal*.

J. Q. ADAMS,	} Committee.
H. F. SHAW,	
E. V. SCRIBNER,	

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Wimmin" has got back.

It seems more natural around the college buildings, now the students are mostly returned.

Tutor—"What does *ignoromean*?"
Unprepared Fresh.—"Don't know."
Tutor—(To the surprise of Fresh).
"That's right."—*Dartmouth*.

Base-ball still continues to be the theme of considerable debate, and the probabilities of success for the coming season are thoroughly discussed.

A Junior was somewhat startled at reading "My God!" at the end of his returned theme; and felt much relieved when a classmate, after fifteen minutes' close study, deciphered "Very Good."—*Ex*.

The truth of the adage, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," was charmingly brought out that slippery morning, when a blue-eyed school girl sat down hard among her books, and remarked, "d—n it."—*Yale Record*.

Prof. (giving a long sentence in English)—"Please translate that into German, Mr. C." Mr. C.—"There are three words I don't know." Prof.—"Which three?" Mr. C. (who is disposed to be accommodating)—"Oh, any three you wish."—*Cornell Era*.

Legal holidays are very acceptable to the over-tasked student. They enable him to read Shakespeare and devote himself to like literary pursuits in a much better manner than he could do in the ordinary course of events. Would that Washington's birthday came twice a year instead of once!

In a recitation, a little ingenuity and power to read expression are worth hours of study. For example, the student answers a question by saying, "I believe it is —," then pauses, examines the symptoms of the Professor's countenance, and adds a "not" or leaves it off, according to indications.—*Asbury Review*.

A Freshman, who "deaded" a week or two ago, had a dream in which he evolved the following atrocity: Proper way to translate "De mortuis, nil nisi bonum," is, "Concerning 'deads,' nothing except Bohn'em." Charles Lamb, who said that the worst puns are the best, would have chuckled at this.—*Harvard Advocate*.

Prof. (to Soph. reading Greek).—"That was well read by the last gentleman; you need not read it over after him." Soph.—"I think he did not read it, Professor." Prof.—"Ah! indeed, am I mistaken?" Class.—"You are." Prof.—"I beg your

pardon, Mr.—” Soph. (oh! how impudently!)—“Granted, sir, granted.”—*College Argus*.

A certain Senior, on Monday last, meeting his girl on the street, thought he would not go to the trouble to take his hands out of his pockets to lift his hat, as it was so cold, so proceeded to make his little bow; but owing to the lack of friction between his shoes and the snow, unintentionally showed her what a large *sole* he had.—*University Press*.

Scene—Philosophy Class. Subject under discussion, experiment of electrical bells. Student of inquiring mind wants to know whether, if the bells were perfectly balanced, the motion would not be perpetual. Prof. considers, and concludes that it would if *some one should continue to turn the wheel* (which supplies the electricity necessary for the experiment). Student sees the point, and class smiles out loud.

The Juniors, when allowed to experiment with the electrical machine, are warned to be very careful lest they should injure themselves. As an example, *perhaps*, the Professor, the other day after charging a Leyden-jar, by a slight movement of the hand formed a connection between the two coatings. The class noticed how it worked and have been very careful since then as to how they make experiments on themselves. So has the Professor.

Gentleman on the corner of St. Paul and Main streets last night. Two Freshmen swearing at each other as if they were Phil Sheridan in danger of getting whipped. “Now, now,” says gentleman, kindly, “you mustn’t use such dreadful language. It’s horrible to hear it” (slips up on pavement and comes down with a crash and an oath), “though I suppose it is excusable on some occasions, condemn it.”—*Ex*.

Ice is triumphant of late. When we see persons throw up their feet and make an exceedingly low bow, *backward*, we feel an intense sympathy for their scientific zeal, and like to inquire for any new stars, comets, &c. One of our dignified Juniors lately showed a considerable lack of—friction on his boots; but it didn’t hurt him much. He preferred a standing position, however, for some time after the occurrence.

We are sorry to learn that the hazing spirit exists among the present Sophs. However, it has not as yet manifested itself against the Freshmen, but rather seeks smaller game. A little Soph. recently stormed a snow fort occupied by a small boy, and, in spite of a brave resistance, carried off its defender in triumph and lodged him in prison in a basement room of Parker Hall—a sad warning to those who insult Sophomore dignity.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

Brown sends no crew to Saratoga this season.

There are nineteen foreigners in Yale.—*Record*.

The college color of Tufts is seal-brown and pearl-white.—*Ex*.

Only two weeks more this term; then a ten days' space for rest.

They are much given to candy pulls at Vassar. Sweet teeth, &c.

Co-education has been adopted in thirty institutions in the United States.

Hon. Alonzo Abernethy, of Iowa, has accepted the presidency of the Chicago University.—*Ex*.

The *Oberlin Review* says that \$600 has been subscribed for the purpose of starting a library at Oberlin.

The Marietta College Boating Association has decided to erect a boat-house in preparation for the coming campaign.

Our foot-ball man says he means to stir round, next summer, and wants our eleven to try titles with those of other colleges.

We notice that other colleges can afford to take a whole day for prayer once a year. How is it that we only receive half a day?

Fourteen hundred young Americans are prosecuting their studies at the universities and college music schools and conservatories of Germany.—*Ex*.

Fisk University, which has lately dedicated a new and splendid building, raised \$120,000 through the efforts of the Jubilee Singers.—*Denison Collegian*.

President Clark, of Amherst Agricultural College, intends to leave this country for Japan, about the first of next June, to found a similar institution there.—*Ex*.

Seniors elective are studying Cicero's Tusculan Disputations, Latin Composition and Mythologys. Who wouldn't be a Latin Elective?—*Targum* (Rutgers College, N. B.).

The Juniors were shocked lately —by electricity. The recent lectures in magnetism and electricity have been very interesting; more so than those on any other department of Philosophy.

What has become of the enthusiasm at one time manifested here in regard to the inter-collegiate contests? The spirit of rivalry seems to have been pretty thoroughly awakened elsewhere, and why not here also?

Lectures for this term have been changed from Wednesday afternoon to Thursday forenoon, taking the place of the ten o'clock recitation. This is done to afford the Juniors more time for rhetorical, and is a great improvement.

Amongst the subjects for original declamations to be delivered before the class, the Juniors have "The Comparative Influence of the Spartan and Athenian Civilizations," "The German Element in American Civilization," "Machiavelli," and several others.

Cornell claims that to the college is due the honor of having carried off a large share of the inter-collegiate prizes, and another college thinks that to the individuals belong the praise. We suggest that one of our literary societies settle the matter as to whether the college makes the man.

Mr. Phillips, the well known missionary, has been in Lewiston a short time, and has given several lectures, or rather talks, to the students. He is a very interesting speaker, both on account of his easy style of delivery, and his great store of information, collected in the travels of many years.

C. S. Libby, of '76, and H. W. Oakes, of '77, were chosen as delegates to the meeting of the State Base-Ball Association, to be held at Brunswick, March 8th. Bates will

probably be represented on the committee this year. The lack of some voice in certain discussions proved very injurious to her interests last season.

The base-ball spirit is still alive amongst us, and numerous *chateaux d'Espagne* are being erected by enthusiasts. Everything seems to promise a successful season for Bates. Members of the nine are hardening themselves in the gymnasium, and several aspirants for a player's position are hard at work. Keep the ball moving.

Mesmerism is being highly appreciated by certain members of the Sophomore Class. One of them went so far in his desire to encourage the science that he even opened his pocket-book and gave a *subject* five dollars. But since that he has resolved to be sure of his man before making rash offers. For further information on the subject, apply to D——t.

A committee from the students recently conferred with the Faculty in regard to fitting up and repairing the gymnasium. As it is now, on account of *extreme ventilation*, few students care to present themselves there on a cold day. It is hoped that we shall have the windows covered with screens, which will enable us to practice at base-ball without danger to property, though nothing has yet been decided upon.

PERSONALS.

'70.—I. G. Hanson is practicing law with J. M. Libby, at Mechanic Falls, Me.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin occupies the position of Principal of the High School at Farmington, N. H.

'74.—F. P. Moulton is Principal of the High School at Littleton, N. H.

'75.—A. M. Spear was in town a short time since. He is Principal of North Anson Academy, and is meeting with excellent success.

'75.—J. H. Hutchins, former manager of the STUDENT, is at his father's, Dover, N. H.

'75.—F. L. Evans is Principal of Northwood Academy, Northwood.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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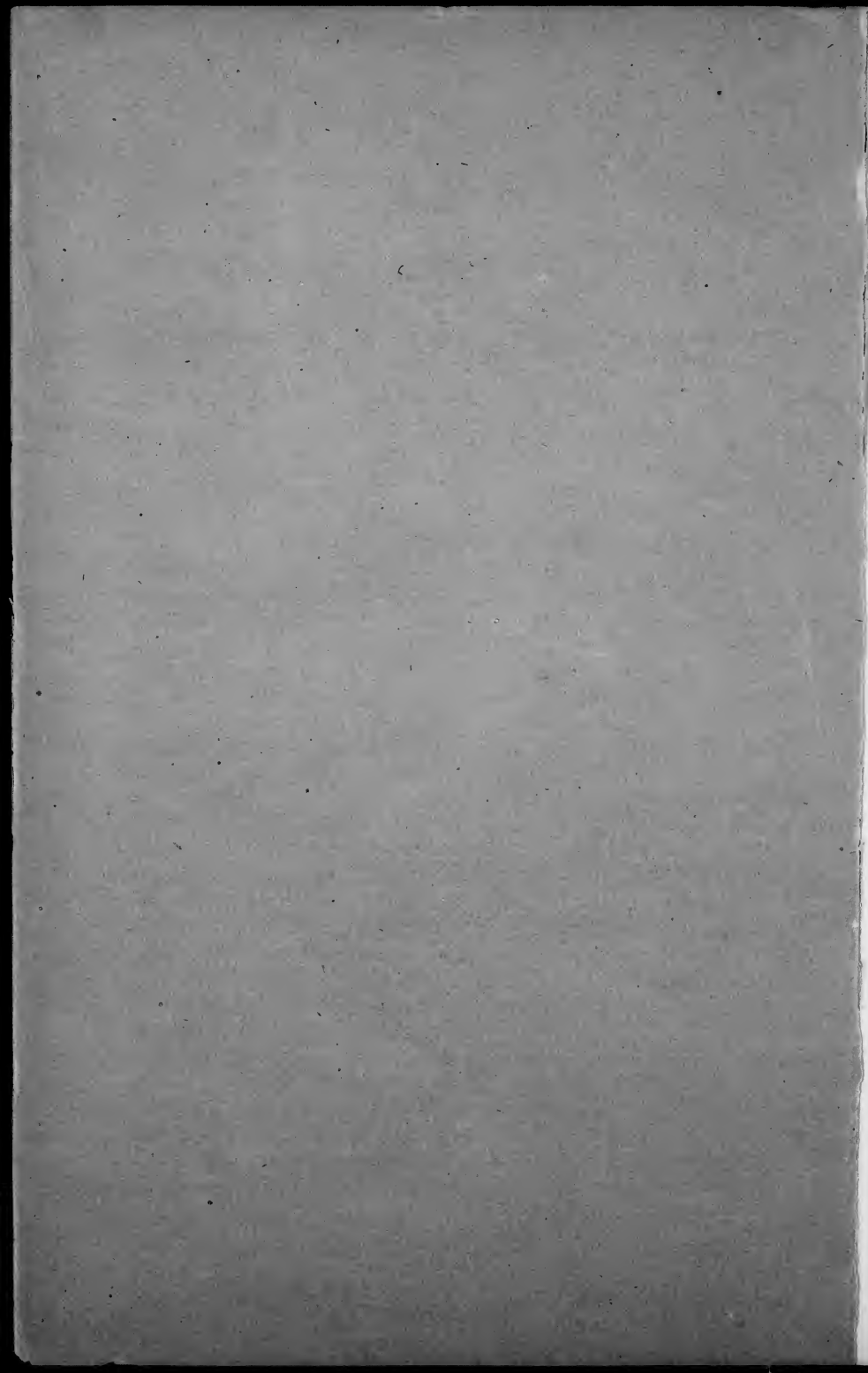
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THE STATESMAN OF THE FUTURE.

THE war for the Union has become a page of national history. Slavery, its immediate cause, is an institution of the past. Not one of those political chiefs that declared the Nation's wrong and achieved the Nation's liberty, now remains. Seward, Chase, Sumner, Lincoln, and Wilson are no more. No one man is now the guardian of the Nation's honor, and the recipient of the Nation's love.

A feeling, half-formed and uncomfortable, exists in the minds of many, that the American statesman, like the stern Puritan, is a character of the past; that political intrigue, President-making, and money-getting are the chief employments of our chief men. The present political developments would warrant such an opinion, were it true that the statesman has to do with politics only. But the statesman deals pri-

marily with principles, and not with parties. When injustice and corruption arise from the vices of men, and not from oppressive laws, then the work of the statesman may be outside of politics altogether.

The statesman has no special office to fill, or clearly defined duties to perform. Like the prophets of Judah, he is born with an energy in his being that makes his life a warfare against wrong. Transfer St. Paul from the church to the Roman Forum, and he would have astonished the world by his statesmanship. The qualities of the philosopher, patriot, and reformer centre in the statesman. Above all he must have faith—faith that the right will prevail; faith that the great heart of the nation will beat unerring response to the principles of right. His ultimate aim is not good laws, but good men. He is not created by the suffrage of the people.

Massachusetts did not make Charles Sumner a statesman by electing him to Congress, but she sent him to Congress because he was a statesman. It was slavery that brought him before the country, yet he would have been the greatest American statesman had he never entered the halls of Congress. Horace Greeley failed to receive the highest political honors of the nation, yet he did more to secure good laws and free institutions than any President from Andrew Jackson to General Grant.

Free institutions are established by law, but are perpetuated in the virtues of a people. When the constitution ceases to be an exponent of the social condition of the people, the dismemberment of the Union is certain; for the moral force of a Republic is the executive of its laws. He is the great statesman, then, who purifies the people and marshals the great moral forces in support of government. In other words, the statesman is practically a reformer—of the laws when oppressive; of the people when corrupt.

The statesmen of the past have given us good laws which secure equality to all, which sanction no national wrong, which protect all without regard to race or condition. Those of the future must teach the people to keep those laws unbroken in letter and spirit. And we have such teachers who are filling the office and performing the work of statesmen as truly as did Washing-

ton or Jefferson, as did Chase or Wilson. Upon the lyceum platform, behind the pulpit, in our schools and colleges, or wherever is found a leader in the great conflict of liberty against oppression, of honesty against fraud, of purity against corruption, be he a Phillips or a Beecher, a Nast or a Bristow,—there we have the American statesman of to day. This may seem to belittle the office of statesmanship, except we remember that a nation is great, not in its laws but in its people, and that he who seeks to elevate men is making legislation unnecessary; that he who writes just laws upon the hearts of men is greater than he who writes them upon the statute books, even as Christ was greater than Moses. But if we wish again for statesmen that shall be great heroes, we need to pray for the return of great crises—another rebellion, a war of religions, or a war of races; then from hillside and city, men will rise up whom the nation shall delight to honor. It was the invasion of Philip of Macedon that rendered Demosthenes immortal, and the tyranny of Gesler that gave us William Tell.

All true progress is from law to liberty, corresponding to the Law and Gospel dispensations of the Old Testament and the New. We are now in the second period of national development. The great moral forces which have been expended in defence of liberty and in law making, have now returned to their legitimate

channel,—the direct work of forming and reforming men. We may hope for great things, now that the statesman is at liberty to advance from national to social questions—from defense of public rights to fostering private virtues. Already the effect of this transition is felt in every home. Temperance, virtue, and religion are clothed with new power, and are going forth to fresh conquests. Their standard bearers are those who, had they lived in former times, would have been the defenders of liberty, the framers of laws, and the foes of oppression. Those very men who, in the war for the Union, shouldered the musket and, with "martial tread," invaded the South, now carry the Bible and the spelling book to both conquered and delivered. Men are not now called upon to die for their country, but to live for her. The truth is now sealed in deeds, and not in blood. To live worthily becomes the patriot better than to die nobly.

The relation which this government sustains to the people is unparalleled in the history of the world. It aims not to restrain men, but to give them liberty. It professes to govern by moral power, and not by legal force. It is an ideal government for ideal men, and is fit for men in the highest sense of that term only. So far as its citizens fall short of highest manhood, so far arbitrary rule must be restored, and it will cease to be a Republic. The great

mistake of our statesmen is the supposition that public evils can be abolished by legislation. The attempt at reconstruction during the last ten years, and the present "startling developments" of official corruption, should correct this theory. Bad morals, and not bad laws, are our peril and disgrace. It is not the laws that need purifying, but the people. This can only be done by the diffusion of knowledge, and by inspiring their hearts with a love for virtue and religion. The statesman of the future stands, then, in the relation of an educator, and not of a lawgiver. A hundred voices are even now calling for men who shall enter upon this work with a full appreciation of its importance and its dignity. The Augustan age of American literature has scarcely dawned. In the fine arts and in scientific research we are yet in our infancy. Esthetic culture and the gratification of a refined taste are regarded as marks of effeminacy. The defection of Winslow and Belknap point to depths of social and political corruption which the plummet of moral sentiment has not yet sounded. The opposition to Bible reading in our schools is simply opposition to the school system itself, and the time is not distant when the question is to be decided not whether the Bible shall be read in schools, but whether we are to have public schools. To reconcile conflicting sectional interests, races, and relig-

ions, by the general diffusion of intelligence and virtue, is not a light task nor an ignoble one.

The inspired men who signed their names to the Declaration of Independence, were animated by the desire of transmitting to future generations a form of government which should recognize and protect the rights of its humblest citizens. That lofty conception was realized, and they became the architects of a great Republic. Those statesmen of

the past shall never want honor so long as the love of liberty inspires men to be free. But to the statesmen of the future is permitted a loftier conception and a grander office; for to them is committed the work, not of founding a free government, but the higher and holier one of taking those principles of justice and religion, upon which our Republic was founded, and instilling them into living hearts, until a free people shall become a virtuous people.

MENTAL CONCENTRATION.

THE casual observer of the sky, on a pleasant day, perceives only the sun in a field of blue. The philosopher, by means of his concentrating lenses, in the same clear heavens, beholds orbs thousands of times greater than the sun. Just so, while the multitude are blinded by popular knowledge, he who brings all his mental powers to a focus, and holds them steadily concentrated upon a single subject till the first dawning grows, at length, into the full, clear light of day, will, like Copernicus, pierce the veil, and clothe himself with the resplendent glories of truth.

When the mental energies are divided in their operation, the subjects of thought are enveloped in doubt and uncertainty. Minds thus

exercised cause a divergence of the light which passes through them; while others, possessing great focal power, dispel mist and darkness, rendering every object luminous.

The ability to concentrate the mental powers is an index of the advancement made by races and individuals. While the thoughts of the savage and the ignorant are transient and desultory, genius is accompanied by intense application. When a great mind is absorbed in *one* subject there is no room for extraneous ideas. Time, sensation, and even the preservation of life, are forgotten. Socrates, when engaged in thought, would frequently remain an entire day and night in the same attitude. Dante became so absorbed in his meditations that

the most pompous pageantry might pass him unnoticed. At the capture of Syracuse, a Roman soldier found Archimedes engaged in the solution of a geometrical problem. The philosopher had become so engrossed that he was unawed by the approach of certain death, and, with the glittering sword at his throat, calmly said, "Hold but for one moment, and my demonstration will be finished."

Mental concentration is the genius of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor. By its aid alone can the airy creations of fancy be clothed with form and color. Those who have gained celebrity in the fine arts have possessed this power in a marvellous degree. It is also indispensable to the investigation of truth. Natural laws are so hidden, new truths are so directly opposed to plausible and accepted theories, that, like the law of gravitation, they escape detection till investigated by some mind more attentive, more given to comparing and harmonizing phenomena,—in fact, more *concentrative* than common.

Mental concentration is requisite for success in every department of thought and labor. A person exercising this faculty, may, like Hugh Miller, make an ordinary trade the stepping stone to distinction. The meanest occupation, followed with a determination to know everything connected with it, leads to a field of

knowledge which expands even to infinity.

The faculty of concentrating the mind is a gift of nature, possessed, in some degree, by every individual; and the law of habits render its splendid rewards attainable by all. The object of education should be to cultivate this power, rather than to cumber the mind with general knowledge, which is a synonym for general ignorance. Better, far better, like the Master, pass the days of youth at the carpenter's bench, and prepare for life by fasting in some wilderness, than to bolt the whole curriculum of a modern institution, embracing so many branches as to compel a superficial habit of investigation. Whatever hinders mental concentration should be sacrificed. If our attention is diverted by the glitter of the world, it would be better to pluck out our eyes and sit in darkness with Homer and Milton!

Finally, we must realize the shortness of life, and the madness of striving after universal knowledge. Would you gain distinction in medicine? Be willing, like Harvey, to spend eight years in a single investigation. Is politics your profession? Give it the assiduity of Disraeli. Are you a preacher? Determine, with Paul, to know nothing but the gospel.

Be assured that with mental concentration for your motto, you will succeed. "*In hoc signo vincimus!*"

SUCCESS.

THIS word is at the door of every one's thoughts; men see it stamped in empty space; when they cannot see it, and wonder where it is, they have it somewhere in their thoughts.

Not often do we behold success as a laurel of victory, but rather as a goal; and so we speculate as to what its real qualities are, what it will be to us, and when we shall have it.

Webster defines success as "a favorable termination of any attempt." The man who by honest effort and constant frugality raises himself from poverty to wealth, has, in that attempt, been successful; yet no more so than one who by intentional fraud and dishonesty has become wealthy, —he attempted to gain wealth fraudulently, and he has done so.

General Grant led the northern army home victorious over secession. In that the slaves were freed and the rebellious South was restrained it was a success—a glorious success; yet no more a *success* than that which rewarded the efforts of the evil-minded outcast, who dragged an innocent fellow-mortal, with himself, down to perdition. A favorable termination of efforts rewarded both.

But success to us has a greater meaning than that which these comparisons present. There is one grand success; the success of the affairs in

which we daily engage, help make this up; yet it is infinite in comparison with them. It is so far above them that its purity might depend upon the failure of one of these attempts. I refer to the problem of life.

There is something to our lives besides material existence, something besides the clothes we wear, the food we eat, and the sensations we produce. There is a spirit within us allied to God, which, so far as it is superior to our bodies, thus far attains its success beyond the turmoils of selfish interests.

The one great standard by which we can measure true success, is taught in the Christian religion, and I believe this cannot be established without regard to individual constitution; so each individual must have a standard and measure of success, or to him neither in reality nor thought can success be approximated. That all may have this standard it is not necessary that all be alike, or that one correspond to another, for it is contained in the *personal* estimate of life's purity, nobility, and demands.

Milton says, "Nor love thy life nor hate, but while thou livest live well; how long or short permit to heaven." Men may do things nobly; they may act worthily; but the degree in which they have been suc-

cessful will more fully be shown by history and the final summing up of their lives. Men's present power, their present influence in whatever direction, gives us no right to judge of their success; we can judge of it honestly only by considering whence the men started, what barriers they have been obliged to break down, and what strong inclinations to do evil have been in their natures.

A man who ends any better than he began, who does any better than his ancestors did, who in any degree subdues passion,—is successful. His best efforts may be far below our standard; his worth to the world may appear very small; yet, by the great standard, judged by the great Judge, he may have done more than well, and posterity may more plainly show the result of his endeavor—for him the hardest.

Let us consider a man who is far below our standard, yet by constant effort he subdues a passion and lives a life some better than his father did; his offspring, on this account, is able to do even better than he did,—and so with each succeeding generation, until a man is produced who comes up to our standard—perhaps to the great standard. Was this man in any degree successful? I believe God will consider him favorably. Every man may fairly conclude what

his future success will be by considering the past and present. Emerson says, "Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now."

My idea of success is my standard, and by this can I tell just what I am to-day. What have I done? Have I by earnest effort approached my idea of success? Have I subdued passion and overcome wrong impulses? Am I stronger? Is my mind broader, more comprehensive, and tenacious? Is the world, is heaven any more to me? If I can answer these questions favorably, I may fairly conclude that I have been successful; and if I go on with the same purpose and the same effort, I shall be successful in the future.

It is well that this word be at the door of our thoughts, but better that each day we feel the assurance of success in our souls, congratulating us for the past, and inciting us to nobler efforts in the future. Success every day will bring the final success so much desired; for who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul every day; and the little resting-places, where we stop to look over the past and contemplate the future, tell us continually how we are succeeding, and what the final success is likely to be.

CENTENNIAL BELLS.

THEY'RE chiming, brothers, chiming;
Their music, grand and sweet,
Peals once again for freedom;
Triumphantly they greet.
The hundred years are speaking
From out the full-voiced past;
Lose not, in any measure,
The blessings round you cast.

Great thoughts those bells are lifting,
Undarkened by the cloud
Of any present musings;
The century, their shroud,
Hath burst its snowy wrapping,
And they rise, pure and free,
Up from a grave full honored,
Themselves in acts to see.

Great deeds those bells are sounding,
And bringing to our sight,—
Grand deeds, but ne'er forgotten,
Whose meaning beareth light
Upon the deeds and triumphs
Of even our to-day:
Their holy, sacred greeting,
Centennial bells should play.

Great souls those bells are hailing,
Through all the hundred years,
Whose thoughts and deeds, so earnest,
Their memory endears
Unto a nation, risen
A glory and a grace,—
Unto a people, fallen
Into a goodly place.

O mighty bells! far speaking
Into the future din,

Ring faith and truthful courage—
A benediction hymn!
And may the sons and daughters,
In all this God-blest land,
Cement, with growing reason,
The truths whereon they stand.

MATERIALS FOR HISTORY.

OF all things, human life is the most precious; for nothing would man sacrifice more than for life. God thought it not too much to suffer for that very life. What renders it so precious as to be worthy even of divine sacrifice? Is not man like grass, "that to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven"? After a short career he dies; his body moulders to dust; but *his history lives*. It is for this that life is invaluable. As the blossom is for the fruit it may bear, so life is for the record it may add to history. Life is a means, but history is the end.

Why is history worthy to be called the end? All existence is but an embodiment of history. The earth would be the same shapeless, barren mass that it was on the first day of creation, had it not great historic periods of development. Take the history of the race out of existence, and you place man where Adam and Eve were; nay, more: annihil-

ate the history of the creation, and immensity becomes as dark and void as though God had not created. From the beginning the race of man has been active—conquering, killing, inventing, discovering. Therefore history is crammed with records; yet let not the world congratulate itself upon its abundant records, for more than half of it is nothing but a mass of rottenness. The lives of Napoleon, Alexander, and Cæsar are full of events; they have left many and deep marks in the world; but look at those marks and see what meaning you can make out of them. A life of ambition and selfishness can leave nothing but records of blunder; and such memorials no more add materials to history than the number of idiots add to the population of the world. Six thousand years have passed since the creation of man, and the world is more than half uncivilized; sadder to say, more than half the civilized world—so called—are barbarians. Did not

God know what the race have been doing during these six thousand years, he would think they had been sleeping. Such records as millions are leaving daily can not be expected to raise men. History would starve for want of material, were it not for the noble records which have been left by Socrates, Luther, Howard, Wickliffe, and others. Records of this character are the life of civilization; the growing world feeds upon such materials, and such alone are worthy of preservation.

America may well mourn the loss of Sumner. While in his death the nation's crown was deprived of its brightest jewel, history was bereft of copious and priceless materials. A long life is a luxury enjoyed by a few; but what is it to live long? One may live only twenty years and yet live a long life; while another may live two hundred years, and not live at all. He does not live who simply sees the sun rise and set, the seasons come and go; but he lives, who, by his noble deeds, enriches the pages of history. One year of Abraham Lincoln's life is longer than nine hundred and sixty-nine of Methuselah. Nay, more: the three years of Christ's ministry are equal to eternity.

But, if history is the end of life,

what shall we say of the millions whose existence is hardly suspected,—much less their history written? Where was it ever written that, in the distant ages of the earth's formation, there was a carboniferous period? and yet the scientific world is surer of nothing than this. There is a book—it is God's book of remembrance; upon its pages the names of many whose resplendent fame dazzles the eye of the world, will be found amid those of the refuse of humanity; while the name of many a despised laborer, servant, slave, is to be seen in the list of the foremost. As many a bed of most beautiful marble is formed by most insignificant insects, so the silent histories of many whom the world deigns not to notice, stand as pillars of human happiness. Be there a future life—a heaven, a hell—or no, one's history shall live for ever; and a man's history is nothing but himself. What, then, can be a worse hell than for one to look back upon a long life, and see either no traces of his existence, or a series of black and unintelligible marks? On the other hand, what can be a brighter heaven than the consciousness of having lived a life of noble deeds—having left a record worthy of a place in history.

INTERNATIONAL INTERCOURSE.

THAT man was designed for a social being, is a truth everywhere admitted. Exclude him from society and he sinks to the level of the brute; but in society he rises, or may rise, to all that is grand and heroic. Now, as with individuals in this respect, so with nations. Association, intercourse, is as necessary between nations as between individuals. The testimony of all history confirms this assertion. The national character seldom improves except by intercourse with other nations. There is so much selfishness in every nation, and so much confidence that it has the wisest laws, the most stable form of government, and the best institutions, that self-improvement is almost an impossibility. This self-conceit has to be overcome by contact with other nations, before there *can* be much advancement. This is illustrated in the case of China. While other nations, by international intercourse, have been advancing to a higher and broader civilization, she has stood still for centuries. Now she begins to realize what she has lost, and is opening her ports to foreign nations. We may therefore predict a brighter future for degraded China. Those ancient nations which rose to such eminence, and in turn swayed the sceptre of power over the civilized world, were commercial nations; and this fact largely accounts for their superiority. This

intercourse has given rise to schemes of colonization.

The Tyrians colonized in the north of Africa, and built up the kingdom of Carthage, and extended the influence of their superior civilization not only over northern Africa, but far into the dark interior. The Angles, the Saxons, and the Normans, colonized in the British Isles, and there their traits of character combining with those of the early Briton, have produced the noble English race,—a race which has more of the elements that work individual greatness and national aggrandizement than any other race on the face of the earth. Not only has England been *benefited*, but in this respect she has set a worthy *example* for other nations to imitate. Things in this world are affected very much by comparison and contrast. The savage is satisfied with his condition till he comes in contact with the arts and comforts of civilized life; then his wants are at once increased, and he has fresh stimulants to industry. His mind is roused, his invention set at work, his ambition fired to supply his newly discovered wants. The same is true of nations. The mingling of the nations of Europe with the eastern nations in the wars of the Crusades, aroused the sluggish mind of Europe, which had been crushed by civil and religious despotism, and sowed the seed from

which sprung our modern civilization. This intercourse promotes free trade, which is the life-blood of any nation. Check its circulation and you impair its health. The wants of one people become known to another, and a demand is created which is sure to produce a supply. It is in this way that the resources of a nation are brought out, and its skill and enterprise cherished. Wealth is necessary to national greatness, and in no way can it be obtained so readily as through commercial intercourse. The history of all great and wealthy nations corroborates the truth of this statement, and we have only to look at home and across the water to see it demonstrated. What are some of the elements of national greatness, and how are they acquired and developed? As a rule, these elements are contained in individual character, but something is needed to develop them.

Patriotism, general knowledge, and natural resources, are among the important elements of a nation's strength. In no way are these strengthened and developed so much as through international intercourse. It tends to break down national barriers, and binds nations together by the strong claims of common interest. While a barter is going on in the grosser commodities, friendship is weaving its golden web, social and domestic relations are forming, and the works of philanthropy and religion are all contributing to bind

the people of different nations together. They become more and more identified in interest and feeling, and a war between them is nearly impossible. America might almost as well devastate a portion of her own country as to invade England. England could nearly as well afford to lay waste Scotland or her own colonies, as to make war on America. They have a strong interest in each other's prosperity. As the common interests of individuals have created the laws of social life, so have the common interests of nations given rise to and perfected the whole system of international law. The literature of a people is influential in the formation of its character. The introduction of the ancient classics into Europe has done much toward forming the character of civilized nations; and to-day English literature is doing much to mould the character and customs of all nations that are acquainted with it. This intercourse is one means by which knowledge has been diffused, civilization extended, wealth increased, the principles of free government made known, and inventions and discoveries promoted. It stimulates every people to develop their national resources, that they may compete successfully with other nations. It also affects the moral character of nations, and has, in many instances, opened the door to Christianity. It has hushed into silence the elements of human dis-

cord, and given wings to the angel of Christian charity to fly through the heavens, and convey to the nations the gospel of peace. The establishment of perpetual peace, and the universal reign of Christianity in the earth, presupposes free intercourse among all nations.

RESULTS.

RESULTS may be classified as immediate and mediate. Commence from the cause and follow the effect to that point where the influence ceases to flow directly from the cause, and you have the immediate result. All beyond this is the mediate result or results.

The immediate result is, for the most part, single; that is, there is only one for each cause. It is definite also, and can often be computed by man with a greater or less degree of accuracy. It is the most easily seen, being many times the only result apparent. Immediate results are, strictly speaking, the first fruits of efficient causes. But we apply the term, according to the more common usage, to whatever directly follows any cause, whether first or secondary.

Mediate results are numerous. We cannot count those that follow a single cause. The immediate result is the first link of a chain that extends beyond the finite, all the other links of which are mediate results. But more than this: influence does not proceed from any source in a single line, but radiates from the

source as a centre; so that the immediate result is a first link for many chains, and we see the mediate results reaching out on many sides to infinity and eternity. We may be assisted in these conceptions by a simple example. The blacksmith swings his sledge; considering this as a cause, we have, as an immediate result, the stroke upon the iron. Let us now follow for a short distance a single line of mediate results. By the stroke the iron is shaped; the shape gives value; the value affords the smith and his family the means of support. Material support brings with it advantages for mental and moral culture. These affect man's immortal nature, by which the influence is carried into the realm of the infinite.

This classification of results may benefit in various ways. We will suggest two marked causes in which its value must be readily recognized. First, in the choice of means and methods for securing desired results. As a rule the most unthinking use the most direct means. They strike for immediate results, and take little account of any thing

further. This is characteristic of the child and the savage. There is in them little of the foresight necessary in employing indirect methods. They can do but one thing at a time, and in every effort the greater part of the influence is wasted. Whoever would have large results should learn to secure them by aiming at something else. Plot, scheme, system are necessary to him who would use this method. Study nature if you would know how the grandest ends are secured as mediate results.

Second, in deciding whether any course of action, which is in some

respects desirable, is advisable, all things considered. Here again the short-sighted look no farther than immediate results. They see not the long lines of more remote results as they stretch forth, burdened with significant omens, into the darkness of the future.

He is wisest who acts in view of the most distant results of his action, for it is the accumulation of all that precedes. He is the most successful who is able to place his attainments the farthest into the future, for he then gains the advantage of a greater number of mediate results.

CONVICTION IS POWER.

THE word conviction, as used in the above statement, expresses the state of persons when fully convinced or persuaded in their own minds of the truth, reasonableness, or feasibility of a thing.

When used in this connection it needs no extended argument to prove the correctness of the statement. Indeed, the derivation of the word suggests the idea of power. It has its origin in the notion of conquest. It carries with it the idea of a contest and a victory. Hence the very nature of conviction is to be a source of potency. The fact that conviction is power is clearly shown by its effects upon individuals, and through them upon the world.

It is marvelous in the extreme to see the vast amount that the world owes to conviction. Superficial thought would lead a person to the conclusion that the progress of the world, in all its important affairs, is due in no great degree to any specific force, but is rather the gradual and natural outgrowth of fixed principles. That these principles have, since the beginning of time, been concealed in the great heart of the human race, and have only required the aid of time to bring their results into view. In part this is true, and in part it is not true. The germ of progress has, without doubt, always had its abode in the minds of men; but great

changes have, almost invariably, been wrought out with comparative suddenness. Many of them have burst upon the startled universe like the flash of a meteor, and with such violence as to keep the world in agitation for centuries; and, strange as it may seem, we find that the source from which originated all their motive power was conviction.

In religion this is most forcibly illustrated by the life of Martin Luther. We see, on one hand, a system of severe oppression, but possessing immense power. Hardly a king in all the civilized world dared seriously oppose a decree of the pope. Hardly an emperor in Christendom who had not, with a humility born of fear, placed his royal neck under the pontifical foot. Princes and people were alike powerless, and hence, obedient. The nations of the world lay in fetters, and dared not complain. On the other hand, we find a poor monk—a mere teacher of theology at Wittenberg—yet a man of intense convictions and absolute fearlessness in a just cause. This man, at first alone and unaided, driven by his firm conviction that he was right, attacked, with terrible earnestness, this giant evil in its tower of strength, and laid it in ruins at his feet. No power appalled him, no terrors turned him back. The very powers of darkness he defied. When threatened with violence on his journey to the Diet of Worms, he declared with vigor to the bearer of the message, "Go

and tell your master, that even should there be as many devils at Worms as tiles on the house-tops, still I would enter it."

Germany arose at the sound of his voice and threw off its shackles. Switzerland followed his counsel; and the simple echo of his voice, as it were, caused the thrones of England and of Scotland to rock and tremble for more than a hundred years, until they found peace in believing.

The life of Mohammed affords another striking exemplification of the power of conviction to shape the destinies of men. He was born in poverty, but lived to bring order out of chaos, and to become the ruler of an immense empire which he himself had created.

In early life he became dissatisfied with the religion of his ancestors. As he grew older and more experienced, he was thoroughly convinced that it was not what the people needed; and, with the longings of a deeply religious nature, he sought for a substitute, among the existing religions of foreign lands, which would bring satisfaction to his own heart and peace to the homes of his countrymen. Being disappointed in this search, he took the longings of his own nature for the voice of divine inspiration, and at once set about purifying and uniting the idolatrous, warlike, and hostile tribes about him. A wonderful success attended his endeavors. Although death threatened him again and

again, even at the hands of his own household, his convictions drove him forward. As he fled from city to city and from tribe to tribe for safety from his enemies, he continually exhorted the people to a purer and better life. So great was his zeal and earnestness that frequently, when closely pursued, he preached even to his pursuers; and at least one case is on record in which the leader of his enemies was turned from enmity to friendship by his eloquence. His words, thus spoken, seldom fell unheeded; but, as years passed, his followers multiplied. Men who had, with brutish stupidity, bowed in worship before rocks and trees, were taught to obey an unseen God. Men who had never loved aught but the shedding of human blood, were led to adore a God of purity, mercy, and justice. And when the once poor camel-driver saw the wrinkles of old age upon his brow, and his hair silvered by many years, he could look over a vast country filled with a united people. And the youth of the nineteenth century can see a well governed and powerful nation, where the youthful Mohammed saw only an ignorant, wretched race, split up into barbarous tribes, whose only and highest ambition was to murder and destroy one another with the most revolting cruelty.

But it is not alone in the histories of the religions of the world that we find evidences of the power of

conviction. Indeed, there is hardly any sphere in which men have figured that does not contain striking and even beautiful testimonials of its dominion.

In the department of scientific knowledge, the conviction that there had been an age when cold and ice were the reigning elements, rendered the name of Agassiz famous, and, through him, laid open a store of scientific information for which the world of culture is, and always must remain, deeply grateful.

Our knowledge of astronomy is the child of conviction, born amidst persecution and poverty, but brought by the strength of its parent into a position of world-wide veneration.

We admire the grand appearance of an ocean steamer, as it ploughs its way through wind and wave with matchless grace and well-nigh resistless power; and, by our very admiration, we pay an involuntary compliment to the energy of Fulton's convictions.

In fact, all the world over, we see passing before us a great multitude of discoveries, improvements and inventions, and almost every one of them bears witness to the fact that conviction is power. It is written upon the telegraph, the steam-engine, and the printing-press. It rings out in triumph from the church towers of a thousand cities, and is echoed daily in the hum of manufacturing and the bustle of active life.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

ATHLETIC GAMES.

THE prospect is that the coming season will witness an increased interest and enthusiasm in athletic sports. Already arrangements have been made between some of the colleges, and other organizations, for match games to be played early in the season; and their men are at work, training for them. We are glad that some of this enthusiasm has reached Bates, but would like to see more of it. We think there is material here, if it was only cultivated, to ensure us a respectable position among other colleges in these games.

Base-ball. This promises to be the leading sport this season. Some of the colleges have decided not to enter the regatta, but to devote their interests to base-ball. We notice with pleasure the enthusiasm of our best players, and the confidence of their friends; also that the players are at work in the gymnasium, which will put them in a better condition, at the opening of the season, than they have ever been before. There ought to be more candidates, for the vacant places on the first nine, at work; and more system about the practice. The captain should appoint regular hours for work, and have all the nine there, with four or five others of the best

players. The manager should be chosen soon, so that he can make arrangements for the games that are to be played, and have every thing in readiness for the work when the season opens.

The annual meeting of the State Association, at Brunswick, was a farce, only three associations being represented. Some of the leading clubs seem to take no interest in it this year, since they cannot have things all their own way. We hope there will be another meeting called soon, and some action taken so that things will be managed differently than they were last year, and the club awarded the championship that wins the most games, rather than the one that loses the most.

Foot-ball. Foot-ball is a sport that has been indulged in for a long time, and occasionally match games have been played, yet there were no definite rules governing the game. But recently some of the colleges have adopted rules that are fast coming into general use, which reduce the game to a system that rivals base-ball in the skill with which it is played. Our first game, according to these rules, was played last fall, and it resulted so satisfactorily that we trust it will lead to their adoption, and the choice and practice of an eleven. All know the disadvan-

tages under which we played—being comparatively ignorant of the game, having had but one week to learn the rules and practice them, and being without uniforms, which hindered us in running and dodging—while our opponents were thoroughly acquainted with the game. With all these disadvantages we were not beaten very badly,—our opponents saying we played a much better game than they expected, and had the material for a good eleven. With these things to encourage us, we trust none of the enthusiasm will abate that was manifest last fall, but will increase till we have a first-class eleven, and return the visit of the Tufts boys—doing by them as they did by us. Match games are already arranged between some of the best teams in the country, and their men are training. All of our players who are not at work in the gymnasium should begin now, and, as soon as the weather permits, commence out-door practice.

Field Sports. This subject has been under discussion for some time at Bates, and now we think it is time for action. Most of the students agree that we ought to have them, yet no movement is made towards the accomplishment of this end. We think arrangements should be made to have these sports; and it should be done as soon as possible, to give those a chance to commence practice, who wish to take a part. The time is rather short to do much

this spring, but we can make a beginning and do better next fall. By having these sports, certain desired results would be attained,—more work would be done in the gymnasium, which is needed by all the boys, especially the base-ball and foot-ball men, to put them in a proper condition when the season opens; the improvements would be made in the gymnasium which we need, and the reputation they would give us outweighs all other considerations. Athletic games have become so prominent a feature in college life, that a large number of people esteem a college lightly which does not have them. They excite more attention with the public, and have more fascination for many students who contemplate entering college, than literary exercises,—and students and reputation are what we want.

Some may say that our own college is not large enough, and we have not the time to devote to such things. Other colleges have them whose classes are no larger than ours, and why should we be merely spectators of those things which we can perform. It is sometimes remarked that too much time and attention are already devoted to these things; that students are graduated good oarsmen, professional base-ballists, expert gymnasts, etc., rather than thorough scholars. This may be true in a few cases, but not many. Generally those who take

the lead in these things are the best scholars. They have the health and spirit to enter upon their tasks with animation, and the energy to push them through; while those who are too indolent to engage in these, are too lazy to study hard. We have leisure time that can not be better employed than in training a healthy, vigorous body, to support an active mind.

EXCHANGES.

We notice in the editorial columns of the *College Argus*, an article which is too good to pass over in silence. We give a few extracts: "There are a good many students in college in the different classes, who have an exalted idea of their own knowledge. . . . When they recite it is with an air of conscious superiority, and when they make a mistake they quickly correct it by taking the only other alternative, with a smile that shows that it is a mere slip of the tongue that betrayed them. . . . They always exhibit remarkable ingenuity in framing questions to ask the professor; they ask these questions in a manner that seems to give information, not to seek it. . . . These persons often stay after the class to continue some discussion they may have started," etc. This article tells of several friends of ours as of folks under the hundred-eyed Argus, but they will probably not claim the picture as belonging to them. The *Argus* is a first-class

college paper, and is one of the few that it is worth one's while to read carefully.

The *Trinity Tablet* sends us a good number for this month. In an article entitled "Our National Burden," speaking to college boys especially, it seems to hit the right method for correcting public abuses: That the educated young men of the country take hold and, instead of carelessly laying back, do their share of the work of reform. There is a very pretty sketch of the Abbey at Bec, and its celebrated founder, Archbishop Lanfranc.

The *College Herald* is well gotten up, and, in spite of a certain air of dryness, one can manage to skim over its contents without much fatigue.

ROBERTS' RULES OF ORDER.

Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

We have received and carefully examined "Roberts' Rules of Order." It is a work, as stated in the preface, "based, in its general principles, on parliamentary law; and adapted, in its details, to the use of ordinary societies." As to completeness of information, it seems to contain directions for any points of order or parliamentary etiquette which can possibly arise. But the best point in the work is the arrangement and classification of the subjects in their most natural order. It is divided into two parts, the first of which is designed to cover any

technicalities, and is rather restrictive and minute; while the second, going over the same ground, presents the subjects in a somewhat simpler manner, and is better adapted to the use of those who have not time to perfect themselves in the laws of order, but still have occasional need of referring to them. With each subject, also, are found references to any rules, in other parts of the book, which may chance to have a bearing,—a quality which makes it especially valuable for speedy reference in regard to a disputed point. We can recommend it to our readers as being just the thing for use in learning to conduct a debate, and to transact business in an orderly manner. In spite of the attention given to literary societies among students, there are few of us that have a good understanding of the technical forms of debate. Mistakes are apt to happen, and we are often uncertain as to how to bring forward any matter of business. As a remedy, we suggest this little book as one of the best gotten up, of its kind, that we have seen.

JABEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

The announcement of the death of Rev. Dr. Burns of London, which took place on the 31st of January, has been received with great sorrow by his numerous friends in America. He had visited America twice, the first time in 1847, as a delegate to the Free Baptist Triennial Confer-

ence, and the second time in 1872, when he was present at our Commencement. On his first visit, Wesleyan University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity; and on his second, our college that of Doctor of Laws. We need not say that Bates College has lost one of its warmest and most honored friends.

Dr. Burns was in his 71st year, and at the time of his death had been pastor of a General Baptist Church in London for more than forty years. The *London Book Catalogue* gives a list of about forty volumes of his works, chiefly of a theological character.

The *London Daily News* says of him: "Dr. Burns, who was a Baptist minister, was a voluminous writer upon religious and social topics, and an eloquent preacher and platform-speaker, and was widely known throughout the United Kingdom and the United States. The temperance reform, especially, found in him for forty years a fearless and able champion."

The following letter to the editor of *The Alliance News*, from Mr. S. C. Hall, the venerable editor of the *London Art Journal*, will show, in some adequate manner, how he was estimated by those who knew him best:—

Sir,—I ask you to aid a project—of which I am sure you will approve—to place, by subscription, a modest monument over the grave of

Rev. Jabez Burns, LL.D., in the "grave yard" at Willesden.

No doubt the estimable family would do this; but it may be a happy duty to take it out of their hands, and thus give a public record of the services to God and man of the venerable and estimable pastor.

"During nearly the whole of a long life, he was doing the work of his Master; doing it as a Christian minister should ever do it, not only for the eternal welfare, but for the temporal advantages of mankind. He was among the foremost workers in the vineyard of his Lord, laboring to improve the social condition of humanity; to lessen the evils by which it is afflicted and tried; to make peaceful all the domestic virtues; and to expel vices by warnings, entreaties, and prayer. I believe there are thousands on earth, and gone from earth, who owe most of their happiness in this world and for heaven, to that good Christian teacher.

Especially was he a preacher, by precept and example, of the holy cause of temperance. I knew and honored him in that light more than forty years ago, and I heard him dilate on its blessings for time and eternity, within forty months of his removal from the sphere in which he was so indefatigable a worker.

He was emphatically a good man; a great man also, for his works do follow him; they have borne fruit, the seed being often planted on good ground.

It would be a privilege, of which I am sure many will gladly avail themselves, to place over his grave a public record of his services—his long labors for the cause of God and man. It is impossible I can make this appeal in vain. A large sum will not be required, for it would be a pain, and not a pleasure, to his family and friends to erect to his memory a costly monument. It should be simple, as was his own nature; unpretending, as he was in all he thought, said, and did. But it should be done by subscription—the combined subscriptions of many, the many by whom he was revered, honored, and loved as, first, a faithful minister of Christ; next, an able and eloquent minister of his word; and also a most kind and benevolent gentleman, ever ready to counsel and comfort those who stood in need of advice and consolation. Such a monument as I devise, and as his friends require, would be an emphatic comment on the text—a teaching by example—"Go and do thou likewise."

Your faithful servant,

S. C. HALL, F. S. A.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Heavens! how it blows!

The Boston elm is no more. John Bull was overheard asking "What will the 'ub do without a helm?"—*Advocate*.

The editor who was told that his article was clear as mud, promptly replied, "Well, that covers the ground, anyhow."—*Ex*.

How about the plan to "trip the light fantastic"? We fear it has "gone where the woodbine twineth." "If at first you don't succeed," etc.

Rubber boots are now in demand. It is expected that before long there will be either a small lake before P. H., or a skating rink, according as it thaws or freezes.

We heard a Freshman speak about having a game of base-ball out of doors, the other day, but since the last foot of snow his enthusiasm has somewhat subsided.

Our printer suggests that contributors to the STUDENT would do well to buy paper enough to hold their articles without using both sides of the sheet. A word to the wise, etc.

We suggest that the Sophs and Freshies have a pitched battle, and use those barrels to carry off the

victims. All they (the barrels) are good for now, is for Juniors to hide hats, books, etc., in.

Scene—The recitation in Greek Testament. Prof.—"How do you explain the passage, 'Strait is the gate and narrow is the way' etc.?" Fresh.—"I suppose it means that all *professors* shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."—*Ex*.

On investigating the cause of a certain Soph's declaration that "those darned petticoat ulsters were a hollow mockery, a delusion, and a snare," we learned that he had asked to *see one home* the Sunday night previous.—*Brunonian*.

Scene—recitation room. Student making up back lessons. Prof.—"First, Mr. —, is the article more or less frequently used in German than in English?" Mr. — (carefully considering the subject) — "Yes, I think it is." "Right!"

A Junior asks: "Is there any cure for laziness?" Well, we cannot say positively that there is, for we have never been troubled with that fatal disease. Castor oil is warranted to make you lively, but if you prefer jalap, take a spoonful every half hour.—*Niagara Index*.

If you see a man going round with a black eye and and a melancholy look on his countenance, always ask him who hit him. It shows sympathy and makes him feel good. We asked O. B., and he said it was a base-ball, and shook his fist at us.

Fresh.—“I wonder why my mustache doesn't grow under my nose as well as at the corners of my mouth?” Soph.—“Too much shade.” (Cries of more.)—*Ex.*

Possibly that's what's the matter with one or two of our classmates, whose strenuous efforts produce only one-sided results.

The late storm washed out the gymnasium. This is the first time within the memory of—well, at least any that we have seen, that this has been cleaned out; and even this is due to the extensive base-ball practice carried on therein, which has had the effect of *opening* the windows. What could we do without base-ball!

A Junior, somewhat afflicted with bashfulness, made a slight mistake the other day. In translating a sentence from the German, he made it “kissing under the red moon,” when it should have been “on the red mouth.” Whether he thought distance lent enchantment or not, it is evident that he don't know much about the subject or he would never have made that blunder.

A Senior was recently called upon in a recitation in Logic to define *modal*, and to give an example. As an illustration he made the remarkable statement that “Romulus killed Julius Cæsar.” Now, this may be good logic, but when it comes to history, it is original, and tends to cast a doubt upon the truth of certain historians who have hitherto enjoyed public confidence.

A young gentleman got neatly out of a fine scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two young ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned up to it, but said that their united ages only made twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven, so laughed off her pout. He did not explain that one was nineteen and the other two years of age. Wasn't it artful?—*Ex.*

A certain parson, who is also a school-teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics the other day. The first boy took it, looked at it a while and said, “I pass.” The second boy took it and said, “I turn it down.” The third boy stared at it awhile and drawled out, “I can't make it.” “Very good, boys,” said the parson, “we will cut for a new deal.” And the switch danced like lightning over the shoulders of those depraved young mathematicians.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

To dance or not to dance—that's the question.

Union College comes out in Red, White, and Blue, at the next regatta.

Prof. Murray of Rutgers College has resigned, to become superintendent of public instruction in Japan.

Several colleges are enjoying courses of lectures on scientific subjects. It would be well to start some such project here.

But three colleges of New England send crews to the inter-collegiate regatta this year. These are Harvard, Wesleyan, and Dartmouth.

There was a mistake in the statement in our last number to the effect that the term ended in two weeks. It should have been three weeks.

Term bills have again made their appearance, to haunt the student until he gets the treasurer's name at the bottom and can call it all his own.

The Juniors have been happy for the last few days. For one reason or another they have had considerably less than their usual number of recitations.

We understand that the Sophomores do not have a public declamation at the close of this term. Prof. Stanley takes charge of their rhetoricals, we believe.

The University of Michigan has in connection with its gymnasium a billiard hall, a bathing room, and a dancing hall. Somewhat in advance of New England ideas.

The year 1876 will have three hundred and sixty-six days, fifty-three Sundays, and four eclipses.—*Ex.*

Besides this, it is expected that we shall have a Centennial and one or two other extras.

It is stated that the Sophomores are not to take French the third term of the year, as has heretofore been the custom. If so, their knowledge of the language could probably find commodious quarters in a very small nutshell.

There will be two base-ball nines down town this year—the "Androscoggins," who will probably send off for some of their players, and the "Centennials," a new nine, who will take their players from home men. We may expect some lively work.

On the 8th of March, two delegates from our Association went to Brunswick to attend a meeting of delegates from the clubs belonging to the State B. B. Association. Only three clubs were represented, by reason of some misunderstanding, and the meeting was adjourned *sine die*. No meeting has since been called.

Why can't we take books from the library every day, instead of being allowed to do so on but two days of the week? It would be a great convenience, and since the library is open every afternoon, it seems as if it would be but little trouble to let out books.

We have heard several complaints about colds caught during prayers. It happens once in a while that the students find a cold room with no sign of a fire. Since attendance on chapel is compulsory, it seems to us that we either ought always to have a fire or else a *cut* on such occasions.

General Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education, estimates the child-population between the ages of six and sixteen, in the several States, at about 10,288,000. An army of three hundred thousand teachers is needed to educate this host of future freemen.—*Tufts Collegian*.

There will probably be two baseball men to be chosen this spring. Of the old nine of last Fall, Hoyt has left us to study medicine, and James has gone into business. It is expected that Records, formerly of the "Live Oaks," who has entered the

class of '77, will fill one of these places. There still remain two men to be chosen,—one to fill the vacant place, the other as tenth man. Here is a good opening for some one to work for, and the men who work will undoubtedly get the chances.

The Junior class was recently entertained at the house of one of the merchants of the city, and passed a very pleasant evening,—nearly all the class being present. They say that it was coming home from this that a Junior of literary fame got off the sidewalk into the snow, but we can't be quite certain that the report is true. He was supposed to be star-gazing, and forgot about his feet.

President Porter of Yale College recently gave the following laconic advice to the students in the course of an extended address: "Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it. Love God and your fellow-men."—*Ex*.

PERSONALS.

'72.—F. H. Peckham is supplying the pulpit of a church at Newport, Me., and is meeting with good success.

'72.—A. M. Garcelon, who has been studying in New York, has returned to Lewiston and commenced the practice of medicine.

'74.—A. O. Moulton has been in Lewiston for the past week or two.

'74.—John H. Hoffman is at Bangor Theological School.

'75.—L. M. Palmer made a short visit to the College a few days since. He is Principal of the High School at Hopkinton, Mass.

'75.—F. L. Washburn is studying law in Boston, and is Principal of an Evening School in that city.

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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** in Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of Geometry. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 28, 1876.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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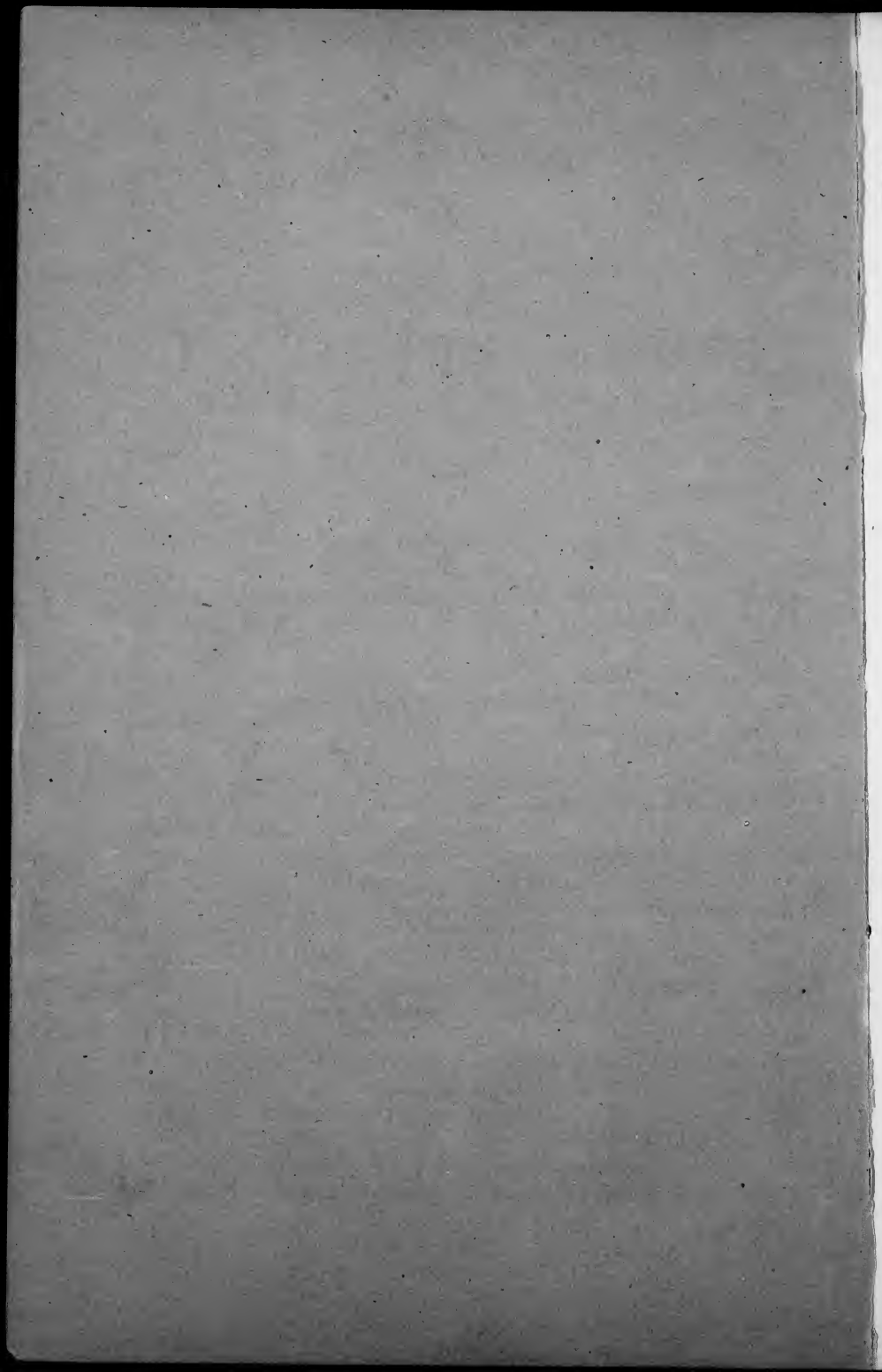
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MORALS OF LITERATURE.

LITERATURE, in its widest application, embraces all writings except mathematical and purely scientific treatises. In its more common signification, it includes only poetry, essays, history, and the novel. As such, how does it affect the morals of society?

Literature is a great moral educator. It guides the thoughts, and influences the actions, of society. One's outward moral conduct is an index to, and a result of, his inward moral reflections. Whatever influences thought, influences action also. So literature affects our lives by modifying our thoughts. Our habits are the result of our qualities of thought. Our character is the sum of our peculiarities. And it is our moral sentiment, our ideal of life, that forms our peculiarities and makes us what we are. Every person lives for an object. He has an ideal standard of

excellence which he wishes to attain. To be sure, each man's ideal of life varies from every other man's standard. In fact, what would seem to one a standard of excellence, would to another appear a stone of stumbling, to be shunned and avoided by all. What would seem to one a path leading to continual happiness, to another would seem a broad highway leading to wretchedness in this life and ruin in the world beyond. Men are like strangers in a new country, traveling with different objects in view; upon the same guide-post, it may be, one sees only directions to a famous summer resort, where are beautiful lakes, grand mountain summits, or extensive woodlands filled with game, and the enchanting melodies of nature's songsters;—another, directions to some manufacturing city where he hopes to obtain work by which to support a numerous family—each

seeking happiness as his final object. So in our moral natures. Though our ideals of what life should be vary greatly, we are all struggling to gain what we each conceive to be the chief glory of man. This may be wealth, honor, fame, or simply freedom from work. We have an ideal and a real existence. Further, our ideal standard is never fully realized; but it is a pleasing thought that he whose ideal is grand and high, comes quite as near its realization as he whose ideal is low. Therefore, whatever tends to raise the ideal existence of a person, or society as a unit, tends also to raise the actual condition of that person or society. Our morality is our ideals put in practice. Literature, especially poetry, essays, and the novel, deals chiefly with the ideal or imaginary; and history and biography, though confined to past realities, show what may be attained in the future, and thus modify the ideals our imaginations form for our life object. What we read, as well as what we experience, helps to shape our lives. If a nation's literature be pure and high-toned, it elevates the moral sentiment of society; if it be of an opposite character, it degrades. Generally literature is filled with the noblest sentiments; at least, since it deals with the ideal, it is always in advance of the practical ideas of a people. This comports with what was said in reference to our ideal always being beyond what is realized, which is

true of people collectively as well as persons individually. Public opinion, for the reasons just stated, would not support a literature whose moral tone was degrading to the popular sentiment. Literature is usually the product of the rarest intellects and the most cultivated minds. As a result, men have great confidence in what is written. We grasp with zeal at an author's thoughts as something beyond our reach. They allure us onward and upward to higher realms and purer atmospheres of thought. We are unconsciously led to seek as high a moral plane as that upon which our authors appear to stand. We feel that they are inspired from a higher source. And we judge rightly. The stream can never rise higher than the fountain. Writers of loftiest thoughts and sublimest sentiments must draw from the highest sources of knowledge.

As the geologist, standing on some high summit, is led to question the elements for the reasons of those towering summits and the varied aspect of the landscape around and below, so the literary man who knows best how to explain the characters of our noblest men, understands most accurately the condition and habits of the masses, and can fashion the most worthy ideal characters for his readers, must stand on the mountain tops of human experience and commune with the elements of life—the soul of nature. Reading such authors—and our best

poets, essayists, and novelists are such—the current of our thoughts is quickened and purified by the mingling. It is the tendency of a person's character to become weakened and debased when he ceases to associate with his fellows, or fails to cultivate his thoughts by reading. From the great ocean of society the purest aspirations evaporate and the baser elements remain. Our literary men are the mountain peaks that condense these vanished, flitting idealities and send them back in showers and running streams, to refresh and refill the ever-lessening, ever-filling ocean. 'Tis thus literature raises the ideal standard, the moral tone of society.

Literature is the national thought crystallized into permanent form. The impurities are precipitated, in the form of poisonous dregs, to the bottom of the literary crucible, to be treated as waste and dangerous matter. There are, unfortunately, some writers who, for a price, dare use this castaway matter to poison the minds of their unsuspecting victims. Like the cuckoo that lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, leaving them to be hatched and the young reared among worthier companions, writers of little merit and depraved morals deposit their vile thoughts in the treasury of literature to be adopted and supported by the unwary, who do not distinguish them from the good and true. Next to the gossip and sensational bosh of

newspapers, the low-toned novel is the most common form of this trash, sold as cheap literature. How terrible its influence upon the morals of the uneducated, the weak-minded, and the young! And its effect is much worse from the fact that the young and the uneducated have such firm confidence in the truth and worth of what is written. To most persons the printed page has a mystic charm, a show of authority. The printer's ink seems to stamp thought with the infallible seal of truth. The inexperienced trust society. They never suspect men in authority to be capable of fraud or injustice. Rulers and authors are looked upon with superstitious awe; they seem wrapt in a cloak of divinity. Therefore a book, good or bad, when published, is regarded by its readers as having received from society a tacit consent to its truth,—a license to be read. In this fact lies the moral influence of literature,—its power for good or evil. This is why the scholar is so apt to take for granted whatever is stated in books, and why boys and girls are alike excited by some wild romance and the record of a noble life. Though this faith in what is printed, simply because it is printed, diminishes with age and education, it never wholly dies out. Hence we see the immense influence literature has over the minds and morals of the people, especially the youth. To make this thought more vivid and impressive we have only to

recall the individual experiences of our boyhood. For who does not remember with what trust and zeal he read the Arabian Nights, Robinson Crusoe, and the stories in the Second Reader? How indignation sent the blood tingling through our veins when we first read of the insults and cruelties inflicted upon Americans during the war of the Revolution! And how the story of the brave heroes who fought and bled in that war, stirred our hearts with patriotic emotions! Courage, valor, zeal for the right,—all the manly virtues,—are strengthened by reading such examples. No less are the milder virtues—punctuality, honesty, piety, love of kindred, temperance, chastity—improved by poetry, essays, and fiction, if written by authors of merit. In no other way can a person influence the popular mind so much as by his writings. If they be pure in thought and noble in sentiment, they will elevate the thoughts and improve the character of the reader; otherwise they deaden virtue and blunt the moral sensibilities. Therefore how great the crime in publishing what is vicious, immoral, or untrue!

Literature is not only a factor but an exponent of a people's morals. It is as much the result as the shaper of the popular mind. Each is the index of the other, and each is improved or degraded by the other; they go hand in hand. Considering the corrupt reign of Charles II., no

wonder "poetry declined from the date of the Restoration, and was degraded from a high and noble art to a mere courtly amusement or pander to immorality." And this corrupt literature must have had a very great reflex influence upon society. Well might the genius of a Milton be led by the corrupt morals to contemplate the rebellious wars of fallen angels in a *Paradise Lost*. Naturally, too, was Butler induced to create a *Hudibras* for the people's censor.

During the "Age of Pericles," Grecian literature attained its highest glory. Was not this natural? It was then that the State was imbued with the spirit of patriotism and progress. Certain men of genius became absorbers of the national thought, from which they formed the purest gems of literature, and the noblest monuments of Greece's intellectual greatness. Just as white light, which is a combination of all colors, in passing through a prism is decomposed into distinct colors of varied brilliancy, so the common thoughts of the people, in passing through the minds of literary men, are changed into brilliant attractiveness. Literary men are not strictly original. They cannot create thought. They can only put their minds in readiness to receive the thoughts suggested by the combination of circumstances. Writers must be critical observers of the times. They are the prime con-

ductors which accumulate and direct the ideas and sentiments generated by the revolutions of the great electrical wheel of society. And when, through their books, they come in contact with the people, there is a discharge of intellectual force, and the entire reading public feels the shock. Like sponges, literary men unconsciously absorb the sentiments of the society in which they move. In turn, society feeds upon its own thoughts, enlarged, classified, and enforced by the wit and genius of its literary men. Therefore it can but be that a

nation's moral standing influences its literature, and that literature improves the morals of society. This was remarkably true in early Greece. Even their religion was greatly modified by the beautiful poems of Homer and Hesiod. And these poems, of lasting influence and immortal interest, were founded upon mythology, which was the common possession of all the people, and a natural result of their modes of thinking. Thus literature, by dealing with the ideal world of thought, influences, and is in turn influenced by, the public mind and morals.

POLITICS.

THE feeling has become general, among thinking and reflective men, that a political habit is influencing good men in the direction of evil, and is rapidly demoralizing every department of government.

While exhibitions of dishonest action of men in power are of daily occurrence, there is a general suspicion that the same conduct is practiced by all officials, with perhaps some exceptions, and that proof is only needed for the exposure. The idea seems to be gaining ground that a political life affords excellent opportunities for private fortunes to be made, and this becomes the object of primary importance to aspirants for honor. Disinterested benevolence is an element little thought of

in politics. The reckless scramble for office is an indication of what an office is used for. Men of no brains, but of some pecuniary means, go into the canvass for election and buy it, even at the expense of their whole fortune; while a poor man of ability must stand and see himself shamefully defeated. Mobs rule the polls, and the best men stay at home—fearing contamination by bare presence. What would our forefathers say to see soldiers called out on election day to guard the ballot-box in free America! Ministers and reformers preach the purity of the ballot, and then refuse to attend the caucus and the town-meeting. The result is, the scum of humanity rises to the surface, and we dignify it as

our public servants. No man can be a candidate for public trust without subjecting himself to the vilest slander and caricature, and stooping to practices that are at first revolting. The exceptions are rare. Why should candidates for what ought to be one of the noblest professions in the land, be subjected to such indecencies? No other profession dishonors a person first to fit him for its duties. Whatever may be the causes at work to produce the disgraceful results witnessed in our government during the last twenty years, it seems certain there is no abatement of them. Our nation is becoming the laughing-stock of foreign powers, and a disgrace to ourselves. We are showing our weak and corrupt side most glaringly. Men go to Congress poor, live in princely style on small pay, and come home rich. Temptations are fascinating, and none save the strongest resist them. A person of ordinary strength and ability is soon drawn into the whirl of excitement, to find his character bankrupt and his coffers filled. Bribery may be used in so many ways, that the slightest present as a token of esteem becomes the influence of a particular vote or line of argument. We call them slight gifts, and anybody may accept a gift! Political capital is based largely upon political dishonor. Frauds are exposed, not so much because they are frauds, but to enrich political capital. Men are elected to office with no idea of fit-

ness, but because of some influence they may possess as wire pullers or money men. Brains have been eliminated from the problem, together with honesty. The moment a person consents to run as a candidate for any office, he makes himself the centre of a crowd of hungry parasites, who profess to aid him provided he will liberally pay for the service; and these parasites, with the absence of good men from the polls, will make or unmake their candidate according as his money holds out.

It is simply a matter of money making, and is not confined wholly to politics. Business life is full of the same disgraceful conduct, and political life reflects the complexion which commercial transactions have assumed. When presidents of railroads, at a salary of forty thousand dollars per annum, receive a percentage on every contract they give, there is little else to expect from them as government officers. School teachers to-day, in many cities, are paying a percentage of their salary to the hand that feeds them. The venal principle controls everything.

In this centennial year we cannot say our government is a success. We have not yet triumphed sufficiently to silence our enemies. It would indeed be refreshing to hear our legislative branch of the government spoken of as Mr. Madison spoke of the men who composed the Convention of 1787: "I feel it my duty to express my profound and

solemn conviction, derived from my intimate opportunity of observing and appreciating the views of the Convention, collectively and individually, that there never was an assembly of men charged with a great and arduous task, who were more pure in their motives, or more exclusively or anxiously devoted to the object committed to them, than were the members of the Federal Convention of 1787, to the object of devising and proposing a constitu-

tional system which should best supply the defects of that which it was to replace, and best secure the permanent liberty and happiness of their country."

The people to-day, the repository of power, are above the demagogism that characterizes public men; but they are not represented, nor indeed will be until they rise in the strength of their virtue to vindicate themselves, and submit no longer to intrigue and strategy.

INVITATIO AD VERNUM.

HAIL, glorious Queen of Seasons! blushing, beauteous Maid,
Just bursting from thy frozen Brother's arms!
Come, bless the world that mourns thee long delayed,
And bid the dull earth waken with thy charms.
Call back the twittering tribes that feathered their long way
To other climes, with eager, swift-winged fleetness,
When Winter's fiat bade the swaying leaves decay,
And robbed us of our songsters' liquid sweetness.
Bring back the joy and hope and love that nature's green,
Robing the hills and vales, enthrones in all the soul;
Ope thy red lips, where sits the noontide's brightest beam,
And kiss to life the withered fern upon the knoll.
Bid the dull covering that now meets our saddened sight,
Give place to carpets woven for thy tread and ours;
And shed upon the brown, sere earth the sun's warm light,
To resurrect all Nature's slumbering powers.
Then will we love thee; and thy queenly brow we'll grace
With garlands from the hillside's sunny nook;
And buttercups we'll sprinkle where thy footsteps trace,
And pluck thee daisies from the edges of the brook.
Then shall sweet buds and flowers with fragrance bathe thy feet,
And warbled notes thy sunlit chamber fill;
While, through reviving Nature's realm, from Love's retreat,
God's sweetest angel—Peace—shall breathe a trill.

SWIFT.

THERE is no literature more pleasing and instructive than biography; no kind of biography so charming as that which treats of the lives of authors. Among the multitude of writers of the eighteenth century, no name possesses more interest than that of Jonathan Swift. The great men of England bowed at his feet and besought the aid of his fierce and crushing pen; Ireland proclaimed him her liberator; his enemies heaped curses upon him, wrote thousands of pamphlets against him, and stung him with their bitter calumny; and he lived and died one of earth's most unhappy men.

He was a strange man in a strange time. In other times, Swift might have acted and written differently; but the eighteenth century—that strange century, when old beliefs and institutions were losing their moorings and going adrift, when public morality was lax, when people praised James and welcomed William with the same breath, when men were striving for office and grasping at rich prizes,—this century, acting on the mind of Swift, has made one of the most peculiar characters in English literature. We have read Swift's works, we have laid his books aside, and there stands in the background of our vision a picture of the gloomy Dean as he wounds and crushes and tears his enemies to pieces. How this picture of our

"minds eye" resembles the real man that spoke, wrote, cursed, and acted his fierce part in the drama of life, is a question to be decided by referring to his several biographers. The story of his life has been told by two noted writers—Scott and Johnson.

Both were kind to his memory. Scott tries to excuse his faults, and places his eccentricities in the most favorable light; but the honest old Doctor regards him as a peculiar and dangerous man. Speaking of "The Tale of a Tub," he says: "Of this book, charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of peculiar character, without ill intentions; but it is certainly a dangerous example." In giving a short sketch of his life, we shall follow no one authority, but shall give that picture which most resembles the man as we see him in his writings. His works cannot change, and in them he has chiseled his own dark features. In Dublin, on the 30th of November, Swift first breathed the air of Ireland. Poor, fatherless, dependent on the charity of an uncle, he first attended school at Kilkenny, and then went up to the University at Dublin. While at school, he was filled with scorn and rage, learned to hate humanity, and thus early in life he laid the foundation of his subsequent misanthropy. At school he was wayward and willful, not diligent in his studies, and

when the day came for taking his degree he failed. Sent back to his logic, he came up again for his degree without having looked at his books, and only by special favor did he obtain his degree. After spending three more years at Dublin, in close study, we next see him a secretary of Sir Wm. Temple. Here, Swift learned some sad lessons, and keenly felt the pangs of bitter disappointment. Swift naturally expected some recompense for his service to the polite and polished politician of King William. Positions were promised, but were never given; prebends became vacant, but his enemies were appointed to fill them; deaneries were given to inferior men; a bishopric was at the disposal of his friend, and the wished-for prize just escaped his grasp. Tired and discontented with this manner of life, he left Sir Wm. Temple's for a poor living in Ireland, but after a short time he returned to perform the humble duties of a secretary.

See the secretary as he sits silently writing at his table; a frown gathers on his brow, as he sees the weakness and follies of those great and ruling men that come to Sir William's house; he measures them all, and is conscious of his own superiority. Those great men looked like Liliputians to him; and the heart of the youth is full of satire. Here he wrote *The Tale of a Tub*, a satire on religion and science,—a story which made the author famous, but

ever barred him from high positions. Kings and Queens were afraid to trust a man who could write such a wild tale. His talents as a political writer have never been equaled. But what a political life he led! It was an ambitious strife for position,—a struggle rewarded with only a deanery in poor Ireland.

He fought battles for the Tories, but he never won a prize. Writing from disappointment, he attacked his enemies with great vengeance, and exultantly, like an eagle over his prey, tore them to pieces.

Early in life a dark misanthropy settled over him, and foreboded his terrible fate. He hated Ireland; he would not credit it with the glory and honor of his birth; he hated the institutions of his country; he hated humanity, and loved individuals only for his own pleasure and selfishness. Among all the names in English literature, we know of no such a misanthropist as Swift. Of the sweets of life he enjoyed but few, but the poisons of that age were poured into his giant and solitary intellect, and he suffered in long and terrible agony. He took the poison with his own hand, and deserved to suffer. He once said of himself that he had "an ill head and aching heart"—a confession that reveals the remorse that was gnawing away at his heart, while he was insulting those who served him, writing mean epigrams against those who spoke against him, and servilely flattering the great.

Swift, besides being a Dean and a

politician, was a lover. While at Sir William Temple's, he became acquainted with Hester Johnson,—known by every reader of books as Swift's Stella. We can pardon his pride, arrogance, and intolerable manners in the company of ladies, but we have no charity for his sins committed against Stella. First, he was her teacher; then, lover; afterwards, murderer. He murdered not as the assassin murders, but slowly he drove the dagger to her heart. When he left Sir William's and went to Ireland, he invited Stella and Mrs. Dingley to accompany him, that he might enjoy the pleasure of her society. Stella lived near him, and when he went to London, Stella and Mrs. Dingley took possession of his house,—always going back to their own home as soon as he returned.

To her alone, of all the world, he opened the caverns of his gloomy heart. While at London, he wrote to her by every mail; kept a journal of his thoughts and a criticism of the great men, for her perusal; and thought of her tenderly, and loved the prattle and fond whisperings of her letters.

While at London, he was admitted into the society of some of the most distinguished wits of the time. In the height of his popularity he became acquainted with Esther Vanhomrigh, a lady of talent and fortune, who was fascinated with his brilliancy of wit, and the richness and power of his conversation. The fascination seems to have been mu-

tual, for soon we notice a great change in the tone of his letters to Stella. Vanessa, the name given Esther Vanhomrigh, is not mentioned in his letters, and only casually does he allude to being at her residence.

The fascination of the more attractive lady had already begun to show its influence on the faithless lover's heart. Stella soon became aware that there was a rival in his affections, and suffered some of the pangs of jealousy. Swift now found himself in a very embarrassing position, and had no courage to extricate himself, or check the passion which was not in his power to requite. Vanessa, having come to Ireland, soon learned Swift's true circumstances. She, finding that she had been deceived and injured, died of disappointment,—having previously ordered that the poem in which he praises her charms should be published to the world.

We pass over his marriage in silence, having no means of knowing the motives that prompted such a strange course of action. It was a cruel fate, and we can invent no excuse that will pardon Swift's ignominious conduct toward Stella. The last years of Swift's life were most unhappy. Stella was dead, and the great man was alone in the world; his misanthropy drove his friends from his house; his misanthropy continually increasing, he soon found himself entirely deserted; his mind failed; inflammation and tumors tort-

ured his body; and at last he became a silent maniac. About the end of October, 1745, he was relieved of his sufferings, and passed away without a struggle.

We come now to Swift as a writer, and have time for only a word. For language that cuts and crushes, tears and rends its victims, Swift has had no equal. All his writings are satirical and humorous. The humor is dry, and has such an air of truthfulness that all his works deserve to be called allegories.

In Gulliver's Travels we see the dryness of his humor and the bitterness of his satire. In the Drapier's Letters we see a great intellect wielding a fierce pen. Never did man write better satire. Never did man write more bitter irony. Never

was pen feared more than that of Jonathan Swift. The last part of Gulliver's Travels is a complete allegory, where man is depicted as lower than the brutes. The humor and satire are terrible; but, Swift, we do not love to read you,—we love no man that boasts to be a misanthropist. We do not love you, because you have no charity for humanity; because you magnify their faults from a mere love of vengeance; because you are always sad and gloomy, and never cheerful and gay; because you never sympathize with laughter and tears. You have no love of nature, no kind words for prattling children, no sensibilities easily moved by pleasure or pain,—but a "multitude of sins" "with so little charity to cover them."

APRIL.

WHAT old, old themes are rain and sun!
 One likened oft to tears that run;
 The other unto smiles begun.

And April days are ever so:
 Now driving show'rs, as tears down flow;
 Now sunbeams gather, as smiles glow.

Now ghastly grief forecasts the year;
 And rankling sorrow's vexing fear,
 With ominous doubtings, all appear.

These are the clouds of April days;
 These are the ceaseless rain-fall plays;
 These are her Winter-loving ways.

But gladness, jubilee, and song
Break up the doubts, where faith is strong,
And smiles engendered all along

Make darkness light, and sad things grand;
For joy and grief go hand in hand,
While light and shade together stand.

Then rain, rain, rain,—the birds will mate!
Or shine, shine, shine, for some will hate!
But all grow wiser, soon or late.

In either case, the trees will leaf,
And flow'rs will bloom in spite of grief,
For April days are strangely brief.

The grass grows brighter, and the air
Seemeth infused with incense rare;
Thus all the earth becometh fair,—

While April only smiles and weeps;
Ah, faithful soul, her true art keeps
Of cheating Winter, till she leaps

Into the arms of her love, May,
In Spring's full pomp is borne away,—
While Winter sinketh in dismay.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

I DON'T know how many ugly things have been said about Washington, until somebody the other day put on the cap over the whole, by groaning out that "a shower of fire and brimstone would improve the poor city."

To be sure the atmosphere here just now is stifling and hot with political strife. Probably Congress has not been so swayed and torn with the struggle for power, for many

years. The change of majority from one side of the House to the other, has made one party desperate and the other overbearing; and, in the contest, slumbering animosities have burned up again, and long concealed abuses of power have been dragged into the light.

But, looking down from the gallery upon that great body of men, I for one have too much faith in human nature to believe that they are

all wrong, dishonest, and struggling merely for ambitious ends. They dearly love—these men—to clash their wits against each other. Cox is radiant for the whole day, if he can get a thrust at Blaine that is unanswerable. Blaine loses no opportunity to stir up that little nest of secessionists, who sit securely under the motherly Democratic wing. Lamar shakes his black mane at the Republican party, and would apparently annihilate them if he could. Banks stands squarely and firmly on neutral ground, and hurls logic at both parties; and all these other men find their places according to their convictions. But actual work is being done all the time, and the country, criticising and impatient, is still safe in their hands, I firmly believe.

But I did not sit down to write about politics at all; I simply designed to say a good word for Washington—it is a much-abused city. Strangers who, during the war, were attracted to the headquarters of the country, gave it a villainous name, and, not having been here since, are still of the same opinion. They picture it out as the dirtiest city in the Union, with mud in the streets, I don't know how deep; Negro shanties huddled in the best parts of the city; a population of dead, ignorant inhabitants; stagnation of business, and a dreadful state of society and morals in general. They tell a good story of two officers of the army, who met on Pennsylvania Avenue.

One of them on horseback on the sidewalk, accosted his brother officer, who was floundering up to his waist in the mud of the street: "Look here, Captain, why don't you ride your horse, these damp mornings?" "O, I've got one under me here, somewhere," answered the other.

How agreeably astonished I was when I came here, tongue cannot tell. Emerging from the new and really fine depot, I made my way through a busy and agreeable-looking city. Crossing the broad Pennsylvania Avenue, thronged with beautiful ladies, and full of metropolitan life, I passed up the busy Seventh Street, and my first impressions were these—What broad, beautiful, and *clean* streets! What fine looking people! What a delightful winter I shall have here! And these flying weeks, which have vanished as only the weeks of a Washington winter can do, have fully answered my expectations. In the first place, the streets of Washington are well paved and kept remarkably clean. Twice a week there are four, six-inch, formidable machines which go rumbling through the streets, sweeping the pavements as clean as a house floor. Then there is another thing that I like about this city. Every house is not squeezed against its neighbor, as though every inch of room must be utilized. And the buildings on either side the street don't push out into the sidewalk and crowd people into the gutters.

When you go out there is always plenty of room, and any quantity of air to breathe. The government buildings occupy whole squares by themselves, and are pretty generally surrounded by a little green country of their own; and these, scattered through different parts of the city, make open spaces that can never be intruded upon. The whole plan of the city originally seemed to be for breadth and comfort, and, as it is arranged, this wise foresight can never be much altered. The character of the population must have undergone a great change. The listless, ease-loving Southerner has given place to the Northern element more and more; and business of all kinds is moving briskly. The Jews and Germans are largely in trade on the street, and that is a pretty sure evidence of sharp trade and lively profits. I see nothing but that Washington, as it now appears, may become—indeed, now is—as ambitious of enterprising growth as any of her sister cities in the Union.

I remember of being over in Georgetown, a short time ago, and gazing about at the complete desolation and dilapidation of Washington's sister city, an utter sense of dreariness and forlornness stole over me. I could not picture, if I would, the disgusting shiftlessness that pervaded every spot. And this, my friend said, was a fair specimen of the appearance of Washington before the war.

Well, well, "chance and change are busy ever." The tide of enterprise and improvement has reached the national capital. Tall, stately buildings are springing up; hotels are being enlarged and modernized; streets are being made and old ones improved, and the government, catching the spirit, is building a new department. This new State Department, into which the bureaus of the Army and Navy, etc., are to be transferred, beggars all description. It has no peer for artistical beauty and design in the country. I am glad it is so nearly completed that strangers who visit our Centennial glorification next summer, can judge what the immense structure will be when finished. Somehow this detestable(?) city seems to offer inducements for thousands of strangers, who every winter enjoy a remarkable brilliant season of excitement here. Society, reckless of expense, opens its gilded doors, and the people rush from one amusement to another, filling into a few flying weeks enough for a whole year of dissipation.

Up on Capitol Hill, every day, the flag springs up over the House of Congress at twelve o'clock, and the stranger is sure of a few lively hours of entertainment in listening to political discussions. For this season, at least, there have been few dull days in Congress. Across the rotunda in the Senate Hall, there is less excitement, but more weighty business at issue. It is worth a long

journey to see so fine a looking body of men. When mature age is accompanied by intellect, erect and noble carriage, and fine manners, it is glorious to be old.

I can not in one short letter give half an idea of the advantages of a season in Washington. Outside of the national interests, the city itself affords objects of private and public benefactions, that most favorably

compare with other and much larger cities. I think it extremely fortunate that our Centennial Exposition is located so near the Capital; for thousands of visitors who will come to Washington in connection with Philadelphia, will make up their own minds about the place, and thus correct the predjudice against so pleasant a city.

HAZELTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was born in Woolsthorpe, December 25th, 1642, and died at Kensington, March 20th, 1727. The descent of Newton is involved in obscurity. According to his own statement, he descended from Sir John Newton of Westby in Lincolnshire; but other writers say that he was of Scotch descent. Interesting as it might be for us to be able to trace the genealogy of so great a philosopher, yet it is sufficient for us to know that he lived; and that his life was a success, we have abundant proof in the important discoveries made by him.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the day on which Galileo, the distinguished Italian philosopher, died, is memorable as having been the birthday of Newton. Thus, while the great spirit of the one was wafted to the realms of peace, that of the other was born.

During almost the whole of New-

ton's course of study, his rank of scholarship was below the average; and there has been recorded only one instance in which he outstripped all competitors. While he was attending the preparatory school, a slight quarrel (the nature of which we do not know) arose between him and the leader, in scholarship, of the school. This quarrel, slight as it was, served to arouse his powerful, but, as yet, dormant energies. Diligently applying himself, he quickly gained the leadership, and, by his unselfishness, won the respect and admiration of his fellow-students. This appears to be the first incident which we have, revealing the power of his intellect.

While young, he appears to have had a strong desire, amounting almost to a passion, for mechanical pursuits and the construction of machinery; so great was his love of drawing that he was accustomed to

sketch on boards, plastering, or whatever else he could use for that purpose. His parents desired that he should become a farmer; but he evinced so strong a dislike for that pursuit, that they decided to educate him. Accordingly, he was fitted for college at Grantham, and, at the age of eighteen, entered Trinity. His Binomial theorem was developed during his college course, and a new impetus was thus given to the science of mathematics.

The degree of B.A. was conferred upon him in 1665; and, in the following year, the discovery of the law of gravitation—one of the most important which modern science has achieved, and which was reserved for the mighty genius of Newton—was made. He proved that gravitation was universal; that it determined the orbits and order of the planets, and caused the inequalities observed in their motions; that it produced tides and gave shape to the earth. He laid down three distinct rules: 1st, That gravitation acts instantaneously; 2d, It is not lessened by interposition of objects; 3d, It is entirely independent of the nature of matter.

The first reflecting telescope was brought to completion by Newton; and he also made important discoveries in optics and chemistry. He endorsed the corpuscular theory of light, which has now few adherents, the undulatory theory being generally received. In 1668, the degree

of M.A. was conferred upon him, and in 1699, he was made master of the mint. In 1703, he was chosen President of the Royal Society, and shortly afterward was knighted by Queen Anne.

In respect to the private life of Newton, all accounts agree. His character has been handed down to us unsullied. He was ambitious to serve, not his own interest, but the interests of mankind. At one time, his friends expressed, in glowing terms, their admiration of his discoveries. His reply—"To myself I seem to be as a child playing upon the sea-shore, while the immense ocean of truth lies unexplored before me,"—proves him to have been no egotist. But victory did not always crown his efforts; oftentimes he was baffled, discouraged, defeated, but never conquered. While delivering his Lucasian course of lectures, it is said: "So few came to hear him that frequently it was like speaking to bare walls." This was one of the severest trials of his life, and greatly depressed him, but did not cause him to him to yield. Although at times seemingly dull and languid, yet his mind was ever active and searching into the hidden mysteries of science. Whose name, among the ancients or moderns, can awaken such feelings of reverence; whose genius has ever accomplished so much for the world; whose life affords so worthy an example to young men,—as that of Newton's?

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

FUTURE BATTLE-GROUNDS.

LOOKING back from the light of the present through the increasing haze of receding centuries, to the time when history records her first event, we behold one long panorama of war,—the picture of battle-fields, where men met and struggled for the mastery. Ambition, love of conquest, desire for civil and religious liberty, led to these contests. The sword was the only arbiter. States submitted their disputes to its decision; kings and potentates knew of no appeal from its tribunal; tyrants sheltered themselves behind its power; even liberty resorted to it for life, and Christianity for assistance. No higher power was known; none was demanded. War was the only avenue to honor. The slaughter of enemies and the wail of captives ensured the triumphal procession.

In the boasted days of chivalry, a stalwart frame, finely moulded limbs, courtly bearing, were the only requisites of a gentleman; success in the lists, daring and victory on the field of battle, were alone thought worthy of honor. All the fine and noble faculties that dignify humanity were ignored, or held subordinate to these. Even in the golden age of Greece, the orator and poet were considered worthy only to amuse the

people during the intervals of peace; while their principal employment was war.

Of all the wars that have swept over the world, leaving in their track ruin and desolation, few have been necessary, or productive of good; and even these, only as, by overthrowing oppression, they have left men's religious and intellectual natures free to expand.

The battle-fields of the past, with their pomp and suffering; where men in martial array, with firm step and dauntless courage, marched to the destruction of their fellows; the wild charge; the deadly struggle; the expiring groan; the retreat, marked by desolation and woe,—these are fast giving place to other means of settling disputes, and effecting improvements. Arbitration is now thought worthy of nations. Contests are fought, and questions of national importance settled, on rational and moral grounds,—where reason contends with reason, ideas meet ideas, mind grapples with mind, and all the nobler powers of man are brought into action.

Men are as ambitious and brave now as in the days of chivalry; but, through the enlightened teachings of the present century, they seek fame on nobler fields. They are learning that greater benefits and

more lasting renown are won by the pen than by the sword; that the triumphs of peace are more to be sought than the triumphs of war; that the conquests of intellect are mightier than those of force.

On these battle-fields are to be decided the contests of the next generation, with no less important results than the battles of the past. The political, moral, and religious world is in a state of excitement and turmoil. The Catholic question is one that ought to arouse the interest of every honest, thinking citizen of America. The recent course of papists in Germany, and their demands in this country, show that the strife has begun, and will not cease till it is finally settled; on its decision rests the security of our country. Their manifestoes proceed from the same source, are directed against the same power, desire the same object, have the same bitter hatred, as when the decrees were issued for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day and the tortures of the Inquisition.

Legislation for the next generation presents problems worthy of the best talent. The war of the Revolution produced a nation, and the Rebellion proved its strength; it remains for us to carry out its higher functions in the fields of government, morals, religion, and literature. We have proved that a nation can be created, grow, and expand, without assassinations, bloodshed, and

revolutions; that its peace and security do not depend on standing armies; that the soldier is not the main factor in a nation; that its wealth, security, and power rest in the intelligence and patriotism of its citizens; yet there are other objects to be attained. The nations of the world are in a state of ferment, that will either settle back into harder systems or develop into eruptions. They are watching earnestly our experiment of government, and its course for the next half-century will decide the fate of many dynasties. May it prove a worthy and noble example for the nations of the earth.

Reform offers a worthier field than ever a conqueror entered; a grander object than ever marshaled the armies of Napoleon. Much has been done; infinitely more remains to be accomplished. Gigantic evils still exist, entrenched behind wealth, social position, and custom. Infidelity is re-forming its ranks, and its batteries are throwing effective shots wherever a breach or a weak point affords a place for an assault. Christianity needs carefully to review its forces, and supply them with the best arms and leaders. It possesses the power, if rightly used, to resist these attacks successfully, and give us a religion that, while it appeals to faith, satisfies reason; a religion stripped of creeds, bigotry, and hypocrisy, and as free, pure, and noble as the Bible itself.

These issues, that in the past have

led to countless wars, are in the future to be settled on other fields, where intellect holds sway, and where reason, ideas, and conviction are the weapons. May they be decided for the good of the world, and for the honor of our country.

BASE-BALL.

The base-ball season opened with us much earlier than usual. The first game was played Fast Day, April 20th, between the Bates and the Centennials of this city, on the grounds of the former. The day was fine, and a large crowd was in attendance. Owing to the condition of the grounds, and want of practice, the game was loosely played by both nines. The Centennials are a new club, organized last winter, and they need only practice to make a first-class nine. Murphy played the catcher's position well; Coburn, at short, made some good plays; while the left and centre fielders each made a good fly catch. The Bates nine showed their Gymnasium practice by their good batting and fine base running; while their playing on the outs was not up to their usual standard. The pitching of Oakes was, as usual, very effective, while Whitney at second and Besse at third played their positions well. Much credit is due to the Manager and first Director for the promptness with which they discharged their duties. Below we append the score:—

CENTENNIALS.				BATES.			
O.	R.	B.	H.	O.	R.	B.	H.
D. Murphy, c f...	1	0	0	E. C. Adams, c f...	4	2	
Choquette, 3d b...	2	0	0	L. A. Burr, s s...	1	2	1
Dan. Murphy, c...	4	0	0	P. R. Clason, c...	7	3	3
A. Bolton, r f...	0	0	0	H. W. Oakes, p...	2	2	2
Roach, p...	1	0	1	N. P. Noble, l f...	1	1	1
J. Green, l f...	1	0	0	O. B. Clason, l b...	11	2	0
J. O'Brien, 1st b...	11	2	1	E. Whitney, 2d b...	4	4	1
Hartwell, 2d b...	4	2	2	E. H. Besse, 3d b...	1	3	2
Coburn, s s...	3	2	0	J. W. Smith, r f...	0	1	1
Totals,.....	27	7	4	Totals,....	27	22	13

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates	1	8	2	0	2	1	7	0	1—22
Centennials....	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	3—7

EXCHANGES.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

The exchange editor has a good chance to find out about what others think of his paper. He finds himself brought to view in a somewhat different light from the one in which he has been accustomed to take observations, and sees the articles which he sends forth for the public very unceremoniously dissected and disposed of as trash. For instance, the *Amherst Student* has decided that a recent article of ours, entitled "Nature and the Mind," "abounds in bombastic and irrational sentences," and objects especially to the statement: "Modern art is but a feeble imitation of ancient models; modern literature is, for the most part, a quotation from Homer or Plato." The *Student* mentions the "Ghiberti Doors" as an example of modern art, and insinuates that "Paradise Lost" is not a "revised edition" of Homer. As for the allusion to works of art, it cannot be denied that the sculptuary of the ancients has never been equaled,

much less surpassed. In regard to the Homer and Plato model, the statement is made only in regard to most of our literature; and if the Amherst editor will take the trouble to separate the writings of a very few authors, he will hardly be able to deny the truth of the assertion to which he has taken exception. Until the *Amherst Student* shows us some graver mistake than the one referred to, we must decline to accept its judgment; and would suggest that possibly some other occupation for the exchange editor would raise him in the estimation of those coming in contact with him. The *Student* gives its readers a good article, entitled "Thackeray and George Eliot." The "Three Rings," however, largely made up as it is of quotations, seems to be of little use except to fill up. Taking the notes about that fire, and all, the *Amherst Student* must indeed be considered a shining light among college papers.

The *Archangel* comes to us across the continent from St. Michael's College, Portland, Oregon. We have seen several cutting notices of this sheet in the columns of our exchanges, and, when we read some issues, heartily agree with the critics. But taking all into consideration, we consider the *Archangel* a sensible little paper. The editors, however, show a jealousy of their Protestant brethren which seems hardly warrantable. A college paper is hardly the place for religious quarrels.

We notice, in the *Denison Collegian*, quite a lengthy discussion in regard to the Bible in Public Schools. The piece looks dry, but on reading it through one finds a strong line of thought put forth in forcible and concise language. The ideas are good and well sustained by argument,—the writer taking ground against the use of the Bible in the Public School. The *Collegian* is well gotten up as a general thing, and is a pleasant visitor.

We find, in the *College Herald*, an article with the heading, "Trials and Triumphs of the English Tongue," which seems to us to fall considerably short of the mark offered by the subject. The writer intimates that after the Conquest the Normans, or French, were unable to establish their language in England, and were obliged to adopt the Anglo-Saxon. And so they did, but a greatly modified form of the language, and one containing many words of French origin. The writer of the piece makes the mistake of naming the productions of several illustrious English writers,—as Shakespeare, Macaulay, and Emerson,—as illustrations of the superior power of the English language over its sister tongues. Now it seems to us that these men owe their prominence to their great powers of intellect, and that they would have reached similar high positions had they expressed themselves in any other language. The article on "Modern Society"

has an air much like that assumed in the leaders of our journals, putting forth the new (?) idea that Gen. Belknap's disgrace, and the corruption recently unearthed in the doings of our officials, is due to the "Extravagance of Modern Society." The *Herald* has a good article, "Is Knowledge Power?" which shows a good appreciation of the subject. As a whole the *Herald* seems to be rather crude.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

The amount received from subscribers will hardly pay one-half of the running expenses of the STUDENT. We must rely upon our advertising columns to help make up the deficiency. It is for this reason that we wish to impress upon our readers—especially our students—the importance of patronizing those who advertise in the STUDENT. For only by so doing can we hope to retain their advertisements from year to year, and gradually bring the STUDENT upon a self-supporting basis. This year we present a variety of advertisements, all from well-known parties in this vicinity,—thus showing that they are willing to help us if we remember them in our purchases. Therefore, when you purchase, be sure that you are patronizing those who patronize the STUDENT.

Douglass & Cook, and French Brothers, have a fine assortment of books, stationery, etc., which they

sell at a special discount to students and professional men.

Stevens & Co., being obliged to remove from their present location, offer their large stock of goods at very low prices for the next thirty days. Remember the place, 98 Lisbon street.

We present the advertisements of some of the best establishments in the city to get ready-made and custom clothing,—Cobb & Bangs, Richards & Merrill, Cornish & White, &c., being among the number. Look over our advertising columns before purchasing.

Stewards of clubs should patronize J. James & Co., Day & Nealey, and S. A. Cummings, for groceries and provisions; and remember A. Atwood's new market, 93 Lisbon street; also Ballard & Hitchcock's, corner of Ash and Lisbon streets.

S. P. Robie and Wm. W. Lydston keep a full line of gents' furnishing wear, which they are selling very cheap. Mr. Lydston intends to keep a fine assortment of base-ball material, the coming season.

Buy your boots and shoes of S. W. Wood & Co., F. I. Day, or C. E. Hilton. C. C. Cobb, being obliged to move, is selling his goods at less than cost. Darling & Lydston's, Lower Main street, is the place to have your cobbling done in a prompt and workman-like manner.

O. W. Kimball & Co. warrant all their medicines strictly pure and at low prices. Kimball's Balsam is an

excellent remedy for coughs, bronchitis, affections of the lungs, throat, etc. Try it.

Get your coal and wood of Hawkes & Mathews, at 81 Lisbon street; or John N. Wood, near the Maine Central depot.

W. B. Chadbourne keeps furniture of all kinds, at his ware-rooms, near corner of Franklin and Main streets.

Every description of fine washing and ironing done at Sawyer's Steam Laundry, Franklin street. Work called for and delivered.

City Restaurant, S. Swett, Proprietor, is the place to get class suppers. Meals served at all hours. Remember the place, City Building. Entrance on Pine street.

If your teeth are beginning to decay, give Drs. Goddard & Bigelow or D. B. Strout a call. You will save yourself both suffering and money.

C. Y. Clark keeps some of the best teams in the city. Ash, corner of Park street.

At the Eastern Steam Dye House, coats, pants, gloves, etc., are dyed and pressed in a superior manner.

Razors honed at A. A. Shorey's

Hair Cutting and Shaving Rooms, Upper Main street. Students should give him a call.

Fuller & Capen advertise the Singer Sewing Machine. The advertisement explains itself.

E. R. Pierce, Jeweler, Auburn, makes a liberal discount to students who make themselves known.

Self-boarders will find Campbell & Vickery, Bakers, cheap, gentlemanly, and worthy of their patronage.

Crosby's Gallery, 86 Lisbon street, and C. W. Curtis's Rooms, Paul's Block, are the best places in the city to get your photographs taken.

J. T. Mills sells kerosene lamps, brackets, etc., cheap for cash.

J. W. Perkins & Co.'s is the place to get good carpets cheap.

Foss & Murphy have the latest styles of hats, caps, etc. Sign, big hat.

The neatness and promptness with which all work is done at the *Journal* Office, needs no word of commendation.

Ballard's Orchestra has been in existence several years, and is well worthy of the reputation it has acquired.

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Come, gentle spring," etc.

Base-ball, from a "shadowy something far away," now begins to seem a real thing. Two new balls have already been disposed of, and the cry is for more.

1st Student—"How is your cold to-day?" 2d Student—"Much better, thank you. You see its been getting the better of me, and is quite vigorous just now."

Prof. (lecturing on astronomy)—"The energy of the sun is immense,—something more, perhaps, than 70,000 horse power per sq. ft.; but the sun is very prodigal of its force." Class (in chorus)—"Prodigal sun."—*Irving Union*.

We commend the following to two or three of our Sophs. Better even than the best salve! Try the plan for raising a mustache recommended to one of the Seniors by a lady friend: "Salt well the upper lip; then holding a cup of water underneath, catch the little fellows as they come out to drink."—*Ex.*

When you see a gentleman sauntering about leisurely with a look of dignity and learning, also a tall hat, upon his brow, you may conclude at once that it is either a Freshman

or a Senior who expects soon to receive his sheepskin. At this time of the year you may safely conclude that such an individual is a Senior.

"Pa, will you get me a pair of skates if I prove to you that a dog has ten tails?" "Yes, my son." "Well, to begin, one dog has one more tail than no dog, hasn't he?" "Yes." "Well, no dog has nine tails; and if one dog has one more tail than no dog, then one dog must have ten tails!" He got the skates.—*Archangel*.

There has been a great demand for rubber boots during the past few weeks. The plank sidewalk not extending farther than Seminary street, spring always takes care to fill up the remaining space, as far as the College, with good dirty mud; and unless a person is prepared with rubber boots it is no small matter to get through safely.

At a recitation in Analytics last term, a student was at the black-board trying to work his way through a certain problem. Every thing was plain but his figures, but they were beyond the grasp of an ordinary intellect. The Prof. followed him through, evidently with much exertion, and when the student left the

board, broke out,—“Yes, nice, Mr. —, only that’s A², not 16²;” a remark that seemed to cheer up the class considerably.

A Freshman electrified a Professor lately by translating the exclamation of the heart-broken Dido, when seeing the ships of Æneas getting under sail, “*Pro Jupiter ibit!*”—“By Jove, he is going!” The same aspirant for college honors translates “*Insignis Turnus,*”—“Ensign Turner.” Again, “*Sedesque discretas piorum,*” thus—“Reserved seats for the pious.”—*University Mag.*

We understand that a certain class in our College is considered to have “disgraced” itself because, for certain reasons, it declined to give a public debate about a year since. At least so one of the Profs. informed the members. It is hard to see how this action could be called disgraceful, since at the time the class was informed by the faculty that public exercises at said time were not obligatory.

A lusty Junior, weighing 180 lbs. or more, made a desperate spring after a foot-ball a day or two since, and, by some mistake either on his part or on that of the ball, he landed his feet directly upon the ball. The ball started off and took the feet with it, and the next thing we saw he had struck an attitude and the

ground at the same time. It didn’t break his neck however, for he didn’t came down just right for that.

A story is told of Dr. Mitchell: On one occasion, coming from New Haven, some Yale students who were on board the steamer told the Doctor of a baby born in New Haven, one-half being black. The Doctor went on and gave reasons for the phenomenon, citing many instances in support of his theory. When they had almost reached New York it occurred to the Doctor to ask what color the other half was. His disgust can be better imagined than described, at being told that the other half was black too.—*Cornell Era.*

CHANSON.

Conducteur, quand vous recevez l’argent,
Percez en la presenece du passant.
La change songez honnête pour faire,
Punch in the presenece of the passenjar.
(Bones of Beranger!)

Begleiter, als Sie nehmen das Geld ein
Den Pass zu stechen vorsichtig seien
Stechen sie, Brueder, als its bei der Herr
Punch in the presenece of the passenger.
(Shade of Schiller!)

Conduceidor, recibes passage quando
Nota en preseneia pasagers,
Estad, memorosi, fraterni notar,
Punch in the presenece of the passenjar.
(Clods of Calderon!)

Conduttore, quand’ passage accettate
Avanti passeggers stampate.
Fratelli, siate cura certi aver
Punch in the presenece of the passenger.
(Dust of Dante!)

—*Volante.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

Denison College adopts slate as the University color.

The Summer Term has opened with beautiful weather—especially for base-ball, foot-ball, etc.

The Royal Academy has elected the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone, Professor of Ancient History.—*Ex.*

The fair ones at Wells College have organized a boat club. Harvard and Yale may now stand aside; their day is past.

The Dartmouth Glee Club has arranged to give several concerts in different places, making quite a trip before they return to their *Alma Mater*.

We notice that the Tufts boys are getting ready for foot-ball in good earnest. Their captain, Aldrich, withdraws from the eleven, says the *Collegian*.

Dr. S. W. Williams of Utica, N. Y., for many years the Secretary to the American Legation in China, has accepted the professorship of the Chinese Language and Literature, recently established at Yale College.—*Ex.*

The Senior Exhibition, which occurred on the 31st of last month, was well conducted. The parts

were all written with care, and well delivered. "Conviction" is Power," by Libby, and "Nonsense," by Whitney, seemed to us to be among the best.

The *Cornell Era* thinks that four editors are insufficient, and advises that a larger number be chosen in the elections that will soon take place. We shall have a word of advice to give to our successors on the same point, at some future day.

The B. B. Association had a meeting Tuesday, 18th inst., and transacted some business, preparatory to entering upon the coming season in good earnest. Mr. Howard of '79 was elected manager. Messrs. Potter, Briggs, and Buker are directors for the coming season.

About a dozen students, armed with shovels, hoes, and a wheelbarrow, went forth the other day to stop the ravages which the melted snow, coming down from the mountain, was making upon the base-ball ground. By about an hour's work ditches were made which turned aside most of the streams of water, and since that the ground has been rapidly drying up, as have also certain ones who scoffed at the idea of such a measure.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editor.—ED.]

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge is Associate Principal at Lyndon Literary Institute, Lyndon, Vt.

'73. We hear that I. C. Dennett has gone West,—to Denver, Colorado.

'73.—N. W. Harris has recently

taken a position on the Portland *Daily Press*.

'73.—E. P. Sampson is Principal of the High School at Ellsworth.

'74.—H. W. Chandler, we learn, is at Washington, D. C.

'74.—M. A. Way is principal of the High School at Woonsocket, R. I.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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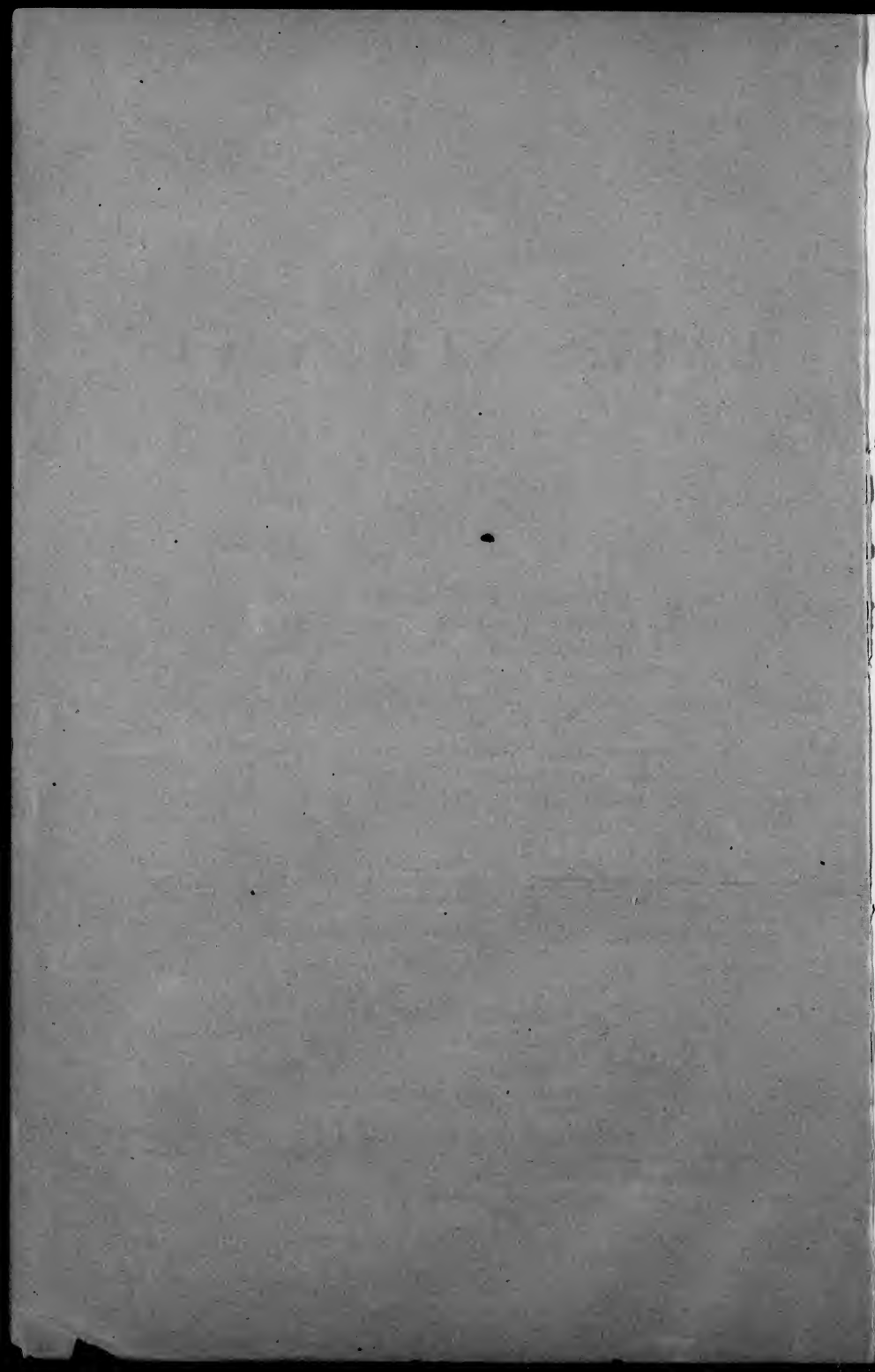
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1876.



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TWO SONNETS.

HER DAY.*

AN Autumn splendor fed the morning hills
To perfect sleekness; all the rosy air
Shot into gorgeous pyramids above the fair,
Large mountains; and the silly, babbling rills
Chattered a merry tune beneath their frills
Of sedge and somber alder; in despair,
The sentinel clouds that guard the east gate, where:
Aurora enters, fled; the rippling trills
Of silver laughter from the distant farms
Struck sharply on the ear; and when the sun
Had dried the hill-tops till they seemed to blaze
With fiery vapor, all the valley's charms
Lay fresh and cool with nectar, till was done
That day,—so fairer than all words of praise.

HIS DAY.

A silver sky pierced to the far-off blue;
A dark-green earth, with spots of yellow sun;
A sea, blue here—green there; so we begun
The bridal journey; ever something new

* In various parts of New England, the wedding day is called the bride's day, and is believed to augur good or ill to the bride, according as the day is pleasant or otherwise. In like manner the day following is called the bridegroom's day.

Befell us; all the silver took the hue
 Of sullen lead; the heavens, like a nun,
 Put on gray, gloomy garments; from the dun,
 Changed clouds,—wind-driven, angry,—lo! there grew
 A darkness as of night; the sea, in pain,
 Roared and was black with rage; God's eye profound
 Flashed through the dark, and heralded his voice
 That rent the heavens in thunder, and again,
 In quick and quick succession, flash and sound,
 Till all is spent in calm, and we rejoice.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

TO every grain of truth there is added a pound of error. But truth is supported by reason; error, only by the semblance of reason. The substance survives the shadow.

Fallacies are like ghosts: they cannot endure the light of noonday, but haunt dark and solitary places, inhabited by evil passions, vanity, ignorance, and senseless conceits. They are the arguments of every form of fanaticism—of blind credulity and weak distrust.

Though fallacies are numberless, perhaps political and religious ones are especially noteworthy. The history of France affords numerous illustrations. The Utopian theories of her politicians, her "paper constitutions," and her recurring revolutions, are the natural results of a fallacy that pervades the entire national life,—that a nation can be changed by changing her form of government, her institutions, and her outward forms of life.

This fallacy and the opposite one—that "man's nature is unchangeable"—have at some periods escaped challenge. These fallacies ignore the fact that the development of a nation is similar to that of an individual; that the structural growth of each is a continuous unfolding of the whole and of all the parts. So long as the character of the units that compose the State remains unchanged, the State itself must continue unchanged. The great fundamental system of politics and legislation that controls France is unaltered. "Empires fall, Ministers pass away, but Bureaux remain."

The transformation of society means simply a continuous unfolding of the national life. That political organization which is most in harmony with the traditions, sentiments, and beliefs of a people, is the most enduring. But throughout history we find whole nations voluntarily surrendering their rights of

opinion to a sentiment of loyalty to the sovereign. In the lowest states of society this feeling is essential to social order. The Fijian regards his chief with the most abject loyalty. "He stands unbound to be knocked on the head, if the king wills it." But in a free state, nothing is more despicable than the popular fallacy: "Our country, right or wrong." This is the sentiment of uncontrolled national egotism, and precludes a just estimate of the claims of other nations. This sentiment, inherited from our fathers, and carefully nourished in our childhood, influences us unconsciously and determines our political convictions.

What are the remedies proposed for mal-administration? That the administration be extended; that it exercise more power. Our government has displayed its weakness and inefficiency in its mismanagement of the reconstructed States. Yet the demand is for more legislation and a further exercise of power.

This tendency to undue loyalty is observable in religion also. In the Catholic church, the absolute subordination of the intellect to a creed was enforced for a thousand years. Now that Catholicism is declining, it is found necessary to re-assert in the strongest terms the Papal infallibility.

Faith in appliances is the great superstition that paralyzes the energies of the age. Culture, machinery, newspapers, this or that system

of education, this or that theory of labor reform, this or that political party, this system of theology or the other one, temperance reform or sanitary improvement,—are each and all announced as new revelations; each is heralded as a true cure for all social ills. The newspapers, by an array of statistics, absolutely prove the justice of these claims, and thereby increase their own popularity. Preacher, lecturer, editor, politician, teacher, and quack doctor,—each one has his following.

Appliances are a delusion and a snare whenever they oppose the progress of the higher sentiments and emotions of men. Mere intellectual culture, the luxury of wealth, and all the refinements of a material civilization, are secured by artificial processes, at the cost of soul degradation and moral ruin.

The first essential to a nation's greatness is sound morality. But legislators ignore the fact that mere belief will not lead men to act. Knowledge of the effects of intemperance does not prevent drinking. Knowledge must be accompanied by strong feeling. Conduct is always determined by emotion. Crime is not caused by ignorance, intemperance, or dirtiness of skin; but is due to moral insensibility, the result of education or of original inferiority of nature. The discipline of the intellect in no way promotes moral culture. The two are as distinct as earth and heaven.

If character is essential to social well-being, this faith in books, machinery, and the varied artificial appliances of the day is a delusion. It will be discovered, at last, that the execution of the penalties of law is the best means of repressing crime; that the moral discipline of responsibility and of punishment is as essential to national as to individual education; and that character is more valuable than knowledge. "Men are slow to learn that the highest authority is that of enlightened reason." This faith in appliances is a superstition akin to the age; as faith in precedents, in kingcraft and priestcraft, was a superstition of the "middle ages." It renders the productions of genius, of high mental and moral endowments, more uncertain. Men are

strong only as they can stand alone.

The elevation of men through artificial processes is always secured at the cost of demoralization among their fellows. This tendency of the age, while it promotes material prosperity, produces a spirit of intolerance as opposed to true freedom as were the tortures of the Inquisition. The latter made war upon opinions; the former makes war upon morality. The one defended the "purity of the Church" with halter and fagot; the other, apotheosizing physical law, seeks to turn truth into gold, and to dethrone God in his own temple—Nature. The great truth of moral liberty may not require another Luther to defend it, but it still needs the support of every lover of humanity.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE story of Motherwell does not command our interest and attention because of its finish and completeness. His life is not a stately epic, whose sounding measures come ringing down the years, gathering hearers by force. Rather is it a broken lyric, whose strains, sweet and often pathetic, dwell only in the hearts of friends, and are there tenderly cherished. It is a story of indication, rather than realization;

of promise, rather than fulfillment; yet with much of the true and beautiful developed.

Incomplete as was this life, its thirty-eight brief years bear with them their own meaning and significance, and their literary product is a legacy of no small value.

William Motherwell was born in Glasgow, Scotland, Oct. 13th, 1797, where he died in November, 1835. His father was an iron-monger, and

possessed a small property. William, the third son, was at an early age taken in charge by an uncle dwelling in Paisley; and here and at Glasgow the most of his life was spent. He received a good education and became a law apprentice, in which capacity he so far inspired confidence in his ability and trustworthiness that he was appointed, when only twenty-one, Sheriff-Clerk-Deputy at Paisley—a respectable and responsible, though not a remunerative position. In 1828 he became editor of the *Paisley Advertiser*, a Tory journal, and he also conducted at the same time the *Paisley Magazine*, a periodical of a more literary character.

In the following year he gave up law for literature, and in 1830 became editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, the extreme Tory principle of which Mr. Motherwell was fully able and very ready to advocate. The poet, who swept the Northern seas with the Vikings and celebrated the battle-flag and the sword, was equally at home in the field of politics, and as ready to wield the sword of his own keen wit and intelligence as he ever was to sing his mythical songs. That, despite some rashness, he conducted this journal with ability, is generally conceded, and he retained his position until his death. But during this time he accomplished considerable outside of political writing. He early turned his attention to literary composition, and

early manifested his talent in verse; it is said that "Jeannie Morrison," by some considered his first ballad, was first written at the age of fourteen, and ever after subjected to alterations at the humor of the author, until his death,—it being published when he was thirty-four years old.

His first public literary venture was the editing in 1819 of a collection of west-country poems of different dates, under the name of the "Harp of Renfrewshire." Here was only a bare indication of a class of literary work which he always enjoyed, and in which, on the publication in 1827 of his "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," he acquired a high and well-merited reputation. The latter immediately established his authority among literary antiquarians, to which a preface, written by him for a collection of Scottish proverbs made by his friend Henderson, only added new weight.

But the crowning glory of all came in 1832, when he published his volume of poems, and clearly showed that he, too, with Hogg and Cunningham, was ready to strike the harp that had fallen from the dying hand of Robert Burns; and, though he might never attain the wild lyric rush, the spontaneous outburst of song, that characterized his predecessor, yet in pathos and tenderness his strains were a fitting echo to the sweet tone of Scotland's plowman. This book was indeed a

surprise to many. Though, under the guise of antiquity, he had inserted some of his own compositions in his *Minstrelsy*, and had contributed poetry to the *Paisley Magazine* while under his charge, yet this formed the first collection of his poems, and was his first poetical gauntlet flung into the public arena; and that he, who had won his reputation as an antiquarian, and might reasonably be supposed to have his brain full of literary dust and cobwebs, should burst forth as a singer and stretch so bold a hand towards the poet's bays, was as surprising as it was gratifying. Alas! that he could not live to enjoy more fully the honors due him; to see his own true worth better recognized; to have the disappointed hopes that inspired his "What is Glory? What is Fame?" made buoyant in the free air and bright sunlight of prosperity; and the deep sadness and bitterness which found vent in striving to resign himself to "the darkness of a nameless tomb," turned to joy and peace.

But this, on earth, was not to be. Here were ever the doubt and despondency, the heart-sickness of hopes deferred, the trial, the temptation,—and, we fear, too often the fall; the fitfulness of genius instead of its fixedness, its restlessness instead of its repose, its gloom instead of its brightness, its hopes instead of its fruitions, its sufferings in lieu of its rewards. For much of this

is visible in his poems, even in his latest works, drawing us into a keen and earnest sympathy with the writer.

The three Norse poems which open the volume, form a department by themselves. The first, "The Battle Flag of Sigurd," has for its central incident the bearing of a flag to battle that is fated to bring victory to the party by which it is borne, but death to the bearer. The second, "The Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Shallaguin," as indicated by its title, is entirely different in subject, but analogous in treatment. The third, "The Sword-Chant of Thorstein Raudi," is a celebration by Thorstein of the glories due to his good sword, and mates well with the two preceding—the three together presenting the Norseman in his most prominent characteristics, viz., as warrior, lover, and poet, or skald.

The wild rush of Northern seas, the dashing of sleety spray, the roaring of death-bearing tempests, the mad conflict of inspired self-renouncing heroes, are all embodied in these striking poems. Everything is bold, vigorous and strong. Even when the hero comes to woo, it is not as a timid, distrustful lover that he pleads his cause; but proud in his strength, undaunted and fierce, he knows well his own worth, he proves his right, he defies resistance, and would willingly win his bride at the point of his sword.

He would have her deem high of the fate that makes her his, and realize that a Vikingir woos her, a land-maiden. This same spirit of self-exaltation is manifest in the Sword-Chant, and would perhaps tend to lower our opinion of the typical Norseman were it not balanced by an equal self-renunciation as shown in "The Battle Flag." He who voluntarily seeks the most perilous positions in battle may be allowed some latitude in extolling his merits. Though these characteristics are set forth in different persons, we have treated them together as a manifestation of the Norse spirit; for whether you call the hero Jarl Egill, Harold the Dauntless, or Thorstein the Red, you are conscious that the same feelings would inspire each in similar circumstances. We do not claim that a Norseman is the noblest of heroes, or that carnage is the highest theme for a poet's pen; but Mr. Motherwell attempted here to reproduce the mythological spirit of the North, and he has succeeded finely. Had he sung the death-chant of a Christian martyr his subject might have been more exalted, but the work could scarcely have been better performed. Without doubt, Harold the Dauntless was cruel, savage, barbarous, judged by the standard of the present age; yet, at what he deemed duty's call, he could renounce the pleasures of love, the laurels of fame, all that he had or might hope to have, to

bear a fatal flag to a field from which he knew he could never return. There is here the germ of all that is noblest and best in human nature; for the spirit of self-sacrifice is shown,—crushed and imperfect it may be, but only so from the force of outside conditions—single and pure in itself.

Passing on, we find the beautiful lyric, "Jeannie Morrison," to which we have already made allusion. It is said that two or more drafts of this poem exist, slightly differing from one another, the process of elaboration being evident, though the leading thoughts are the same. It is a tender, loving reminiscence of by-gone days and school love, full of an affectionate pathos, that "blinds the een wi' saut, saut tears." Let us insert one or two stanzas—we wish we had space for all.

"'Twas then we luv't ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns and but ae heart!

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As aye by aye the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O, mornin' life! O, mornin' luv!
O, lightsome days and lang,
When linnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!"

But it seems like mutilation to attempt quotations from so complete a poem. It is said that the heroine, a school-mate, never knew of its being addressed to her till years after its publication, when she was the wife of a Mr. Murdock. She is described as having light-brown hair,

dark, expressive eyes, good temper, unassuming manners, and possessing a mind of good capacity. Certainly she owes her highest reputation to the fact that William Motherwell addressed to her one of the most beautiful lyrics in the whole range of Scotch poetry. Fine as this poem is in depth of passion and power of expression, we think it is equaled, if not excelled, by "My Heid is Like to Rend, Willie." This heart-breaking plaint of a confiding, trusting girl, made to the lover who has betrayed her, is, in its way, unrivaled. The pure, though weak, peasant maid, sobbing out her grief in her lover's arms, telling her sorrow in words that fairly beat with heart-throbs, yet ever patient and striving not to wound the feelings of one who merited nothing for himself, excites our pity and tenderest sympathy. Let us give a specimen, short though it must be:—

"O wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met,—
O wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
O wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae,
And wae's me for the destinie,
That gart me luve thee sae!

"A stoun gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun through my heart,—
O! haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!—
Fareweel! fareweel! thro' yon kirk-yard
Step lightly for my sake!

"The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That liltis far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;

And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-drops' shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen."

The very homeliness of such pathos is an excellence, and English seems almost inadequate to such simplicity.

Glancing along, we find that Motherwell has sung another strain, differing from his pathetic and battle lyrics. Herein he unveils the feelings one usually holds secret—the struggle with and succumbing to temptation.

This is shown in "The Demon Lady," with a strange, weird power. The tempted soul knows its enemy, and at first feebly resists; but at last yields fully and completely,—nay, more: seems to exult in yielding.

We cannot but think that this poem, as well as the one called "The Witches' Joys," was the emanation of an unhealthy state of mind in its author. That Motherwell was oftentimes despondent and gloomy, is doubtless too true.

"Sing high, slug low, thou moody wind:
It skills not,—for thy glee
Is ever of a fellow-kind
With mine own fantasy,"—

is only a poetical expression of his changeableness. He is "sad, wayward, wild, or mad," by turns.

He has given us, in the "Covenantant's Battle Chant," a very good expression of the fanatic spirit, which has too often incited religious enthusiasts. The wild haste, the lust for slaughter, the thirst for revenge, combined with an invocation of Heaven's blessing, make up an extremely characteristic poem.

In striking contrast is his description of "A Sabbath Summer Noon." The varied sights, the holy psalm, the silent birds, "the delicious calm that resteth everywhere," are finely depicted.

In the last part of the volume are about twenty songs of different styles—now sad, now gay; and some of a mixed character, suited to "the time when the heart takes pleasure in what may be called moonlight moods, when the shadow seems itself a softened light, and melancholy melts away into mirth, and mirth relapses into melancholy." But we must pass these by without further notice, though we find it hard to cease quoting from this little book—it is so replete with jewels. Seldom do we find so much beauty in so small compass. Strength, vigor, pathos, narrative, description,—all troop to our call; and if every step beat not alike, yet all beat manfully. There is nothing puerile or childish. It is a man's work, though young.

Moreover, it is not mere echo; Mr. Motherwell is not simply a mocking-bird. He possesses variety without imitation. He has defects, it is true. Harsh lines, false metre, are met with now and then, and occasionally borrowed or at least suggested figures. But plagiarism can hardly be called one of his faults. The author's zeal is on his work. His own strong personality is felt in many a poem. If he seizes anything foreign, he quickly assimilates and makes it his own,—and instead

of questioning his right of possession, we admire the new presentation of the old truth and beauty.

But all thoughts of Motherwell must be tinged with sadness, as we think of what he has done, and what he might have accomplished had his life been spared. Alas! that the light which shone so brightly, should suffer so early and so dark an eclipse. Pitiful indeed is the sight when genius descends from its lofty pedestal. However slight the fall, it is marked. The same curse that fell on Robert Burns, touched, with its withering blight, this other singer. It fell not so heavily, but doubtless hastened his end,—rendering him more liable to the stroke which finally cut short his life. Sad, too, is it that so little of joy should fall about the path of one so well fitted to add to the joys of others; that even to the time of his death he should be a prey to melancholy fears, disappointed hopes, and ungratified longings.

Like the wreath which some loving though unknown hand placed on his grave the day after his burial, his fame came too late for him who had longed for it in vain.

The lack which he had felt all his life, was of appreciation; and, to his nature, present sympathy was more than future love.

It is only left for us to cherish what remains of the flower so early crushed and blighted, while we mourn for the sweetness and bloom which might have been, yet was not.

THE SMALL IS GREAT.

A WAKE, awake, O! gentle Muse,
And fill my soul with songs to-night—
With songs of joy and hopefulness,—
Like mellow rays of morning light

That faintly veil the watching stars
At first,—and then they steal along
The sky, and brighter grow, till all
The world seems full of love and song.

I would not sing of chivalry,
Of glories won in battle's strife,
Of honors gained for honor's sake,
Or fame that ends with ending life.

O, let me sing a softer strain,
Of common chords that come and go
In every heart, and strike the notes
That every one can feel and know.

Ofttimes we think we would be great
By deeds more great than have been done;
We reach far out beyond our reach,
And then come back with nothing won.

I've heard of one who, bright and young,
Set out to do a mighty deed;
And even though it took his life,
Naught else could satisfy his greed.

He climbed the rugged mountain tops,
When storms were beating rough and wild;
He searched the tangled forest through;
And where the heated sands were piled

Across the plain, he wandered on,
Beneath the sun's most scorching rays;
And often thirst and hunger came
And went, unsatisfied for days.

So searched he still till youth was gone;
And, when the brown locks white had 'come,
And feeble were the aged limbs,
The old man sought his early home.

Sought home—and still unsatisfied,
For what he craved he had not gained.
His form was bowed with many years;
His heart by disappointment pained.

But, as he neared his native cot,
He saw a stranger all alone,
With none to do a kindly act;
And life's last spark had almost flown.

Then brought he to the dying man
Cool water from a spring near by,
To quench his burning thirst; and watched
The thankful look within the eye

Of him who dying lay; and heard
"God bless you" softly said, as fell
The feeble head, and sank the soul
Into the land where all is well.

The greatness sought through many years
Had come in doing this small deed;
That happy look—those thankful words—
Now swept away the earnest greed

For fame and honor unsurpassed,
And taught that satisfaction comes
In doing good where there is need,
To those who live close by our homes.

O, happy he who has a smile
For every one, perchance, he meets;
Whose heart, for all the struggling world,
With love and trust and friendship beats.

O, sad the wood, and desolate,
Which has no vines entangled there,—
Which has no bird to wake with song
The drowsy, sleeping morning air.

O, sad the grassy, sloping hill
Where not a flower would deign to blow;
O, lone and drear the rifted rock
Where neither moss nor lichens grow.

'Tis little things that we must do,
That, when our labor all is done,
It may be great, and well performed,
And pleasing to the Mighty One.

SOMETHING ABOUT BIRDS.

SOME of the pleasantest memories of childhood are sweetened by songs of childhood's birds. Doubtless, many readers of the *STUDENT* learned at their mother's knee to love the birds that sang and sported around the door. And who of us that ever enjoyed the broad playgrounds of a farm, has not been lulled to sleep by the mysterious notes of the Whip-poor-will, and awakened in the early morning by the Cuckoo's song coming from the orchard or neighboring grove. Happy days, when, light-hearted as the birds themselves, we roamed at will over broad acres, superbly unconscious of wet feet and soiled clothes, picking here a berry and there a flower, and adding with childish voices happy chords to the music which Nature furnishes to all who have ears to hear. It too frequently happens, however, that our childhood acquaintance with the birds is almost forgotten in after

life, or at least is not enlarged; and thus is thrown away a source of innocent enjoyment and unnumbered benefits; for there is no surer antidote for care and vexation of spirit than a ramble over the fields and through the woods, in the companionship of the birds. Our word for it, the most violent fit of the *blues* ever recorded would be completely cured by a two hours' intelligent tramp. Music has a peculiar charm—indescribable, yet powerful—and the world furnishes no sweeter, more charming musicians than can be found any day in the nearest field, orchard, or grove. Let him that is skeptical start out about five o'clock some warm, pleasant morning in the last half of May, and walk slowly, with frequent rests, for an hour or two—and if he does not return a wiser and better man, he can safely be called an example of total depravity.

Yet, the birds are not simply

pleasure-mongers. One who has learned to study and investigate what he sees, will find a store of knowledge in bird life, the extent of which he never dreamed. Some of the best minds of the age have been studying birds all their lives, and now can hardly take a fifteen minutes' walk without learning something new. The variety of things worth learning is endless, the stock inexhaustible.

The number of species of birds which are regular inhabitants or visitors in the single town of Lewiston, would be variously estimated. If the average reader should make an estimate before reading farther, the results would probably vary from twenty-five to fifty species, the latter number no doubt being considered very large, while the actual number will reach very nearly one hundred and sixty-five; and the number which every year build their nests and rear their young in this town, and towns immediately adjoining, is not less than one hundred. The greater number of these are what might be termed forest birds, and many of them must be sought in the deepest shade of the woods; but when once they are found, their varied plumage and songs, their peculiar habits—in short, the thousand and one interesting and unique characteristics which belong to all, yet which each one possesses in a manner peculiar to himself—will well repay all trouble which their discovery entailed.

But for persons who have not the time or disposition to seek out the more retiring birds, there is a large number more common and equally interesting. Among the attractive every-day birds is the family of sparrows. Perhaps no family of birds is so well known, and yet so entirely unknown, as this. Theologians tell us that charity covers a multitude of sins,—and the name, "ground-sparrow," covers almost as many species of birds. At least four, and sometimes five, different birds are crowded under this single comprehensive term, viz.: the Savannah Sparrow, Song Sparrow, Grass Finch, Field Sparrow, and White-Throated Sparrow.

The writer once heard a lover of birds say that the sparrows were difficult to distinguish from one another. Nothing seems easier to us. For example, if in walking along some foot-path or country road you should notice a plainly-marked, modest little bird, having a dull yellowish stripe running from the bill over each eye, dodging through the grass to avoid your approach, you may safely call him the Savannah Sparrow. The yellow stripe is his coat of arms. This is one of the most common of Lewiston birds; its nest is built on the ground—generally beside a tussock of grass. It lays four eggs, and commonly raises two broods in a season. Its song reminds one of the evening song of the cricket. The Song Sparrow is a little more dressy.

You will never catch him without his neck-tie and breast-pin on—the former consisting of a brown stripe on each side of the throat, and the latter of a brown spot in the centre of his breast. He is a lively little fellow, and is always ready for a song. He takes great delight in hopping around the garden, especially among the currant or raspberry bushes; but his supreme joy is a stump fence,—there he is at home. He jumps from root to root, jerks his tail, dodges through one hole and winks saucily at you through another; and, as you walk away, hops to the highest prong of the largest stump, and dismisses you with a parting song. He makes a long Summer visit,—always coming before the snow is gone, and remaining as long as the cold Autumn weather will allow him. His breeding habits are similar to the preceding.

The Grass Finch will make himself known the moment he flies, by showing the white feather on each side of his tail. This is his only distinctive mark which can be seen at any distance. He is very familiar, and will often allow one to pass within eight or ten feet without flying. He sings with all his soul; his wings and tail are drooped, the lower part of his body nearly touches his perch, and thus, apparently rapt with his endeavors, he pours forth one of the sweetest songs of the sparrow family.

The White-Throated Sparrow is described by his name,—the most prominent mark being the white spot upon his chin. This mark can be seen more distinctly by reason of the strong contrast between it and the dark drab of the throat and breast. He also has three white stripes over the crown of his head,—the two outer ones being changed to bright yellow at the base of the bill. This species is very abundant in the Spring and Fall migrations, but during summer is seen but rarely,—only a few birds seeming to think Lewiston a good place in which to rear children. Their song is peculiarly mournful, and is heard most frequently during the evening twilight and dark, cloudy days. The nest is placed on the ground.

The Snow Bird is perhaps next in interest. We do not mean now the black and white Snow Bunting, which, during the winter, comes to us in large flocks from the north; but the little Quakerish-looking bird with drab coat and white vest, who comes sometimes in March to tell us that we are not much longer to remain snow bound, but shall soon be able to stretch our limbs in the open air and once more listen to the whispering pine and walk over hills and through woodlands without let or hindrance. This little bird is always joyous and happy as a bird can be; and though its chip or its song can be called neither striking nor very musical, it is wonderfully

jolly, and he works away at his chipping song as heartily as though he were a lark or a nightingale. He may be found almost anywhere during his stay, and is always busy, and better still, is always about his own business. We have watched him for hours in company with three or four different kinds of sparrows, all eating together, and never once have seen him have or cause any trouble with any one of them. This bird leaves us about the middle of May for more mountainous regions, where it rears its young.

The Chipping Sparrow is the smallest of our sparrows, and is no doubt well known to all the readers of the *STUDENT*. He is always found near the house, and his simple song of "de de de de de de" is heard at all times of day.

The Field and Swamp Sparrows are more retired in their habits, their names indicating where they are most likely to be found. They resemble each other in markings and song,—their chief difference being their locality. Both breed in Lewiston.

The Fox Sparrows are seen only early in the Spring and late in the

Fall,—going farther north to rear their young. They will be readily recognized from their large size and the foxy color of their backs. They have no song with us—their only sound being a sharp low chirp.

The remaining two birds of the family, the White Crowned and the Tree Sparrows, resemble each other in their breeding habits and localities, but otherwise are very different. They both breed far to the north—the former as far as Labrador—and both build on the ground. The White Crowned is very rare even during its migrations. It winters in the South. The Tree Sparrow is very common in the Fall and Spring, and often winters in Lewiston. It resembles the Chipping Sparrow in markings, but is noticeably larger. The White Crowned would be easily recognized from its name.

This completes the list of Lewiston sparrows. The writer has not attempted to be scientific in the least, but has merely written with the hope that a few words about the birds might be interesting, and possibly help us to enjoy more this most beautiful part of the Creator's work.

POMONA.

WAS 'T dreaming or waking I saw her
Descend from some wonderful height,
Wrapped all in those glorious tissues—
The fabric of shadows and light?

The golden glint of fresh sunshine,
Half hidden in softened gloom,
Swinging in circles about her,
Maketh the earth to bloom.

“Pomona,” the queen of the orchard,
The queen of the tortuous vine,
The mistress of garden and fruit-tree,
Lent hither from “Jove divine,”

In waves of beauty had lighted
To render her realm more fair;
And kissing the buds now slumb'ring,
They opened to sun and air.

Wherever she traversed the meadow,
Wherever she mounted the hill,
Flowers sprung, and their winsome faces
Gave test of her marvelous skill.

Oh, study the olden beauty
Of Nature in the Spring!
“Pomona” will grow a goddess
Well worthy our worshipping!

Not blindly and vain, as the ancients
Bowed down by the teachings of old;
We worship the Father, Creator,
Whose workings still shine manifold.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

AS the Presidential campaign approaches, the struggle grows fiercer in both parties; but who will be the candidate is a matter of conjecture. No one has been chosen by the people, as in 1868 and 1872, months before the assembling of the conventions. At present, the dividing line is not so definitely drawn between the parties; no great issue separates them and forestalls the result. The ground on which the contest is to be fought, will, in a great measure, be decided by the candidates presented. Both parties have their hard money men and their inflationists; both their advocates of reform. The candidate will show what element controls each party, what pretences are secure, what pledges are to be fulfilled. No party favorite, no man nominated and supported by party machinery, can be elected. He must be a man that the people thoroughly know and trust, a true statesman who seeks the welfare of his country regardless of party or friends; and such a one can be found among our public men, we think. If a man is presented, who, after years of active life in responsible positions, proves himself true to all trusts, he should be chosen in preference to one who is but little

known, and who is honest because he has had no chance to be dishonest. We await anxiously the action of the Cincinnati Convention, for we look to the Republicans to settle the questions that are disturbing us. We look to the Republican party, because it represents the intelligent portion of society; because it has an object, the honor and welfare of our country; because it adheres to its pledges. We hope it realizes the importance of the position, and will so act as to ensure the support of all independent men; that it will not compel them to choose between two evils—the support of a doubtful candidate, or an alliance with a party they distrust.

The recent exposure and punishment of corrupt men, for whose actions the party are not responsible, is acting as an antidote for the purifying of the party. Aroused by the odium which these exposures have brought upon them, intelligent men are determined that party schemers and politicians shall give place to honest men, and that the control of conventions and elections shall be transferred from rings and machines to the people. The Massachusetts Convention has presented a good example for other States. She has chosen her best and ablest

men, and will send them to Cincinnati untrammelled and unpledged, to vote for a candidate worthy of the party, and one whom all honest men can support. Young men who are just beginning to exercise the right of franchise should consider carefully that they may start right. Especially is this the duty of students, who are destined to play no unimportant part in public affairs. The young men of America possess a power in politics that ought to be felt. Free from prejudice and from the poisons of partisanship, of trickery, and of corruption, animated by generous impulses, loving justice, hating oppression, they constitute an element that ought to be productive of great good.

BASE-BALL.

Bates vs. Pine Trees.

Our nine has at last had a game with the Kent's Hill club. They were stopped by the rain, last year, after getting on to the ground; and this year it prevented them from going on the day appointed; but they succeeded in playing on the 9th, although it rained during the game, and the last inning quite hard. Our boys enjoyed the trip, regardless of the rain. They found the Kent's Hill nine in good condition, and confident of success. Their playing on the outs was very fine, making but five errors. The pitching and catching of Hayes and Greely was nearly perfect. They did not do so well at the bat,

making but five base hits, while the Bates nine struck for twelve.

The anxiety of the Kent's Hill boys about the game did not prevent them from entertaining their visitors very hospitably,—making them think of old times, when they played ball for pleasure. They came away bringing pleasant recollections of the game, and all unite in saying: "If you want a good time, go to Kent's Hill." We hope the Pine Trees will be able to return the visit.

DATES.

	R.	1B.	P. O.	E.	A.
Adams, c. f.	0	1	2	0	0
P. R. Clason, c.	2	3	6	5	2
Record, 2d b.	1	1	0	1	1
Oakes, p.	1	2	1	2	5
Lombard, 3d b.	2	1	1	1	2
Noble, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Burr, s. s.	0	2	4	1	3
O. B. Clason, 1st b.	2	1	13	1	3
Whitney, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Total	8	12	27	11	16

PINE TREES.

	R.	1B.	P. O.	E.	A.
Hayes, p.	1	1	0	0	5
Packard, 2d b.	1	2	8	1	4
Allen, c. f.	1	0	2	0	0
Marston, s. s.	0	0	1	2	0
Newell, 1st b.	1	1	9	1	0
Murphy, l. f.	0	1	0	2	0
Curtis, r. f.	1	0	2	0	1
Littlefield, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	0
Greely, c.	0	0	4	2	4
Total	5	5	27	10	14

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.....	2	1	0	0	0	2	3	0	—8
Pine Trees...	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	—5

Umpire—C. O. Littlefield. Scorers—F. W. Kinsman, Pine Trees; J. W. Smith, Bates.
Time of Game—1 hour, 54 minutes.

Centennials vs. Bates.

Saturday, the 13th, a game was begun between the Bates nine and the Centennials of this city; but the

umpire called the game at the middle of the sixth inning at the request of the Centennials,—the score then standing three to two in favor of the Bates. They gave as a reason that it was raining; but the rain, which had been falling slightly for one or two innings, had nearly ceased, and did so entirely before all left the grounds. It was plain to all that they did it to claim the game; for to decide it at the close of the fifth inning, they would be ahead.

Our nine played that day as a favor to the Centennials,—Record being absent and Besse lame. They played carelessly the first inning, allowing the C's. to make their only runs; while the Bates did not do their usual heavy batting, not caring to run up a large score, at the request of the opposite nine. We think most of the boys support the decision of the nine—not to play with a club devoid of all honor.

Bowdoin vs. Bates.

The finest game of ball that has been witnessed in this city, if not in the State, was played Saturday afternoon, May 20th, on the Androscoggin grounds, between the Bates and Bowdoin nines. The time has not been beaten this year by the professionals, and in college games it ranks with the one between Yale and Princeton. The fine weather and the reputation of the clubs drew a large and respectable crowd to witness the game. Both clubs were

in fine condition and the playing superior. The pitching of Oakes and Payson, who are acknowledged to be the best in the State, was more effective than usual. Payson's throwing was very swift, some of the time over hand, and our boys made but five base hits. Oakes pitched a curved ball as well as swift one, giving the Bowdoin but two base hits, while the catching of Record was acknowledged by all to be the finest they had ever seen.

We think the season opened nearly as favorably for the Bowdoin this year as last, and if there was a pennant to be had they would get it; but presume as there is no pennant it will be reported in Scribner's.

First. The game opened at five minutes past two, with the Bowdoin at the bat. Payson, the striker, waved his bat majestically three times and quietly took his seat. Fuller sent a grounder to Burr, which was finely fielded to first, and he retired. Waitt made his first by an error of Lombard. Jacobs struck a roller to second, which was sent to the first. Adams led off with a base hit for Bates, followed by P. R. Clason, who sent a hot grounder through Perry, and Adams to the second. Record struck a fly to the centre field, which Waitt muffed, and Adams scored. Oakes out on first by a ball from pitcher. Lombard struck a fly to Waitt, who fielded it in and cut off Clason on the home.

Second. Potter retired on three

strikes; Perry, by a fine stop and throw of Lombard to the first; Sanford struck out. Record sent a grounder to Sanford, who passed it to first. Oakes out on a fly to Payson. Lombard struck to Sanford, who fielded it to first and stopped him.

Third. Melcher retired on a ball from Burr to first. Knight struck a fly, which was taken by Oakes. Payson followed with a fly which was captured by P. R. Clason. Noble stopped with three strikes. Burr made his base by an error of Sanford. O. B. Clason followed with a base hit to right field, which sent Burr home. Whitney struck to the pitcher; he sent it to Potter, who passed it back in time to cut off Clason on the home.

Fourth. Fuller was taken out finely by Record on a foul bound, which Waitt followed with a foul fly. Jacobs sent a grounder to first, which Clason took, and the Bowdoins retired without making a base. Whitney sent a fly to Sanford, which was taken. Adams came to the bat again and made a second base hit, and stole to the third. P. R. Clason struck short to the pitcher, who stopped him on the first. Adams was cut off between the third and home.

Fifth. Potter now came to the bat, and made the first base hit for the Bowdoins, into the left field, which Noble failed to stop, and he took his second, making the third

by a wild throw of Oakes to second. The Bowdoins now felt confident of a score, with a man on the third and none out; but the fine playing of Record behind the bat demolished their expectations. Perry took the bat and fouled out to Record; Sanford followed suit; and Melcher retired on three strikes. P. R. Clason was out at first by a ball from Sanford. Record made a fine base hit to left field, took second and third on passed balls of Jacobs. Oakes struck a grounder to Melcher, which was finely fielded to first in time to stop him, and Record made the third and last score. Lombard struck to pitcher, who passed it to first.

Sixth. Knight sent one to Burr and retired on first. Payson struck a heavy fly to the centre field, which Adams failed to get, and he took the first. Fuller tossed a fly to second which Clason took. Waitt now tried a roller at the same place but did not get far towards the first. Noble, Burr, and O. B. Clason retired at the first.

Seventh. Jacobs out on a foul bound. Potter got the first on an error of Clason, who let the ball bound in his hands. Fouling being in order, Perry was taken out on a foul fly, and Sanford on a foul tip. Whitney stopped with a foul fly to Jacobs. Adams and P. R. Clason were put out at first by balls from Melcher and Sanford.

Eighth. Melcher and Knight retired at first, fielded by Lombard

and Oakes. Payson stepped out on a foul fly. Record struck a foul fly, which was taken by Melcher, and Oakes followed with a foul tip to Jacobs. Lombard stopped on a ball from Perry to first.

Ninth. The Bowdoins now came to the bat for the last time, determined to make a score; but Fuller and Waitt struck two flies, which were finely taken by Burr. Jacobs made his first on a base hit (second one for the Bowdoins), and stole to his second. Potter struck short to Lombard, who, in attempting to put out Jacobs, gave him his first. Perry now gracefully waved his bat three times and crushed the last hope of the Bowdoins for a score. Noble out first, fielded by Payson. Burr made a base hit and stole the second, but not daring to slide on account of a lame leg, run over and was put out. O. B. Clason out on a fly to Payson.

BATES.

	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Adams, c. f.	1	2	0	0	1
P. R. Clason, 2d b.	0	0	2	2	0
Record, c.	1	1	13	0	2
Oakes, p.	0	0	1	1	1
Lombard, 3d b.	0	0	0	2	1
Noble, l. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Burr, s. s.	1	1	2	3	0
O. B. Clason, 1st b.	0	1	9	1	1
Whitney, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Total	3	5	27	9	7

BOWDOINS.

	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Payson, p.	0	0	3	7	0
Fuller, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Waitt, c. f.	0	0	1	1	1
Jacobs, c.	0	1	3	3	6
Potter, 1st b.	0	1	16	0	0
Perry, s. s.	0	0	1	2	1
Sanford, 2d b.	0	0	2	3	1
Melcher, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	1
Knight, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	2	27	19	10

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.....	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	3
Bowdoins.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Time of Game—1 hour, 15 minutes.
Umpire—Mr. George Wilson.

ATHLETIC GAMES.

We delayed the STUDENT a few days to publish an account of these games; but the managers being unable to make arrangements as soon as was anticipated, it will have to be postponed till June. We were decidedly pleased with the zeal manifested by the students in arranging for these sports,—contributing for the prizes, and entering the contests; but there has not been training enough the past two weeks for a good record. Besides beating our competitors, we want to make a record that will compare favorably with other colleges.

All should take part in these games who can, that we may make an exhibition which will warrant our joining the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association, which meets at Saratoga in July. We think the money could be easily raised to send two or three men there, if they showed a prospect of success. To do this there must be vigorous practice.

The following is the list of contests as they have been arranged by the Committee: Two-mile run, two-mile walk, half-mile run, 100-yards dash, wheel-barrow race, three-legged race, running jump, standing jump, running high jump, base-ball throw, throwing dumb-bells, hop, skip, and jump, scrub race.

COLLEGE SONGS.

College songs are favors we can not boast of to any extent; so when our boys feel hilarious and vent their joy in singing, they have to obtain their songs from other sources. When we turn to the pages of the *Carmina Collegensia*, and find most of the colleges represented there, we feel as though Bates ought to add her name to the list. There is no reason why it should not be done. We have students who can write the songs, and compose the music for them; and they would confer a great favor upon their *Alma Mater* by so doing. We hope the class of '76 will set the example, and, as they go forth from our halls never to return as students, leave behind them as mementos some good songs. Some action ought to be taken to publish the songs that have been written, and to procure others from the Alumni and students. If we could have our own songs it would arouse the musical talent here, and lead to the formation of a glee club and other like societies, which every college needs and most of them have. We do not propose to laboriously prove the beauty and utility of class and college singing, but hope these few words from us will lead to the desired result.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Bowdoin Orient* says that "Base-ball has come, and so has Bates," which report we are happy

to confirm. We welcome the new board of editors, and trust that their efforts will meet with more marked success than did those of their predecessors.

Poor *Dartmouth*! The liberty of the press has been trampled upon, and she has breathed her last. May her death be like that of the phoenix—only a transition to a new youth and brighter plumage.

We have received and carefully read the initial number of the *College Review*, published by the students of the State College at Orono. The paper is mostly filled by statements in regard to the course of study in that institution. Like the college itself, it is largely devoted to science. We are glad to welcome this new-comer.

The *Newspaper Reporter* now-a-days is full of the Centennial exhibition. The proprietor, Geo. P. Rowell, has made arrangements for a grand exhibition of periodicals and newspapers at the Centennial Exposition. College papers will be represented, and, from the descriptions we have seen of the arrangements, it will be an interesting part of the grand show.

The *Golden Sheaf* is small, but neat. The type is large and clear—a quality lacking in many of our exchanges. We notice in the April number a very pretty poem entitled "A Dream Legend." The prose is somewhat commonplace, but is nevertheless quite good.

ODDS AND ENDS.

What's trumps?

We see by the *Era* that they have a "Jeems" at Cornell. He is a Soph though, and they don't call him "Uncle."

Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen is to fill the chair of German Literature, newly established at Cornell. Somebody pronounce him.

Harvard, Yale, Amherst, and Princeton have formed a Base-Ball Association, and will play for the college championship.—*Tablet*.

Question discussed by Juniors: "Is it a toad or a frog?" After much controversy and a *searching* experiment, decided in negative.

A bill to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors within four miles of the California University, is called, by a San Francisco paper, "An act to promote pedestrianism among students.—*Ex*."

Daniel Pratt and Mr. Gove have honored Bates with their presence lately. Daniel was last seen walking towards the Prex's, wrathfully shaking his head and a big cudgel at the students, and refusing all offers of company.

Seven editors of the *Dartmouth* were recently suspended for pub-

lishing a forbidden article on the College of Agriculture and Mechanics. The publication of the paper is discontinued for the remainder of the college year.

At a recent lecture two frisky Juniors began playing with some old relics which they found in the cabinet, and by way of experiment allowed themselves to be hand-cuffed together. As a result of their curiosity and the carelessness of their accomplices, the key was unaccountably *lost*, and for about two hours a revised edition of the Siamese twins perambulated Parker Hall. At the end of this time the key was somehow *found*, just in time to prevent a great uprising of the prisoners.

Those hand-cuffs mentioned above also passed through another thrilling experience before they fell back to their original obscurity. This time they were used to fasten a couple of shoes together, being passed through the straps on the counters; and as the key again mysteriously disappeared, the owner had to cut the straps, which had the effect of making him look dignified all the afternoon.

A teacher in a Sunday School, was explaining to his class of boys

the meaning of "Jacob's ladder," when one of the number, more inquisitive than attentive, inquired: "If the angels had wings, what was the need of a ladder for them?" This was a poser, and while he was meditating a reply and unable to answer, another boy exclaimed: "I'll bet I can tell what they used the ladder for." "Out with it, then," said the teacher. "O, I guess they were molting."—*Ex.* Too much knowledge of ornithology troubled that boy.

The other day a Detroiter, who has a good record of army service, took down his revolver to shoot a cat which had been hanging about the house. After looking at him while he fired six shots, the cat walked away. While he was loading up for more destruction, the man's small boy inquired, "Father, did you ever kill any one while you were in the army?" "I suppose so, my son." After a long pause the boy continued, "Then you must have got near enough to hit 'em with an axe, didn't you?" It was then discovered to be about school time.—*Ex.*

One of our friends was badly sold the other evening. At about seven and a half o'clock his chum, observing preparations for a trip down town, managed to get possession of his watch and set it along to about

nine o'clock. There were one or two classmates in the room, and when the victim asked them for the time he was informed according to the revised time-table. A glance at his time-piece confirmed the statement, and he started off with a rush and a grieved look on his face. The persecuted man was met by two of his friends who in vain tried to stop him. He kept on, and only learned his mistake when the fair one herself blandly inquired: "What made you come so soon?"

We offer below some new thoughts on Spring—extracts from a poem which found its way to our possession. It gives evidence of a true poetic spirit, and, spite of its marked resemblance to some of our great poets, is declared to be *entirely original*. On account of lack of space we print but one or two stanzas:—

Spring has come at last,
With all its sunshine and shadow.
The snow must soon melt fast,
But it melts now, O how slow.

April is passing very fast,—
It will soon be gone.
The snow will then have past;
The frosts of another winter will be done.

Oh! may we long to welcome the,
Though most beautiful month of the year.
Hasten though and bring with the
Every flower to all of us so dear.

These, These are scenes of Spring,
Scenes which every heart should treasure,
Scenes which make the birds rejoice and sing,
Scenes which give us untold pleasure.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

A little coolness about the reading room, resulting from lack of fire, has been satisfactorily remedied.

We heard cephalopod defined, the other day, as a creature that used its head instead of its feet,—for gymnastic purposes we judge.

The sand bars on the campus, intended for walks, are for the most part carefully avoided, to the great detriment of the grass alongside.

Prof. Angell sprained his ankle a short time since, and the sorrowing Juniors, and others, have lost one recitation a day for several days past.

Foot-ball is beginning to flourish somewhat. There is the usual amount of torn clothes, broken shins, and other pleasant little mementos of this enjoyable game.

Such Juniors as take an interest in Botany are now receiving lectures from Prof. Hayes on this subject. Eight at first decided to attend, but at the last lecture we found that ten were present.

After all the preparations, Field Day is still a thing of the future with us. It was intended to have the contests come off on the 19th, but

we could not get the day for that purpose. Dartmouth, Amherst, and several other colleges hold Field Day this month.

Seniors now take geological trips, and return laden with such little dainties as mica crystals, feldspar, quartz, tourmaline, garnets, etc. Some very fine crystals of mica have been found on Mount David.

Our business manager has again spread himself in the advertisement way. A circular from a down-town firm came to the College, addressed to him, and he made immediate preparations for a descent on said firm, not noticing that the direction was in the hand-writing of a class-mate. Another instance of misguided zeal.

There have been great preparations for Field-Day sports. All sorts of wonders have been exhibited. One often sees two college boys with but three legs between them, going across the grounds with the speed of a tortoise. Another set shows great judgment by running a wheel-barrow into a crowd, being entirely blindfolded with the exception of one eye. The pedestrians are simply immense in their *sphere of action*.

Prof. Wendall, who not long ago accepted the position of Professor of Astronomy, has been obliged to leave his duties as instructor, at least for the present; his health not being able to stand the confinement of the class room. His departure is regretted by all who had become acquainted with him. The Seniors, who have recited to him in Astronomy, made him a visit before his departure and presented him, as a token of their regard, a beautiful ice pitcher. We hear that Prof. Wendall takes up Civil Engineering, hoping to recruit his strength in out-door employment.

Perhaps the readers of the STUDENT would like to know of the weighty opinions held by our Fathers upon the subject Courtship. They were "true blue," as the following will prove. When the Theological Seminary, now in connection with Bates College, was at Whites-town, N. Y., the members of the

"Rhetorical Society" frequently had spirited debates, judging from the records, upon many an important question. We append one of them. First, we give a by-law, to show how questions were decided, then the question, lastly the decision. By-law—"Questions shall first be decided by the President according to the weight of argument, and afterward by the Society agreeable to their merits." The following was given out Aug. 31st, 1846, to be discussed at the next meeting:—"Resolved, that night courtship should be discountenanced." Disputants appointed—Aff., G. T. Day, H. H. Brock; Neg., G. H. Ball, F. Reed. Two weeks of deep meditation softened their hearts a little. Question as discussed—"Resolved, that courtship *after eight o'clock* should be discountenanced." Decision—"Decided by the chair in the affirmative, and by the Society in the affirmative."

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew

OLIVER C. WENDELL, A.M.,
Professor of Astronomy.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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No. 6.

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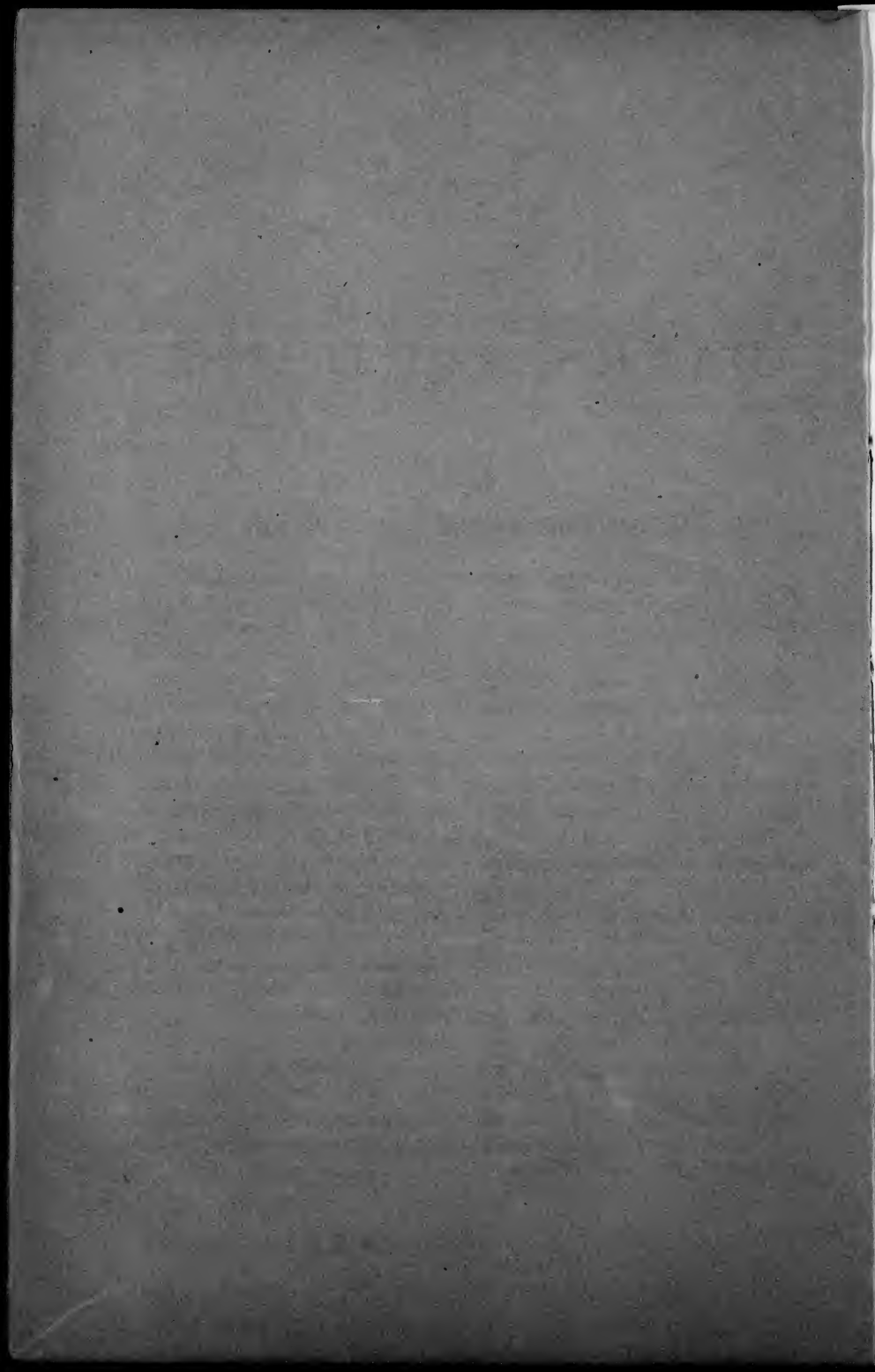
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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1876.

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AN INTRUDER IN THE DOMAIN OF ART.

I BELIEVE I shall always remember the miserly eagerness with which, on opening the door of the Art Gallery, connected with the library at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, a few weeks ago, I hastened to note that the room was vacant of all human forms except those that stood forth so plainly from the frames upon the walls. It was not until I had marked this, even, that I turned my eyes toward that grand painting by Bierstadt, "The Domes of the Yosemite," in front of which I had been struck breathless, a year before, as I went, all unknowing, to view a collection of paintings in a little country village in Vermont. But at that earlier time, the Domes acted upon me by repulsion. Theirs was a grandeur which I could not, dared not approach. I could raise my eyes to them, but I might not speak; for their frigid, eternal calm had no

sympathy with human passion, and their unmeasurable strength, no kinship with human weakness.

By degrees, however, the mountains, though having relaxed none of their sublimity, have come to wear a less forbidding aspect, and I often think of the central one as a vast cathedral in which the heart of man might delight to wonder and worship and adore, to all eternity. The Domes are now my friends, and symbolize to me the unspeakable majesty and tenderness of God.

Accordingly, my first feeling, on this latest morning, was one of satisfaction that I was not to be disturbed, for a time at least, by the senseless chatter of unappreciative visitors. "Now," said I to myself, "I must improve my opportunity, for some curious sight-seer will soon claim admittance to see the queer-colored paints on the canvas, or,

perchance, to suggest some improvement in the faultless blue of these smiling skies." Having said this with some heat, I sat down to become calm—for I had learned that in order to enjoy a work of art, one must not make an effort to that end—and before long was lost in the awful depths of the Yosemite valley.

On my left thundered the Yosemite Falls, and in front stretched the valley, winding about the Dome in the centre of the view, and hindered, beyond, by irregular mountains that rose into cloud-shaped peaks in the distance. Suddenly, as I gazed along the valley, a huge bird rose from a group of trees and, sailing rapidly in curving lines, settled on the very summit of the Half-Dome on my right. "Surely," thought I, "that is a mighty condor, strayed from his distant home, or, at least, our own great gold-crowned eagle!" I had even taken a step forward to gain a nearer view of the unrecognized bird, before I was recalled to myself and discovered that an illusion of the eye had changed a diminutive house-fly into a prodigious creature of the air. Nevertheless I said aloud: "Thank you, Monsieur Mouche! thank you! You have helped to produce upon me an impression which the painter alone has failed of. Really, your artistic sense surprises me. I must follow your movements." Finding, however, that the fly, like a certain man

of my acquaintance, who always spoils, by immediate repetition, a story which has created its laugh, was injured by my praise, and was determined to play the trick after the secret of it was discovered; and having, moreover, been thrown into a lighter mood by a pleasant chat with my new-found companion, I turned my eyes to a little sentinel painting posted upon an easel, to guard against too close an approach to the treasures behind it. The fierce look of the mastiff watching by the cradle of the sleeping infant had fairly made me draw back in fear on the occasion of my first visit; and, even now, I knew Ponto (so I have named him) to be on the alert to resent any familiar demonstrations toward the object of his charge. Therefore, when my friend, the fly, presented himself in the neighborhood, as if he would suck the sweetness from the baby lips, I gave him warning.

"Have a care! Have a care, Monsieur Mouche! Ponto will bear no trifling. I know him, and my advice is, as a friend, that you keep out of his sight. There, if you must take just one sip, do stop that infernal buzzing. Being earless and toothless, do you not catch the significance of those half-spread wings on Ponto's head, nor of the glittering ivory in his mouth? Ah, my friend, let me not take you at a disadvantage. If you could make yourself understood, what would you

not tell me of man's deafness, having ears, and of his blindness, having eyes?

"But I will stop this moralizing, if I can. It is a habit we men fall into. And the odd thing about it is, that we yield to our habit only in the presence of those whom we consider our inferiors, or of those who, being our superiors, are in our power. We never think of moralizing with a lion unless he is caged.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Mouche, I trust you will not accept these remarks as casting any reflections upon yourself. Truly, I have a deep interest in you. Now be careful to—— Good gracious! don't go near that fire! I was just beginning to warn you of that. If you were at all versed in philosophy" (I was really at a loss how to explain the danger to my friend) "I could tell you that fire develops heat, and that heat——" here the poor fly (how very human flies are!) tried the experiment of which he was warned, and, after it, fell down as if dead, upon the floor.

"Well done, my fine fellow," I cried out. "How you startled me! I thought you would be burnt to a cinder.

"Ah, you will pay a visit to the old Halberdier across the way. Well, you may be sure *he* won't harm you, whatever you do. I dare say you might drag your barbed feet along his eyeballs and not make him wink. Not him. The Keeper of His Maj-

esty's Coffers, he. Affairs of state, are in his custody. In whom shall the government repose confidence if he fails of his duty.

"His stiff posture would be unendurable to one less bolstered up by a great trust; but he stretches complacently back against the wall, holding his halberd at one side and wearing a huge sword at the other, as who should say: 'I am not stirred by trifles, but I know my business. Beware!' I declare, I believe he could growl as loudly as Ponto.

"Matters of dress are of minor importance to him. See where his boot-top has fallen over, leaving a bare ring about his leg. Will not shame make him bend?" Try him there, Monsieur Mouche. But no! I knew he wouldn't stir. Were I His Majesty, I should fear that his very disdain would cause him to give undue advantage to a wily thief.

"I should really like to come in here when the shadows are about the world. Of course the maiden over yonder lays aside her reading, and the happy children in the Old Oak are warmly tucked in bed; but our friend of the Royal Guards, why, even sleep must have given up trying to disturb his equanimity, as I see you have, my dear Mouche.

"And what is it now? 'Oh, a trip to the country. A happy thought, truly; for I could not but observe that you were actually turning gray in those pent-up streets. No doubt

it will be better than a fishing excursion for you to pester Rosa Bonheur's fat oxen.

"Meanwhile, I will turn to my favorite Woods of Assohockan—or no! my eye is caught by Aspasia the splendid, gazing from her window forth upon the fairest and noblest of the Grecian cities. It is beauty in repose. The golden adornments of her voluptuous arms and her graceful neck do not flash too brightly; and the blue *Ægean*, with the violet hills beyond, are in keeping with her mood. She is musing upon the fortune that has linked her name with that of Pericles and has made her mistress of the homage of —"

Just here my pleasant reverie was interrupted by the opening of the door and a shout, "An intruder!" It was the librarian. He went out, but presently flew back, and with him a whole bevy of assistants, every one with a duster in his hand, and all shouting: "Drive him out! Drive him out!"

I was relieved to find that it was only Monsieur Mouche that had excited all this commotion. His enemies rushed toward him, vociferating loudly, and brandishing their weapons in the air. But he glided unharmed through their midst, returning again and again to display his dexterity in avoiding their blows; and he finally began offensive demonstrations by alighting on the nose of the exasperated librarian. He hastened to abandon the position he had gained, however, and just in time, too, for in a moment a sound thwack came down upon the very spot he had vacated. "Bravo!" I cried, as I left the room, and saw the baffled protectors of art looking up at the sky-light, on which my friend sat, out of their reach. "Nobly done, my brave Monsieur Mouche—my artist warrior! Really, I admire you. I will write you a memorial."

And this is the end of it.

"VALE."

Life is so full of partings and farewells:
In childhood, ere we knew the bitter truth,
Some good-bye sounded as a solemn knell,—
An early lesson, learnèd to our ruth.

So, all along, and linked with brighter things,
Some severed chain has left a broken end,
Bruising us as it strikes, and downward rings,
Left thus to hang, but never more to mend.

The fair days of this sweetest month, "full June,"
Fill us with yearning sadness and regrets;
The world for us seems strangely out of tune;
Still, 'tis the strand toward which our current sets.

Four years! Where are they? past—aye, surely past;
The great forever of our boyish dreams
Is done; but from the influence it shall cast
Will spring the charm to further manhood's schemes.

Classmates, there's hope in all things; even here,
Though parting from the friends so closely bound
Unto our lives by youth's strong ties, and dear,
Beyond our griefs is hope of meeting found.

We part but for a time; eternity is sure,
And may it join us with its mighty strength:
May we so live, and through this life endure,
Our life above shall bring us close at length.

Some have accomplished ere we scarce begun;
But not forgotten now,—their mem'ry lives,
Continuing 'mong us, though their days be done:
Heart-bonds exceed the limits which earth gives.

And may the teachings of this honored place
Launch us, with higher aims, toward nobler deeds.
So farewell, Alma Mater of our grace;
To thee our souls shall turn in many needs.

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

THE time comes in the life of every young man, when he must decide what his occupation shall be. "What am I to do—what shall I become?" is an important question to every young man who desires to be successful in life. It is to be lamented that so many young men grow up and go out into the world without any aim or resolution to accomplish something. Nothing gives the character so much strength and energy as a definite object in life.

It seems perplexing, to many young men who have a desire to enter upon a professional life, to decide which one of the professions to take. They either understand themselves so little, or else have such a lack of confidence in their abilities, that they become weak and hesitating, fearing to enter upon any course lest they fail; and doubtless this is one reason why so many remain undecided so long a time before they make a choice.

Cautiousness in this direction is well, but it should be carried only so far as to guard against "jumping at a conclusion" that one is *best fitted* for a particular profession, or that it offers the best chance of becoming wealthy, or that it will bring one prominently before the world; for if we permit the thirst for selfish aims to *override* our natural tastes, we make a fatal mistake. Every one, we think, should first consult his own tastes or inclinations; for we regard the desire or reluctance to select a profession as a true criterion. After one's mind has received a fair amount of discipline, he is in a way to understand himself, and his inclinations to do this or that will be a true index for him.

We hear much said about waiting until one has completed his course of study, or of relying largely upon advice from others, before one makes a choice of his profession. Discipline is good—advice is good, and

both should be sought; but cannot a person receive discipline after he makes a choice of a profession?

The amount of mental discipline received during the course of preparation for college, and the first year's studies in college, ought to be sufficient to develop the mind to such a degree as to enable its possessor to know what the predominant qualities of his mind are.

As to advice, it should be taken but sparingly; for an *overdose* of it is liable to work evil results. Very often we hear it remarked of a man that he has "missed his calling." Perhaps he has; but the chances are ten to one that he did not, himself, really choose his profession or trade, as the case may be; but that his father or mother or some uncle thought it best for him to take the profession which strikes them as the *one* in which he will best succeed, and after having kept sounding it in his ears for a long while that he was "cut out" for a doctor or a lawyer, and we might add, with no intended irreverence, for a minister, have persuaded him to choose the profession which they desired him to take. Years pass away, he has failed to achieve success; in fact his interest in his profession is gone, and he now neglects his professional duties; and then the world says of this one, and truly too, "he missed his calling."

Another thought comes up here. In choosing a profession, one ought to consider that he has got to labor,

and endure many perplexities; he should keep in mind that the road to affluence and success by one's profession is not an easy one; but, if he have pride in his profession, love for its tasks, and an enthusiasm which will keep him continually at work, he cannot fail of realizing some fruits from his labors. Lack of ability is often made up for by the *whole-souledness* with which a man enters upon his task; for an intense desire to advance in one's profession, and to be successful, makes a ready man, and enables him to accomplish much. "Where there is a will, there is a way."

The best abilities for one kind of profession may be wasted, and nothing accomplished, by attempting that which does not enlist enthusi-

asm; and is this not one great reason why so many have failed—that they have not acted well and nobly their part, rather than because they have lacked a sufficient amount of talent?

Success in his profession is what every man looks forward to—what he hopes for; and while desiring this, he should never lose sight of the fact that success means toils and struggles, as well as triumphs and trophies; and to toil and struggle and not faint by the wayside, one must be in earnest, completely aroused, and fully determined to achieve success; and to do this, he must be fitted for his task, satisfied with his calling,—entering upon it with the feeling that, "let what will betide," by his profession he will stand, by it he will fall.

WELLS.

THE waves rolled in and broke
 Upon the shore;
 The winds came full and fresh
 Across the sea;
 The misty sails went out
 To come no more;
 And left the dying day
 To him, and me.

We wandered up and down
 The beaten sand,
 And talked of things our hearts
 Alone could know:

Till long the shadows grew,
 And o'er the land
 Night spread her sable wings,
 And hovered low.

'T was long, and long ago,
 My boy, my boy;
 Yet oft upon that same
 Smooth shore I stray,
 When memories of the past
 Come back with joy;
 And oft my lonely soul
 Looks up to say:

"God bless 'my boy,' and bring
 Him back to me."—
 Still roll the waves and break
 Upon the shore;
 Still sail the ships across
 The misty sea;
 But we shall meet, for time
 Is evermore.

THE GERMAN ELEMENT IN AMERICA.

THE alleged fact that one-sixth of our entire population is German, and of German descent, is ominous of an influence to the future weal or woe of our country.

But what caused such an influx of population? is a question that very naturally arises. Germany had been cursed by a terrible war. This wasting, destructive element had ravaged that country for thirty long years, till poverty was written upon almost every town and hamlet, and starvation stared thousands in the

face. To avoid the latter, emigration was necessary. America was now the "land of promise" to this war-cursed people. Hence a tide of emigration, greatly enhanced by Queen Anne's offer of free passage, began to flow from that country to this. The condition of this early influx of population was anything but favorable. Ignorant, and exiled by poverty from their native land, they came here with out-stretched arms, imploring aid for their immediate subsistence. How different

their condition from that of those coming to our shores at the present time. The German of to-day is far from being dependent. He comes with sufficient to support himself and family—if such he has—till he can find employment congenial with his tastes. Nor does the poverty or independence of immigrants concern the individual alone. It matters much whether one thousand persons upon landing are worth \$1000 each, or come as paupers to be fed and clothed from charitable institutions. Notwithstanding the improved condition of German immigrants, it remains a serious question whether or not their influence upon our country will be a permanent good. The German has characteristics to be condemned as well as those to be admired. We shall notice both sides of the question, and let the reader draw his own conclusions as to the purpose of this essay.

One very prominent and discreditable feature of that nationality, is the beer-garden. Wherever they settle in large numbers, it is sure to be planted. Its numbers, too, are legion. Go where you will, in New York or farther west, the inveterate beer-garden is sure to be found. Its influence is not only pernicious to society, but it opposes all moral reform. Yet this evil might be overcome with comparative ease, were it not for the clannish habits of immigrants. In consequence of these, they become isolated from the

rest of our population, and cannot be brought so effectually under the influence of our institutions as they should be, and otherwise might be. Thus isolated, they retain, to a great extent, their old German ideas and customs, without becoming Americanized,—a result utterly at variance with the best interests of our country.

Another feature, equally as vicious in its influence, is their utter disregard for the Sabbath, and the tendency among them to make it a holiday. The beer-garden is then made more attractive than ever, while its patronage is increased many-fold. The desecration of the Sabbath is an evil against which every well-disposed person must earnestly battle, that the right may be sustained and our whole land blessed with the regulative influence of wholesome laws.

In religious matters, generally, the German has yet to learn many important things ere his soul can become imbued with divine promptings. Scepticism has a wide range in his thoughts. With him the Bible is a book of but little account. Like the Roman Catholic, his choice and effort is to have it expelled forever from the common schools, that his children may be freed from its teachings.

With such formidable barriers in the way, true progress must necessarily be much retarded. With this view, would it be strange if Liberty itself should seem to be endangered?

Such might be the case but for the redeeming qualities to be found in the German. Conservative in his ways, he moves slowly but steadily on through life. He is not in a hurry to get through life, nor is he impatient to accomplish at once the work of years of toil and industry. He can endure prosperity, and yet not lose his balance. In this respect the German and the American differ widely. The American cannot endure long-continued prosperity without losing his high standard of morality. The great mania with him is for wealth — wealth immediately. To the attainment of this one object every energy, too often principle itself, is made subservient. His family must live in fine style, ape all the fashions of society, and do every thing else conducive to popularity.

The effect of this appears in broken-down constitutions, effemi-

nate offspring, and but little of real enjoyment in life. To correct this evil remains, we think, in great measure, with the German. Some one has remarked to the effect that intermarriage with the Germans is the only means by which the American people can be saved from degeneracy. Although incredulous as to the truth of this, yet the influence of the German element in our country will, doubtless, have a marked effect in moulding the future destiny of this nation. There exists, to be sure, a wide dissimilarity in many respects, between the German and the American, but these differences will gradually disappear, till one shall become lost in the other. The liberty-loving German of to-day, will be the representative American of to-morrow,—who shall wield a power to be felt at home and abroad, helping largely to place the nation upon a foundation secure and abiding.

HERO WORSHIP.

WE are all, in some respect, hero worshippers — perhaps not in the same way as the ancients; but we are very willing to reverence, honor,—yes, worship,—those who stand far above us. Unlike the Norsemen who had their “giants” or “Jötuns,” we do not have a multiplicity of gods, or a god or

demon for every thing. We call things by their right names. We do not name electricity “Donner,” or clouds the drawing down of “Thor’s angry brows”; neither do we speak of frost as “Jötun driving home his horses at night and combing their manes.” That the ancients worshipped men as gods, does not seem

so strange when we reflect that we are but just emerging from the era of the dark ages.

When, only a few years ago, some thought there were only seven planets, and things seemed to go by sevens, we were not far ahead of the idea of the "twelve sons of Odin," and other twelves. It is a noble impulse that prompts one to the hearty reception of an heroic person; and, although he may not be said to worship him, yet tradition and time do so much to lend enchantment that former superstition is, in great part, due to this cause. The idea of predestination is like the Norse belief that destiny had decided who should be slain.

One of those famous expeditions of Thor to Utgard, and his sights there, are about as reasonable as are some of which we read at the present time. For example, that of one coming to this earth from Heaven, saying he was keeping house there, and farming, and, perhaps, passing counterfeit money; also of his performing, or of his being said to perform here, what it would seem no sane man could believe. Yet they are favored by the brightest intellects of modern times.

The doctrine which Mahomet taught was probably the best the people were capable of accepting; and if he succeeded in abolishing the worship of idols, let him have the praise due, for many of his pre-

cepts compared well with the principles of Christianity. Who can but admire the chivalry of a man daring to face the enmity of his nation and persevering to the end?

This hero worship shows what power one man may have over another. What a sway of the people held those heroes of the Revolution; and, since that time, such men as Choate, Webster, and Sumner! It is right that such men should receive honor from their countrymen. We would not worship them as the Arabs worship Mahomet; but they were benefactors of the human race, and as such deserve honor.

Mahomet's doctrine is accepted by more people than any other on the globe. It may not be—indeed is not—as good as that of Christ, yet it seems good to them; and instead of saying we do not see how people can believe such, we should reflect on those people deluded by the stories of Katie King. Think of the sincerity of the Mahometan,—how he will travel days and weeks, crossing the desert at the risk of his life, undergoing every hardship, in order to perform his vows at Mecca. One admires his devotion, although he might as well pray at home as at Mecca.

We have said that we all are hero worshipers. Dante's "Divine Comedy" has made his name immortal, as well as have the works of Shakespeare rendered his a familiar household word. As Mahomet estab-

lished his religion by breaking down idol worship, so Luther aimed his strength against Popedom in Germany, and Knox caused a reformation in Scotland. We may call it hero worship, or what we please; but these two men will ever be remembered in the hearts of their countrymen, and the Germans will always speak with pride of the "Reformation of Luther."

Of Johnson it has been well said that he "was a prophet to his people, preaching a gospel to them"; and, if his writings are not now so

much read as formerly, his style of thinking has been studied by many of his successors. Then might be mentioned Burns, Cromwell, Napoleon, and our own beloved Washington—

"He whose pure name a stain eternal brings
On vulgar chieftains, raised by crimes to kings.
Pillar of state, and bulwark of the field,
A host his presence, and his arm a shield,"—

but we forbear. We close with a remark from Carlyle: "Hero worship never does nor can die. Loyalty and sovereignty are everlasting in the world."

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

COMMENCEMENT.

ANOTHER mile-stone in our College course has been passed. Another Commencement, with its bustle and weariness, with its happy greetings and sad farewells, has come and gone. Another class has retired from the Commencement stage, amid showers of bouquets, and with the fond anticipations of friends, to commence in earnest the battle of life. Though few may write their names upon the roll of fame, we trust all will exert an influence for right in the sphere they occupy. The exercises have been exceedingly good, and an increasing interest in them is manifest, which is shown in the large and select audiences that attend all of the entertainments. To retain this interest an improvement must be made in the length of the exercises. The Faculty should recognize our importance as a College, and make a change soon that will limit the number of speakers. The best exercises will weary the most patient audience in five hours.

Sunday afternoon, June 25th, the exercises of the tenth annual Commencement of Bates College began, with the Baccalaureate Sermon before the Senior class, at Main Street

Church. Passages of Scripture were read by Prof. Stanton, and prayer was offered by Prof. Hayes, when the President delivered an excellent discourse, of which we give but a brief extract.

The text was 2 Cor. iv. 7: "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." The theme of the discourse was "The Divine Glory Apparent in Human Agency." It frees us from many doubts, to believe in divine existence. God is a being possessing certain intellectual and moral attributes, as I possess them; the only difference is, His are infinite, mine are finite. Our country needs not merely the cold assent that there is a God. The great need of the world to-day is a vital faith in an infinite being, perfect in every attribute of his character, yet kind, forbearing, righteous, and just.

God's plan of salvation is the best adapted for the end in view. The Scriptures teach us that we, as rational beings, are a little lower than the angels. They are variously employed in the service of God; they minister to us.

The wonder is not that God should undertake to save us, but in

the way he saves us. He saves us by the instrumentality of man, not by angels; he saves sinners by sinners. There are several inferences to be drawn from the subject. We should not expect too much from religious teachers. They are men, and subject to the same temptations and imperfections as other men. They do not ask you to consider their word, but the word of God. These men are the vessels which bear the precious treasure to others, in proclaiming the gospel.

I address you, young gentlemen, as those appointed to do good in the world; it may be in one profession—it may be in another; but I ask you to remember that you have spent four of your most precious years in College, that you might be better prepared to do good. In leaving us, allow me, in behalf of the Faculty, to thank you for your good behavior during your course of study. You go out from College to fight the battle of life, and our prayer shall be that you may fight it bravely and well,—so that, gaining the victory and giving the honor of it to Him through whose strength you conquer, you may at last unite and sing with those of whom it is said: "And they sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us

unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth."

The President closed with a brief address to the class. After the sermon, the following Class Ode was sung:—

King Eternal, o'er us bend!
Holy Spirit, now descend!
Prince of Peace, thine arm extend,—
Class of Seventy-Six defend.

Broken long has been our chain,
Two have gone with thee to reign;
Others wander in the plain;
Father! bring us back again.

In the darkness and the gloom
Thou hast stood beside the tomb,
Rolled away the stone of doom,
Taught new beauties how to bloom.

And to thee we humbly cry:
God of Mercy! be thou nigh!
Bend the heavens, break the sky!
Homeward take us when we die.

Sunday evening, the address before the Theological School was given by Rev. C. S. Perkins of Portland, from 1 Peter iv. 1: "Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind."

The theme of the sermon was, that those who would serve Christ must arm themselves with his armor of suffering. Christ's mission of humility and service astonished a nation which was looking for a ruler who should come in magnificence and worldly power. The Lord appeared to teach the doctrine that those who would be great must serve.

Some who suffer and toil here are never known; but there is a roll of

honor, where those who have served quietly shall be known.

The suffering of Christ is our example. If the King of kings came down and voluntarily suffered for sinful men, we certainly should be willing to devote our lives to others. If Christ had not suffered, his mission would have been in vain. We must equip ourselves with the same armor.

All reforms have been brought about by the suffering of a few men and women. To this warfare, under Christ's leadership, we are called.

The Junior Orations were delivered Monday evening, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church, before a large and appreciative audience. Ballard's Orchestra discoursed sweet strains for the occasion. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Howard. President Cheney presided. Below is the programme of the evening:—

MUSIC.
PRAYER.
MUSIC.

1. True Greatness.
Benjamin Tappan Hathaway.
2. Master Minds.
Carrie Maria Warner.
3. Dangers to Our Republic.
James Watson Smith.
MUSIC.
4. The Influence of the Press.
Oliver Barrett Clason.
5. Grecian Civilization.
Joseph Aubrey Chase.
6. Political Melancholy.
Newell Perkins Noble.
MUSIC.
7. Caste.
John Kinzer Tomlinson.
8. The Value of Scholarship.
Giles Alfred Stuart.

9. Right.

Franklin Folsom Phillips.
MUSIC.

10. Party Spirit.

Augustus William Potter.

11. Finished Lives.

Jennie Rich North.

12. I and Thou.

Pell Russell Clason.

MUSIC.
BENEDICTION.

The first oration, by Hathaway, took the ground that "True Greatness" was not dependent upon condition of life, but on inward principle. The noble stand and struggles of Sumner, in regard to the slave question, were touched upon in a fine manner. His position was good and his gestures easy.

"Master Minds" was the subject which Miss Warner discussed, and it was well handled. Voice and inflection were natural and forcible.

Smith spoke rather gloomily on the "Dangers to Our Republic," but sustained his points by good arguments. His allusions to the conditions and histories of other nations were good and well timed.

O. B. Clason pointed to the "Influence of the Press" as one of the greatest of the agents which have given to our country her present position among nations. The delivery was characterized by ease of voice and gesture.

Chase treated "Grecian Civilization" in a manner which showed a good knowledge and appreciation of the history and peculiar beliefs of this most wonderful people.

The manner in which Noble attacked the "Political Melancholy"

so common at the present day, was refreshing, and showed some hope still that the future of the United States would be one of prosperity. His manner was graceful and delivery very fine.

Tomlinson presented some sound ideas on "Caste," and attacked the restrictions of society at the present day,—claiming that wealth should not take the place of merit as a passport to recognition in society.

"The Value of Scholarship" was well discussed by Stuart, who illustrated his points by allusions to men whose letters, in science and discovery, have made them noted.

The oration of Phillips on "Right" showed good ability as a writer. The argument was clear and comprehensive, and exhibited signs of considerable thought. Might formerly made right, but such should no longer be the case.

Potter spoke well on the evils of "Party Spirit" when carried to excess. His voice was good and manner easy.

Miss North had a well written part on "Finished Lives." Not only are we to look to the history of masters for "Finished Lives," but we find each life to be finished that fills the station allotted to it. Her manner and gestures were easy and graceful.

P. R. Clason's subject was "I and Thou," and his criticisms on the false modesty which has substituted plural

forms of speech for singular, were well appreciated by his audience.

This is the second time the class of '77 has appeared before the public. All agree that the speakers did credit to their class and training. They unanimously voted not to accept any prize.

The Trustees of the College met at 8 A.M., Tuesday, and President Cheney submitted his report, from which we find that the invested funds of the institution are \$283,870, with a floating debt of \$81,292, leaving the endowment fund \$202,578. Through the efforts of a Committee appointed last year, the College receives the Boston property of the late Joshua Benson of Boston, valued at \$61,150, on which there is a mortgage of \$9,428. The income of the invested funds of the College has, for several years, lacked \$4,000 of meeting the annual expenditures. The President urged the necessity of raising \$12,500, the amount now required to ensure the College the liberal donation of Mr. Bates. On Thursday morning, at the Alumni exercises, the President reported the amount raised; and now the financial condition of the College is established on a firm basis, and the event for which President Cheney has so arduously labored is accomplished.

John N. Rand was elected Professor in Mathematics. He was a

fine scholar when in College, and comes highly recommended as a teacher.

Prof. Wendell, whose health has been poorly, sent in his resignation, but President Cheney advised him to continue a member of the Faculty. A leave of absence was granted him.

The graduating class of the Theological School was smaller than it is hoped it will be hereafter. There are four members in the class, of whom three took part in the graduating exercises, which opened at 2 P.M., Tuesday. We submit a programme of the literary exercises—the treating of which did credit to all concerned:—

MEMBERS OF MIDDLE CLASS.

1. Spencer's Idea of God as the Unknowable.
Hagop Harootun Aterian, Rodosto, Turkey.
2. The Doctrine of the Person of Christ.
Andrew Jackson Eastman, Lowell, Mass.
3. Scientific Objections to the Value of Prayer.
Thomas Spooner, Jr., St. Johnsbury, Vt.

GRADUATES.

4. The Mission of the Free Baptist Church.
William Harding Cutting, W. Compton, N.H.
5. The Natural and the Supernatural Elements of a Successful Ministry.
Llewellyn Wing Raymond, Harrison.
6. Christianity a New Influx of Power.
Jacob Sanborn Neal, Barrington, N. H.
7. The Inner and the Written Revelation of God.

Charles Henry Davis, Lisbon.

The Alumni Meeting was called to order at 2 P.M., Tuesday, by E. R. Angell, Vice President. Prayer was offered by Rev. A. L. Houghton of Lawrence.

Two candidates were nominated from the Alumni for Overseers: G.

C. Emery of Boston, and Josiah Chase of Portland. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, G. B. Files; Vice President, T. Spooner, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, F. W. Baldwin. Executive Committee, Prof. G. C. Chase, M. A. Way, G. W. Wood. Orator, G. C. Emery; Substitute, J. S. Brown. Poet, C. A. Bickford; Substitute, Mary W. Mitchell.

Perhaps the most brilliant feature of Commencement Week was the concert Tuesday evening. It was *the* musical entertainment of the season, and Miss Cary's name on the bills was enough to ensure its success. The shower; which cast a shadow over the face of many a fair one, did not lessen the attendance. 'City Hall was packed—floor, aisles, and galleries—with the most brilliant and select audience that we have ever seen in attendance upon a concert in this city. The opening overture by the Harvard Symphony Club, under that wonderful leader, Zerahn, received its merited applause. Mr. Winch was welcomed with applause; but it remained for Miss Cary to electrify the audience, and her appearance upon the stage was the signal for continued and deafening applause. Being recalled, she sang "Home, Sweet Home" with a pathos that charmed all. Miss Cary's "Viva l'America" being followed by rounds of applause, evoked "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Cheered

and encored still, she came upon the stage, and aroused the patriotism of the audience by singing, as she alone can sing, the thrilling words of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The pianist of the evening was Kotzschmar of Portland, under whose skillful hands the piano seemed a living, breathing thing.

All the parts were brilliantly performed. We congratulate the class of '76 on the fine musical treat they have furnished the citizens and the guests of the College.

Wednesday, the gala day of the week, dawned unpropitious. Everything was enveloped in fog. It seemed as though the Class of '76, after four years' preparation and anticipation of this day, would go forth from their Alma Mater in a rain-storm. All concealed their disappointment and quietly submitted to the decrees of fate, which for once were propitious. By nine o'clock the last belt of fog had disappeared. Soon the campus grew animated with classical young gentlemen and the imposing forms of wealthy patrons and dignitaries.

The procession formed to the music of Johnson's band, with the Senior Class as escort, and Charles Clark as Marshal. They marched through the principal streets to City Hall, where a large audience had already assembled. The galleries were radiant with lace and muslin. Bouquets were heaped in profusion,

which were destined for the favorite speakers. The following was the programme of the exercises:—

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Candidates for Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

1. Oratio Salutatoria. (Latina.)
Enoch Case Adams, Litchfield.
2. Dissertatio. The Hope of Progression.
Walter Corren Leavitt, Lewiston.
3. Disquisitio. National Conscience.
Arthur Leroy Morey, Dickinson, N. Y.
4. Disquisitio. Commercial Morality.
Marion Douglass, Dixfield.
MUSIC.
5. Dissertatio. Sense and Sentiment.
George Fish Adams, Derby, Vt.
6. Dissertatio. The Law of Costs.
James Holman Huntington, Brunswick.
7. Thesis. Work.
William Orville Collins, Starks.
8. Oratio. Our Government an Aristocracy.
James Oscar Emerson, Pittsfield, N. H.
MUSIC.
9. Dissertatio. Wasted Resources.
Hiram Waldo Ring, Richmond.
10. Thesis. Political Leaders.
Dennis Joseph Callahan, Lewiston.
11. Disquisitio. The Relation of Scholarship to Practical Life.
John William Daniels, Rumney, N. H.
12. Oratio. Self-Deception.
Edward Whitney, Harrison.
MUSIC.
13. Thesis. Unconsciousness a Symptom of Health.
John Rankin, Wells.
14. Disquisitio. Obstacles a Condition of Success.
Reuel Jefferson Everett, Poland.
15. Thesis. Co-operation.
Horatio Woodbury, Auburn.
16. Oratio. Mental Slavery.
Wendell Holmes Adams, Litchfield.
MUSIC.
17. Disquisitio. Causes.
Irving Cushing Phillips, Auburn.
18. Disquisitio. Intellectual Character.
William Henry Merryman, Harpswell.
19. Disquisitio. The Basis of Political Freedom.
Benjamin Herbert Young, Rochester, N. H.
20. Oratio. Hindrances to Originality.
Charles Sumner Libby, Lewiston.
MUSIC.
21. Disquisitio. Useless Knowledge.
George Loring White, Auburn.
22. Disquisitio. The Permanence of Types.
Thomas Hobbs Stacy, North Berwick.

23. Oratio. Settled Things.
Frederic Ernest Emrich, New York City.
24. Oratio Valedictoria. The Scholar in Political Life.

Edward Rollins Goodwin, Wells.

MUSIC.

Candidate for Degree of Master of Arts.

25. Oratio. The Scholar.
Frank Woodbury Cobb, Lewiston.

MUSIC.

Conferring Degrees.

BENEDICTION.

The Marshal and his aids escorted to the platform the Trustees, Faculty, and other prominent gentlemen. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Penney of Augusta. Space will not permit us to criticise the parts individually. As a whole they were excellent, being well written and delivered. Less fine rhetoric and fewer metaphors were indulged in than on some occasions. The subjects were practically and thoughtfully treated, showing that the class of '76 realize the duties and responsibilities of life, and are prepared to meet them as men. At the close of the exercises, all came forward and received their diplomas which ensures them the title of A.B., and for which they have spent four years of hard toil. Thus the class of '76 stepped forth into the world, and others take their places.

The procession now re-formed and marched to the College grounds. Dinner was served in the Gymnasium. There was a dearth of dignitaries upon the stage, but all the places were filled. The customary after-dinner speeches were indulged in. Ex-Senator Fogg of N. H., President Cheney's old chum in Col-

lege, was the first speaker. Sharp hits, that brought forth rounds of applause, were indulged in by Mr. Goulding of Lewiston, and Mosher, editor of the *Morning Star*. The dinner closed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Waterman, and music by the band.

Wednesday evening, the annual address before the United Literary Societies was delivered by James Parton, on "Republican Nobility." It was a very fine and scholarly production, and was listened to with interest by a large audience, who frequently interrupted the speaker with applause. We give a brief sketch of the address:—

It is a changed world which the Summer's harvest of graduates are about to enter. New difficulties are to be encountered, as well as new privileges to be enjoyed.

Universal debt is an ominous peculiarity of our day. It begins to be doubted who owns us. Europe has a tremendous mortgage on us. Some limit must be put on this tendency. Now, young men, you are about to enter this changed world, wherein there are twenty ways of going wrong to one way of going right.

More educated men in this country fail from disregard of physical laws than from any other cause. We must try to recover the old-fashioned conscience, as well as the old-fashioned body. A large proportion of

the men who serve the country at Washington are honest, but there is a vast amount of petty stealing. Freedom from debt is a good aid to honesty and the possession of property. The religion of the future will not depend on the fact or fiction of the deluge.

The oration closed as follows: "Deluge or no deluge; immortal life or endless death; one truth remains undeniably certain,—that all the happiness our race has ever known has resulted from the pure lives and steadfast labors of good men and good women. The world has changed, and will never cease to change; but the conditions of welfare in it and victory over it are unchangeable."

Class Day exercises at City Hall, Thursday evening, were witnessed by a large and brilliant audience. The orator of the evening; O. W. Collins, delivered his oration very finely. The subject was Education. The chronicles, by Emerson, contained a brief and interesting history of the class for the past four years. The audience listened attentively to the secret history of college life, and applauded, as the mishaps of some of the class were ludicrously told. The epidemic of marriage broke out early in the class, which compelled some to leave College and obey the injunction of Scripture, to multiply and replenish the earth. The ranking of the Freshman Class,

at the close of the Sophomore year, was well embellished.

Mr. Daniels's poem, entitled "Finis Coronat Apus," was well applauded. The prophecy, by Whitney, was very amusing, showing much originality. It was one of the most attractive features of the evening. Goodwin gave the class some good advice in the parting address.

The exercises closed by singing the Parting Ode (written by A. L. Morey), to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne":—

The green and gold four times unfold,
Since first we clasped the hand;
Four times the red its lily wed,
And we are here again.
We are not all, Death's solemn call
Was whispered in our ear;
Two arrows sped, and with the dead
Two classmates now appear.

Nor yet we stand the same good band
That formed four years ago;
Life's duties spoke, our ranks they broke,
Elsewhere to meet the foe.
We cannot tell how long or well
We may engage the force
That each has fought, at least in thought,
While in his College course.

But this we know, where'er we go,
Or e'en the past review,
Our thought shall be to cherish thee,
Our *Alma Mater* true.
Instructors, friends, our tarry ends;
The words we fain would tell
Are bound in one; our task is done,—
To all—Farewell! Farewell!

The week's festivities closed Friday evening, with the reception of the graduating class, and their friends; at President Cheney's. The last farewell is said, and the Class of '76 go forth from their *Alma Mater* never to return as students. May they fight manfully and successfully the battle of life.

CLASS SUPPER.

The Junior Class Supper came off at Poland Springs, June 14th,—the class having decided that it would be pleasanter to select some place that could be reached by teams, rather than by rail. At ten minutes past two o'clock, some of the finest turnouts that could be obtained in the two cities left Railroad Square, Auburn, for Poland. All thoughts of books and study were laid aside, and pleasure was the controlling thought. Everything favored this. The day was fine, with a cool southerly breeze. The drive was beautiful. The trees in some places formed natural arches above the road by the interlocking of their branches, and glimpses of water were visible through the leaves as the road wound along the shore of the Pond. Most of the party arrived at the Springs by half-past four, and amused themselves till supper time, strolling about, playing croquet, and drinking mineral water.

At eight, all assembled in the dining-room, where a good supper was in readiness; and after satisfying the carnal wants, sentiments were proposed and replies made. An adjournment was then taken to the parlor for the exercises, consisting of an oration, history, poem, and songs; all of which were appropriate and very interesting.

A short time was now spent in social enjoyment, when all took their departure, agreeing that it was the

pleasantest occasion of our College course, and had cemented more strongly the firm bond of friendship which binds the Class of '77.

BASE-BALL.

Bates vs. Lowells.—Our boys met the Lowells, May 22, on the grounds of the Androscoggins. An exciting contest was anticipated. The game was well played, and was interesting to the large crowd in attendance. Had our nine played as coolly as usual, a different result might have been recorded. The Lowells extended an invitation to our boys to play them a return game at Lowell, which invitation will doubtless be accepted.

BATES.

	1B.	R.	E.	P.	O.	A.
Adams, c. f., . . .	1	2	2	1	0	
Clason, 2d b., . . .	3	1	1	1	4	
Record, c., . . .	2	1	7	4	1	
Oakes, p., . . .	0	0	3	1	5	
Lombard, 3d b., . . .	0	0	1	2	2	
Noble, l. f., . . .	2	2	0	1	0	
Burr, s. s., . . .	0	1	1	0	1	
Clason, 1st b., . . .	3	0	1	12	0	
Whitney, r. f., . . .	1	0	0	2	1	
Total, . . .	12	7	16	24	14	

LOWELLS.

	1B.	R.	E.	P.	O.	A.
Cogswell, 1st b., . . .	1	2	0	10	1	
Woodhead, 3d b., . . .	1	2	1	3	2	
Brown, c., . . .	2	1	3	7	0	
Say, s. s., . . .	1	1	0	0	2	
Foley, p., . . .	1	2	0	1	2	
Sullivan, 2d b., . . .	1	1	2	0	2	
Macullar, l. f., . . .	1	0	0	3	0	
Blogg, c. f., . . .	0	1	1	0	0	
Firth, r. f., . . .	1	1	1	0	0	
Total, . . .	9	11	8	24	9	

Bates vs. White Oaks.—The White Oaks visited Lewiston, June 3d, and played the Bates. The game was witnessed by a small crowd, and was uninteresting, the nines being so unevenly matched.

BATES.

	1B.	R.	E.	P.	O.	A.
Adams, c. f.,	1	3	0	3	0	2
P. R. Clason, c.,	1	2	0	8	0	2
Oakes, 2d b.,	1	2	3	3	3	3
Lombard, 3d b.,	1	2	0	1	1	0
Noble, l. f.,	2	1	0	0	0	0
Burr, s. s.,	1	2	1	0	2	1
O. B. Clason, 1st b.,	1	2	0	10	1	0
Whitney, p.,	3	1	0	2	0	0
Besse, r. f.,	1	1	0	0	0	0
Total,	12	16	4	27	9	

WHITE OAKS.

	1B.	R.	E.	P.	O.	A.
J. Bartlett, c.,	1	0	3	5	2	2
Ed Bartlett, p.,	0	0	2	0	1	2
W. H. Rolfe, s. s.,	2	1	5	0	0	2
Cash, 1st b.,	0	0	0	10	2	0
Simons, 2d b.,	0	0	5	3	3	3
Lunt, 3d b.,	3	0	3	2	0	0
Rolfe, l. f.,	0	0	0	5	2	0
E. Bartlett, c. f.,	0	0	0	1	0	0
Witham, r. f.,	0	0	1	1	0	0
Total,	6	1	19	27	12	

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	4	0	1	0	0	3	3	5	0—16
White Oaks,	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

Time of Game: 1 hour 40 minutes. Umpire: G. Wilson. Scorers: Cash and J. W. Smith.

Resolutes vs. Bates.—On the 10th of June, our boys went to Portland and played the Resolutes of that place. The game resulted in a defeat, the second of the season for our nine.

RESOLUTES.

	1B.	R.	E.	P.	O.	A.
J. Barnes, l. f.,	1	2	0	2	0	0
Leighton, p.,	2	1	2	1	2	2
Knight, s. s.,	1	2	0	0	4	0
Wilson, c. f.,	1	1	1	2	0	0
F. Barnes, 3d b.,	1	2	1	1	2	0
Ayers, 1st b.,	1	0	2	11	0	0
Evans, 2d b.,	3	0	2	3	2	0
Gove, r. f.,	0	0	0	1	0	0
Crocker, c.,	0	0	8	6	1	0
Total,	10	8	16	27	11	

BATES.

	1B.	R.	E.	P.	O.	A.
Adams, c. f.,	0	0	0	1	0	0
P. R. Clason, c.,	3	1	6	8	3	3
Oakes, p.,	2	0	1	2	1	0
Lombard, 3d b.,	0	0	2	1	3	0
Noble, l. f.,	1	0	0	1	0	0
Burr, s. s.,	0	0	3	0	1	0
O. B. Clason, 1st b.,	1	0	0	9	3	0
Whitney, 2d b.,	0	0	0	4	0	0
Besse, r. f.,	0	1	0	1	0	0
Total,	7	2	12	27	11	

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Resolutes,	2	0	0	0	0	3	0	3	0—8
Bates,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2

Time: 1 hour 50 minutes. Umpire: Noble. Scorers: Resolutes, Ilsley; Bates, Smith.

Bates vs. Dry Goods.—On Saturday, June 24th, our boys played their last game before the close of the term, with the Dry Goods of Portland. All were well pleased with the result. The Dry Goods played Payson of the Bowdoin as pitcher, and the manner in which our nine batted him proves them to be one of the heaviest batting nines in the State. Many fine individual plays were made by both nines.

BATES.

	1B.	R.	E.	P.	O.	A.
Whitney, r. f.,	1	2	0	2	0	0
P. R. Clason, c.,	3	5	5	7	1	1
Record, 2d b.,	5	3	1	3	5	0
Oakes, p.,	1	1	2	2	4	0
Lombard, 3d b.,	1	1	0	1	0	0
Noble, l. f.,	1	1	0	0	0	0
Besse, s. s.,	0	2	2	1	2	0
O. B. Clason, 1st b.,	2	2	1	11	2	0
Adams, c. f.,	2	1	0	0	1	0
Total,	16	18	11	27	15	

DRY GOODS.

	1B.	R.	E.	P.	O.	A.
Payson, p.,	0	2	3	1	8	0
Whitney, l. f.,	2	0	1	0	0	0
Hersey, 3d b.,	0	0	0	2	1	0
Briggs, 1st b.,	1	0	2	13	4	0
Morrill, r. f.,	1	1	2	1	1	0
Crisham, s. s.,	1	0	2	0	1	0
Kimball, c.,	0	0	5	6	1	0
Scott, 2d b.,	0	0	1	3	3	0
St. John, c. f.,	0	0	0	1	0	0
Total,	5	3	15	27	19	

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	2	1	0	8	0	2	4	0	1—18
Dry Goods,	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	—3

Time: 2 hours 5 minutes. Umpire: George Wilson. Scorers: Dry Goods, J. F. Day; Bates, J. W. Smith.

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Bum, Bum by, we hope" — to hear the last of a certain song which has lately appeared.

It was noticed that, perhaps mindful of last year's experiment, the Prof. took a station behind his bench when laughing gas was taken by the students.

"You can't fool me," as the Prof. said when he accused a young lady of taking a part in a song which had been performed by a Senior, who has a voice which can be adapted to nearly any part.

From tall hats, kid gloves, &c., Seniors have taken a step further. They now proudly appear with "*mulierculæ*" (Anglice, little women) on their arms, and smile pityingly on the under-classmen.

In Chemistry, recently, the experiment of filling a small bag with hydrogen gas and letting it rise to the ceiling, was performed. One of the students, desiring to shed new light on the subject, inquired if it wouldn't rise better in the open air. The Prof. gravely considered the question, and decided that "It—would—probably—rise—higher." An answer highly satisfactory to class.

An Auburn young lady who attended the base-ball match between Bates and Bowdoin, says that the only relief to the oppressive heat of the afternoon was the breeze caused by the flapping of the ears of a certain *noble* youth on the Bates nine, as he rushed past the seat of her party in frantic, but ineffectual, efforts to reach first base.

The game of ball between the two Senior nines resulted in a score of 39 to 13 in favor of Captain Adams' side. The *nines* were composed of ten men each, and great exertions were put forth by every player. The in-fielders, on both sides, displayed great skill in getting out of the way of the ball, and everybody was careful not to throw a ball in such a manner as, by any chance, to hit a baseman.

The Juniors, also, had a game of ball, and after about three hours of hard playing the game was called at the end of the fifth inning, with a score of 17 to 15. The pitching of Emerson and Tomlinson was very effective, and productive of many base hits. Flies were numerous, and generally flew till they struck the ground, the players not being disposed to hurt them—selves.

The higher classes—the "lore" classes. The lower classes—the "hire" classes.—*Aurora*.

Why are hot biscuits like a caterpillar? Because that's the grub that makes the butter-fly.—*Aurora*.

The STUDENT makes its appearance thus late in order to give its readers a sketch of Commencement exercises.

The friend who holds a mirror to my face,
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace
My faults, my smallest blemishes within;
Who friendly warns, reproves me if I sin—
Although he seems not so, he is my friend.

But he who, ever flattering, gives me praise,
Who ne'er rebukes, nor censure, nor delays
To come with eagerness and grasp my hand,
And pardon me, ere pardon I demand—
He is my enemy, although he seem my friend.

—*The Capitol*.

We learn that a German chemist has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of saw-dust. We are friends to the temperance movement, and want it to succeed, but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk on a fence rail?—*Ex*.

A Senior thus gave the hint to his chum: "It is an interesting though somewhat troublesome botanical fact that the vegetable growth which we consume for fuel, has a linear prolongation much too extended for the longitudinal dimensions of our generator of caloric." His chum took the saw and went.—*Ex*.

Some students in a Maine University were scolding the janitor for remissness, and assured him that if he did not mend his ways he would go to the bad place. "And what will you do there?" said they. With a chuckle the janitor replied, "*Wait upon students*, same as I do here, I s'pose."—*Harper*.

A Senior has had all his translations bound in Turkey morocco, with titles little indicative of their true character, such as "Helps over Hard Places," "Youth's Companion," "Greek Made Easy," "Help for the Lowly," "Hope for the Fallen," "Spectacles for Young Eyes," etc.—*Yale Courant*.

Some time since a gentleman died who, during life, refused to believe in any future punishment. Two or three weeks after his demise, his wife received, through a medium, a communication which read as follows: "Dear wife, I now believe. Please send me my thin clothes and a barrel of ice-water.—*Ex*.

A Chinaman was caught stealing a piece of rubber hose. The irate owner kicked him around a whole square, and after he had exhausted himself and incapacitated the celestial for sedentary occupations, John calmly prepounded the following question: "You seem no likee lendum?"—*University Monthly*.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

There were 68 in the graduating class at Amherst this year.

With this number we retire from the editor's chair for a season.

Many friends of the College, Alumni, and others, have been present during the last week.

Yale has defeated Harvard in the boat-race. Now for discussions on the relative merits of the different strokes.

The \$200,000 endowment fund has been secured at last, and now visions of new halls and various changes and improvements float before our eyes.

J. H. Rand of '67 has been elected Professor of Mathematics. Prof. Rand has been for many years instructor in Mathematics at the New Hampton Institute.

The Class of '80 will probably be the largest that has ever entered BATES. Twenty-five have already entered, and from twenty to twenty-five more are expected.

We learn that G. A. Stockbridge, of '72, contemplates taking a course of study at the University of Leipzig. Mr. S. has already a high reputation as a scholar, but is not yet content.

On Saturday evening, June 17th, the Class of '76 took a trip to the Springs. No accidents reported but certain sore lips were to be seen next day.

The committee, at Harvard, to choose the color to be worn at the boat races, decided upon cardinal red, as being one easily distinguishable and not hard to procure.

President Stearns, of Amherst, recently died, and his loss was deeply felt by those connected with the college. He was President of the college for twenty-two years before his death.

We omitted to mention in our last number the present to the base-ball nine of a beautiful bouquet, from the garden of Rev. Mr. Bowen. Coming, as it did, just after a hard-fought battle, this token of interest was well appreciated by the boys.

The Class of '77, after some discussion, a short time since decided upon a class ride and supper, a plan, by the way, which had long been talked of. It was decided to visit Poland Springs, and about two o'clock Wednesday, June 14th, the procession of teams, each carrying a Junior and lady, started out. Incidents, interesting and otherwise,

were numerous; but notwithstanding a runaway and smash up, all got home in safety. At the hotel, after supper, the class exercises came off, including an address by President Phillips, oration by Hathaway, history by O. B. Clason, and poem by Miss Warner, with music at intervals. Altogether the affair was very enjoyable, and deserves to be repeated.

By mistake, no notice was made in our last issue of the Sophomore prize declamations, which came off at the Main St. F. B. Church, on the evenings of April 28th and May 5th. C. E. Brockway and F. D. George were selected from the first division to contend a second time. Mr. Daggett took the first prize, and Mr. George the second. The speaking was considered very good, and the Class of '78 may feel proud of its oratorical power.

We omit, for want of space, a full score of the last two games which our nine has played. The record is as follows: Monday, July 3, Bowdoin 4, Bates 3. Tuesday, July 4, Androscoggin 1, Bates 9. The contemplated trip to Massachusetts has been given up for several reasons. The nine wishes to express its obligations to Mr. Howard of '79, under whose efficient management the base-ball interests of the College have been well cared for.

The statistics of the graduating class are as follows: Whole number,

24; oldest man, 29; youngest, 21. Average age, 24 years 3 months. Combined ages, 484. Tallest man, 6 feet; shortest, 5 feet 3 1-2 inches. Total length of class, 137 feet. Heaviest man in class, 190 pounds; lightest, 135. Total weight, 3680. There are eleven Free Baptists, seven Congregationalists, one Methodist, one Catholic, one Mormon, three without religious preferences. Four choose law, six ministry, four medicine, two journalism, two teaching; six are undecided.

PERSONALS.

'72.—Herbert Blake has returned to Hallowell, and has opened a law office there.

'73.—F. W. Cobb delivered the oration for the candidates for degree of A.M. His subject was "The Scholar."

'73.—J. H. Baker of Denver, Col., was at Bates during Commencement.

'73.—Miss Annie E. Haley was among those who took the degree of A. M., last week.

'74.—J. F. Keene is studying law in Boston.

'75.—A. T. Salley has entered the Theological School.

'75.—Fuller has been round the last week, with an eye on the base-ball nine. He reports that Washburne is still in Boston, and has not lost interest in affairs at Bates.

'75.—Frank Smith, formerly editor of the *STUDENT*, was in Lewiston Commencement Day.

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** in Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 23, 1876.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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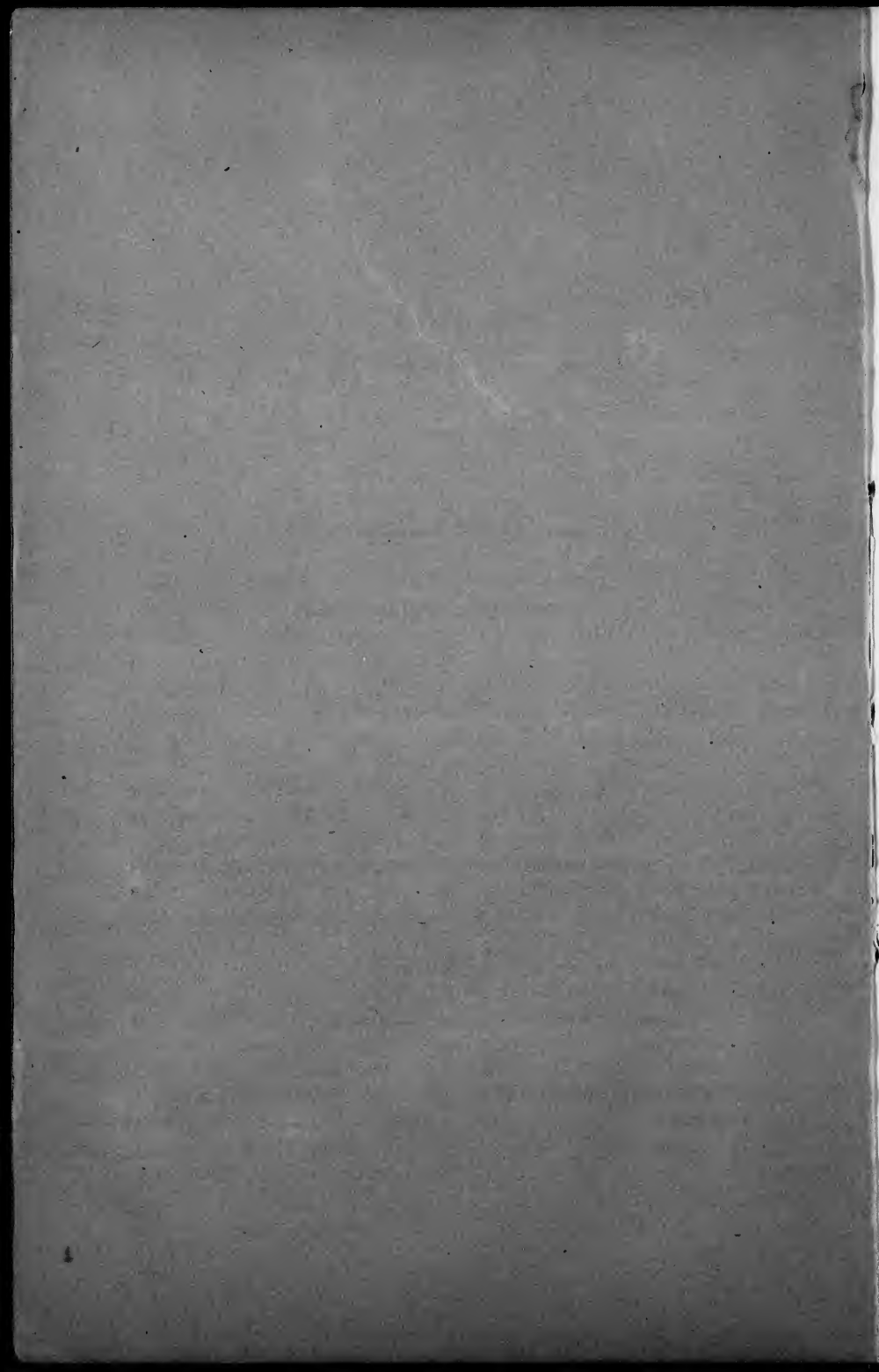
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THE BANQUET OF THE BOOKS.

FOR fear of being misunderstood in the purpose of our sketch, let it be briefly recounted why the subject is chosen.

All readers who profess an extended acquaintance with English literature must be familiar with the account of that most wonderful battle of battles, which occurred in the library of one Dean Swift, during the progress of the eighteenth century. This conflict, no less remarkable for being witnessed by so distinguished a personage as Dean Swift than for the number, prestige, and valor of the combatants, attracted the attention of the civilized world, and became the theme of excited conversation in nearly every literary circle of the old world. But malice and envy always tread close upon the receding footsteps of fame, and scarcely had the first bugle blast of this terrible onset died upon

the air, and Swift's stirring bulletin been heralded across the country, when up rose a formidable band of doubters, who positively refused to credit Swift's account, and even went so far as to deny that any such action ever took place. Some, more unbelieving than the rest, solemnly averred that it was their unshaken conviction that Dean Swift not only had witnessed no such a battle, but also that he *had no library in which any such battle could occur*. Thus skepticism armed itself for a conflict, and a series of sharp skirmishes followed the wake of this battle, bidding fair to outrival in pugnacity anything which ever before happened in the annals of human warfare. The friends of Swift rallied their forces with a determined spirit, and always advanced in serried array, so that the enemy at last was obliged to take refuge in flight. They hov-

ered, however, at a safe distance in the rear, and hurled their winged arrows, tipped with poison, into the camp of the champions of truth.

Thus we are fully aware of the storm of skepticism and abuse which we shall call down upon our devoted head, by standing manfully at our post, and publishing to the world testimony which is founded upon no weak chain of circumstantial evidence, but upon the full, free, incontrovertible evidence of an eye-witness. Skepticism may often challenge our admiration, but never can command our hearts. The superstition which leads old ladies to be suspected of midnight rides on broomsticks, we are glad to see abolished; but never, while we have a tongue or can hold a pen, will we consent to compromise our tender sentiments, by refusing to believe that a cordial sympathy exists between animate and inanimate things. We rejoice that skepticism has shut the doors of the invisible world, and stilled our nervous midnight tremors, but must we believe the harmless leaves have no language as they rustle in the summer breeze; that the trees do not bow to us as we walk in the wild-wood; that the lakes do not smile upon us in the noontide sun; and mountains do not wag their old gray heads at our youthful follies? Must we believe the story of Orpheus and his all-compelling lyre nothing but a fable?

Fables are not flimsy disguises of

truth, but truth itself. The ass has spoken many times since the days of Balaam, if not before. Philologists recognize his bray as connected with all languages, and it is not contrary to the opinion of some that his was the parent stock. Gulliver, in his travels, saw no more wonderful prodigies than the average traveller sees in a Centennial trip to Philadelphia. Leigh Hunt expressed but a partial truth when he said that the battle in Swift's library was but a "fancy of a lover of libraries." Had Hunt the keen psychological sensibilities of a Swift, who could scarcely spare time to eat—often carrying on the two operations of reading and eating at the same time, he also would have witnessed the interesting phenomena of book sociology. The privileges of the writer in this direction have been unmistakably pre-eminent. "Oft in the stilly night" naught but the moonlight has borne company with him and his assembly of books. "At his beddes head a twenty books clothed in black and red." "The assembled souls," says Milton, "of all that men held wise."

It was the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, and I had noticed during the day unwonted signs of emotion among my books. The shades of evening had well closed in, and I sat musing in the open doorway of an adjoining room, where the rustle of leaves floated out to me upon the balmy April air. I listened and

heard the following toast proposed: "Our century of Progress, the culmination of all the labors of the past, the flowering of the sixty preceding centuries, the era in which perfection has been reached in every department of science and art, and in all those intellectual and moral processes by which the human race is elevated into the ethereal quintessence of purity, wisdom, and happiness."

I settled myself into a position in which literary treats are best enjoyed, and feasted my soul upon this delicious banquet of the books.

In response to the toast, master leaves began to rustle, but I soon became a participant of the happy mood by which these sounds can be translated into intelligence, and was regaled by the following choice harangue: "We have met around this festive board, my dear treasures of literary gems, in this glorious Centennial year of our republic, to discuss the moral, intellectual, and social progress of literary characters during the last century of national existence. We are the repositories of the wit and learning of every age. To us are committed the gravest secrets, from the latest discovery in the art of pickling cucumbers, and of trimming over a new-fashioned bonnet, down to the last report of a congressional chairman of a democratic investigating committee. We are the only true exponents of human progress. Rail-

roads and steamboats may indicate the growth of mechanism, but were they not born of us by a certain slow laborious emanation? Where did Newton get his data by which he ciphered out the law of gravitation? The book of Nature was not the only book with which he was familiar, and upon which he necessarily depended in solving his problems. We are the intellectual telegraph wires by which an easy communication from soul to soul may be obtained, whereby thought is electrified by thought, until a spark reveals a grand truth. We are the moral pulses of civilization. The life current which flows through our pages indicates the moral health of the race. Quicker than the barometer do we foretell the brooding storm. For we are not indices merely, but are the four winds pent in the bag of Æolus, which, when let loose, drive the storm clouds over the land. War and peace are always our offsprings. The pen has shed more blood than the sword." Thus far, nought but approving nods had passed the board around. The jovial books drank deep and looked a silent satisfaction. But soon one Hadley passed a plate of Grecian roots, and straight the honey-worded one spit out Greek fire, and all the learned ones sent reproachful answers back, each in his favorite tongue, until there rose confusion worse confounded. But soon the troubled elements subsided, and out

spake the Pylian one: "I did think to show you our moral greatness, but such scenes as this soon will enervate my mind, for they greatly belie the honeyed words I'd speak. Have we not yet outgrown all petty meanness? Must we repeat the scene of which the great Dean wrote? Scarce had I framed my speech to boast to you of each grand deed we'd done, our high moral worth, and all the noble aspirations to which we give birth, when like a paralytic shock, benumbing my nerves and rendering callous all my touch, came that awful war of words. I boasted to myself that war had ceased from off the earth, since great Agamemnon and the swift Achilles in direful rage sat down before the fated city Troy. War has not ceased to hold dominion in the minds of men. Then, poets sang of heroes and warlike deeds, and praised the victor and his spoils; but now, do we not condemn the arm that strikes offensive blows, and those stump howlers who flaunt the 'bloody shirt'?"

"In every point of view should we prove superior to antiquity. The Shakespeares and the Miltons gave our fathers golden thoughts, but did they not sing of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war"? The Greeks could tire to hear the title "Just" linked with Aristides' name, and sought no further cause to ostracise and blacken his fair fame. Shall modern ethics teach caprice when virtue is at stake, and pay to vice

the homage due to goodness, and release from duty to self and God those powers which oft transcend their proper limit?"

Thus reason ruled in all his speech; but, drunk with wine and pride, the listeners took each to himself those words of worth, and looked contempt upon antiquity. One rose and threw the Bible on the flames.

"Oh, antiquated form," said he, "prescribed by men who little knew beside the moral law, and failed to feel the force of modern politics. Let conventions rule the world, and not the lonely man on Sinai's top with his ten tame codes to curb our joys." Then fared those ancient volumes poorly. One seized our Shakespeare, tore the leaves, and scattered on the floor they lay, each broken phrase far richer than a mint of modern thought.

"Reform! Reform!" from lip to lip the cry was flung, and, on their pious errand bent, was shelf by shelf in ruin wrought, until was left naught else than writ on western shores. But alas! that universal ruin never wrought reform. Deluded ones! like the lunar ray without a sun, their last expiring gleams but revealed to each a borrowed splendor, and moved with hate and awful rage, each at the others sprang. The morning sun revealed a shapeless mass of ruins.

The moral sank deep in my heart. "O, beggarly moon, with your soft, insinuating beams, it ill becomes you to cry out against our strong, rich, solar ray."

VALUE OF SHAKESPEARE.

IN no way, perhaps, can one better judge of the value of Shakespeare to the literary and professional man, than by noting the amount and spirit of the study of his works, and the revolutions which his writings have wrought in literature for two centuries past. Not only in dramatic, but in every species of poetic art, the highest type of excellence has been proportional to the nearness of its approach towards a just appreciation of the masterpieces of this sagacious mind. The strongest testimonials to the greatness of Shakespeare's genius are gathered from what has been said of him at times when he was the least appreciated, because the least understood. No one possessed of a spark of poetic feeling has ever studied this poet, and attempted to describe his own impressions, without giving evidence of the charm with which the poet had invested him. No critic has ever condemned his philosophy, or his theory of dramatic art, without being overborne by an invisible influence, which has turned his cavilings into expressions of admiration. This secret and overpowering influence warmed to impassioned eloquence the glowing imagination of Pope, filled the dull brain of Theobald with "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and caused

Johnson sometimes to come down from his pedagogic chair and confess himself the pupil.

While the opinions of Shakespeare's own countrymen were undergoing a radical change in regard to his genius—while his writings were renovating public opinion, and establishing a new age of literature in England, his works found their way into the closets of German students, and into the saloons of France; and in both these nations, but more especially in the former, their advent was the dawn of a brighter day in the world of literature. The productions of this genius aroused the slumbering energies of Lessing, of Herder, and established the national school of poetry of which Goethe and Schiller were the heads. The penetrating and fertilizing rays of Shakespeare's genius developed the germs of "The Robbers of Wallenstein," and of "Gotz of Berlichingen;" and the whole people, proud of possessing at least a poetical literature of their own, hailed with joy and enthusiasm him whom they acknowledged to be their teacher and example.

It will not, perhaps, be asserting too much to say that during the last half-century, the works of Shakespeare have done more to create in the minds of men a taste for literary pursuits, and to raise the standard

of literature in all countries into which they have found their way, than the combined productions of all other men of his time. Since the beginning of the present century, the influence of Shakespeare on our literature has been very great. His language and style have been the constant study of literary men, and his thoughts and expressions have become so interwoven with the literary productions of our own country that he is looked to as a great teacher, and the recognition of his supremacy is unqualified and intelligent.

We can form some just conception of the value of Shakespeare to the literary and professional man, when we reflect that he can neither write nor speak without using some portion of his language, and understanding something of what he says. With an understanding that could traverse earth, he joined an imagination that could span the heavens. With a gentleness that was responsive to the tenderest note of affection, he united a strength that could have ruled the mightiest empires. He speaks to every faculty of the intellect; he portrays every impulse of the soul. Painting every passion, touching every string of humanity, our bosoms must be stringless that do not vibrate to some of his

sounds. He imitates Nature so closely that, if we have ever been in forest or garden, we recognize among his flowers some that have been wont to breathe and smile on us. Well does Emerson say: "What point of morals, of manners, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office or function or district of man's work has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?"

Is it surprising, then, that men of literary tastes should fall down and worship before this ideal of the drama? They can not value him too highly. Words can hardly equal his merits. He stands upon the earth, but rises above his fellows like the cloud-capped mountain brow towering far above its neighboring heights, solitary and alone. He drew his resources from the living springs that had been gushing since the creation of man. His wealth was an eternity, and to an eternity he has entrusted his fame.

CHANGING, YET TRUE.

LOOK far across the sea's upheaving breast,
Never to cease its play, never to rest;
Not twice the same its billows groan and break;
It liveth but to change, and, changing, make
Grand havoc of all trusting in its grace,
Till, tost, and torn, and sunk, none know their place.

The moon breaks clear about the singing surge;
Ere eve we list a melancholy dirge.
The light waves dance, or coyly fling the spray,
But as we watch again, all sad and gray
They beat the rocks with wild, distressing din.
O, Ocean, treacherous with deceit and sin!

But closer study these great vasts which Heaven,
Abundant and profound, to earth hath given:
'Tis true to His great law, each change perfect,
Truth rules the Universe, since God direct.
And, tho' the ocean's morn and noon and eve
Shall differ, we with truth the change receive,—
Knowing its great heart op'neth every hour;
That refuse waves of grief and joy may cower,
Or gayly mingle in the mighty main,
Buried to sob, or laugh in wild refrain.

As from the ocean to the sky we glance,
The shifting clouds now cover its expanse,
Then, separate, disclose the precious hue—
Naught but the truth is mirrored in such blue;
Tho' storms across the angry skies may run,
The sun cheers all, when all the storm is done.
Change then the surface, so the silent deep
Its own unaltered truth and courage keep.

Now thro' another year, Spring, Summer, past,
Unto the Autumn ripe, we come at last.
Each day has brought some change of time or tune;

Some fair befitting grace each golden noon
 Hath gladdened; green things of earth and air
 The plan of growing change have made their care.

Our lives, how are they? not one day the same;
 Our impulses, so often weak and lame,
 Are changing with the ocean and the sky,
 Or like the seasons die, and live, and die.
 Our duties, acts, desires, and even speech
 Seem still to change, but still the change we reach.

The very souls we meet from day to day
 Are acting on us in mysterious way.
 All, all is change, but from beneath the change
 Truth looketh forth in wide, far sweeping range.
 Therefore judge no man, living in unrest;
 Wait for the end; its truth shall be the test.

USELESS KNOWLEDGE.

THE spirit of emulation so largely cherished among free institutions has fostered the popular notion that there is much useless knowledge. The economy of time and strength requisite for successful competition naturally demands the selection of that knowledge which will best contribute to a special life-work. Hence knowledge is measured by the standard of a market value, and its utility relegated down to the creaking of the money drawer. And so the thrift and shrewdness of New England enterprise have exposed Yankees to the unjust imputation of sordid utilitarianism.

It is true that utility is born and bred in Yankee bones as surely as calcium phosphate. But men who recognize the reciprocal relations possible to use and beauty, who can bridge theory and practice by a single span, who feel the force of the moneyed value of a machine, and at the same time the beauty of symmetrical proportions, cannot greatly mistake even the highest functions of utility. It is calumny to assert that the Yankee spirit would pluck a star from the galaxies of heaven to barter in the market as a costly gem, or seek the north pole to rob old earth of her magnetism and polarity.

Yankee utility can set a price upon science above the standard of dollars and cents. There was about those wooden nutmegs, which so crucified our good name for a few paltry dimes, a beauty and unity of design far outrunning all the logic and moral deductions of foreigners. So we are charged with egotism because we do not believe, with the savants of the Old World or the enthusiasts of the New, that the Lost Arts excelled modern ones; with hard-heartedness because we do not weep the loss of the Alexandrian library; with greed of filthy lucre because so absorbed with the present as to be unmindful of the past.

We remember the past with gratitude; for it has furnished the stepping stones by which we have risen to higher things. We account it due to the memory of former struggles—those birth-pangs of freedom from civil and religious restraint, due to our reverence for those holy lives that have shed the divine radiance of purity and honor over our noblest institutions, due to our hopes for the future, based as they are upon the reality of the past, to preserve those few gossamer links in the great web of by-gone centuries that reach down through the dim twilight of the earliest ages to bind us to the infancy of our race. But it does not follow that our whole souls should be bowed beneath the awful burden of ancient learning; that we should have forty centuries

with its immense trail of speculation dangling at our skirts. The parted seed that has yielded its embryo to the warm embraces of a summer sun has done its work, and so has the past. The beauty and worth of knowledge cannot be stored in libraries to be burned by fire; they exist in the universe and the mind of man. What reason have we for believing in the superiority of the ancients? We can praise the old Egyptian ingenuity only at the expense of their common sense. For would the skill which could construct a modern engine prostitute its power to pyramids? Perchance our sordid views of utility cannot compass the uses of pyramids any more than they can that magnificent art which bequeaths a heritage of black mummies.

But there is a meaning attached to knowledge which as far transcends all considerations of utility, as in all the great purposes of growth, activism, and gravitation, the sun surpasses the Portland light-house. When a truth is felt to be eternal, when the wondrous mechanism of the universe addresses the soul in the sublime accents of a great futurity, knowledge becomes wisdom, and elevates man into the nobility of the god-like. To know that in the sweet sparkling dewdrop resides the power which blasts our mountain oaks, is useless unless the soul is thus taught a new lesson of humility and trust in our Heavenly Father. Wisdom is the only legacy

of earth to heaven; and therefore, with all the loyalty and fervor of the Hebrew patriot, should the true man exclaim, "If I forget thee, O Jeru-

salem of my hopes, let my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

FLOWERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

IT has been said that art is valuable only as it expresses the personality, activity, and living perception of a great human soul. Accepting this as the true test, if it is conceded that ancient poetry and art, when tried by it, exhibit an excellence that no modern production can claim, we naturally inquire the causes. And do we not find the first in the primitive and elementary state of society among the ancients? Our lives are but modifications of theirs. We claim superiority in knowledge of the moral and intellectual nature of man—in science, religion, and philosophy. But is not this superiority the outgrowth of fundamental laws well known to them?

How many distinguished names might we mention, which, in laboring to work out the consequences resulting from the single elementary law discovered by Newton, have exalted the character of man, by carrying out trains of reasoning in every science.

The brightest efforts of genius, the most persevering industry, have been lavished upon the details of the single law of gravity. What volumes of computations could be pro-

duced! What seeming mysteries in the depths of space unraveled by application of this one law!

The life of the ancients, in its every condition, was simple; ours is complicated. A single glance at their manner of living shows them unhampered by the thousand and one restraints that embarrass the modern seeker for fame. They were not fettered, as we are, by the accumulated knowledge of ages, the study of which tends to weaken or utterly destroy originality. The term art is taken in a higher and wider sense to-day than formerly; including the best creative effort in music, poetry, and the higher branches of literature, as well as in the pictorial, plastic, and architectural arts. The very scope of the profession with its associations precludes the possibility of attaining primitive excellence. It may be argued that the facilities for general and specific culture are better now than formerly, and that the artist is drawn to his profession by an irresistible attraction. The love of his work is his mainspring; the beautiful is his element. Yet the modern idea of reaching the goal at one stride, coupled with the

crippling influence of a band of gaping critics who stand ready to tear in pieces the first effort of the young aspirant, bewilders his mind, and there comes out a rude, mis-shapen form instead of his ideal Madonna.

In literary excellence, in perfection of form, the pre-eminence of the ancients cannot be disputed. Nothing that they attempted did they leave short of that perfection to which our greatest modern artists look in hopeless admiration. I speak of form and not matter; for as I have said before, we stand in the light of past ages—our intelligence gifted with a power of penetration of which the ancients had no conception.

In vain do we search the pages of modern literature for that ease of expression, that elegance of style, that simple grandeur which characterize the classics. They made beauty subservient to the most perfect expression of the sense; and it is this striving after truth that clothes their simplicity with power. It has been well said of Demosthenes, that it was not his object to make the Athenians cry out, "What a splendid speaker!" but to make them say, "*Let us march against Philip!*"

The higher arts, those especially which we denominate the fine arts, are employed only with the deeper and fundamental principles of our nature; principles that constitute our character, that control our intellect, that give color and direction to our views of life in all its

forms and manifestations. All that is profoundest in feeling, vivid in fancy, lively in sentiment, terrible in passion, is here revealed. In short, the history of a nation may be read in its art productions.

Because creative energy proceeds in a way of its own, it does not follow that its growth is not powerfully influenced by the circumstances under which it is developed.

John Stuart Mill defines art, "The endeavor after perfection in execution." We know that a contemplation of the beautiful produces an elevating effect on the character. All arts of expression tend to keep alive the feelings that they arouse. Is the end of the master-pieces of painting and sculpture the adornment of some public hall? or the filling of a classic poem the amusement of reclining guests? No. Our lives are spent in the incessant culture of the intellect that we may realize truth, and in no way is there so much good realized, as in the constant striving after that ideal which is the very personification of truth.

In the study of these flowers of the ancient world, we have set before us an excellence to be eternally aimed at, though surpassing what can be actually attained. They are ever fresh and pregnant with living thought. They are fountains of instruction. The pleasures which they produce have no reference to the gratification of selfish tastes or appetites. They cannot be appropriated, in that they are free to all.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

HISTORY is the record of experience. It shows us past ages, triumphs over time, and presents to our view the various changes which have taken place in the world. It is a message to us concerning that which was, is, and ever shall be. The records of history are varied. Here, a chapter little else than a register of human crime and calamity; there, one filled with the story of noble deeds, revealing unselfish devotion to the welfare of mankind. If these historic records are carefully read, and their facts well digested, there is much in them that will improve the understanding, strengthen the judgment, and prepare us to act better an honorable part in the world; for a close study of historical events adds to our own experience the experience of others, enabling us to trace the connection between causes and effects in human affairs.

To every citizen of a free country, like ours, it is highly important that he understand the lessons which history teaches, in order that he may properly discharge the duties which he owes to himself and his fellow-men. History comprehends a still larger field of instruction, as it enlightens and instructs governments in their duty and destiny. Ideas, principles, laws, forces, events, and men are constantly acting and

reacting upon each other; and this fact makes history almost invaluable to men and nations. Again, those truths are most valuable which are most historical—that is, which tell us most about the objects to which they belong; and it is these truths that we ought to study, seek to gain, and lay up in the storehouse of our mind, so that they will be ever at our command when needed for practical life.

It is needless, perhaps, for us to vindicate the claims of the study of history to a place in a course of education; for to the mass of students the study of history must commend itself, not merely as one of professional utility, but as a part of a course of self-culture. We have briefly stated what history teaches, and the great worth of the study of it, and now it remains for us to speak of the way in which we think it best to study it. Doubtless, many plans can be suggested by different persons, and each plan may have strong claims upon our attention.

It is obvious to every one that he should read history with a desire for knowledge, and with a view of understanding thoroughly the “whys and wherefores” of events. In reading history, as in other kinds of reading, we are apt to read in a listless, “don’t care” sort of way, just for the sake of amusement, or to

"kill time." This indifferent way of reading benefits one but little, and gives him but a slight idea about what he reads. Be the reading matter what it may, if we wish to be well rewarded for time and attention devoted, we must read in such a manner as to make what we read our own. He who does less than this reads to but little purpose. He draws nothing out of himself, and does not succeed in putting in much that is valuable. Such a one's reading widens not his amount of useful knowledge, nor even increases his power of expression.

To read the history of the trials and triumphs, the overthrow and upbuilding of nations, and to deduce useful lessons from these facts, requires all one's mental energy. This, however, is the first step to be taken in the study of history.

Another thought that occurs to us in connection with this subject, presents itself in the form of this question: How is one to read a vast amount of history and retain in memory such portions as he deems requisite to give him a good insight into historical truths? We are not to choose out dainty bits of nation's records, and feed exclusively upon them, but we should select such portions as will enable us to trace those events which are regular and consistent, though unlike each other; which come out best and most clearly in special incidents, and which illustrate the temper and feelings of

men who are concerned in them, and of the time in which they occurred. Of course, to discriminate between the important and unimportant is no easy task; but a close and reflective manner of reading and studying, will, we think, enable one to do this, and when once begun, will prove to be a great step taken in the true way of studying history.

Why not adopt something like the following, as a principle or rule to be observed in the study of history? Take, for instance, a certain period in the history of the world or some leading nation, read and study it thoughtfully, view it from different historical standpoints, and learn, if possible, the true cause of these things that have undermined and overthrown a nation, and these things that gave rise to and built up a nation; of those things that gave a charm and joy to its name, and that have filled the history of its existence with incidents of thrilling interest and of great worth to mankind.

Let us briefly sum up the ideas which we have advanced. We should read and study with a fixed purpose, duly comparing the history of one nation with that of another, making judicious discriminations, and noting the causes and effects of great historical events; moreover, we should endeavor to draw inferences, and understand the true and false methods by which men conduct affairs of world-wide interest, so as to reach the highest goal of man-

kind, or to blast and destroy the dearest hopes, noblest purposes, and the grandest schemes. Diligently studying history, we shall gain much valuable information; have sounder

judgment in matters that now interest us, and that soon will pass into history, and that will have weight in future affairs of the nation or world at large.

NOTES FROM THE CENTENNIAL.

ONE can hardly take up a paper or magazine now-a-days, without finding something about the Centennial; yet, as no two see exactly the same picture, some account of our sight-seeing may be interesting. We might speak of our journey,—the pleasant boat-ride past Blackwell's, Randall's, and other islands; but—we were to write of the Centennial, so forbear.

Each morning of our stay finds us promptly at the gates, fifty cents in hand. At last our turn comes, the "turn-stile" revolves, and we are within the grounds, with a world of wonder before us.

We first visit the Main Building. In this building alone there is enough to occupy several weeks' time. Our attention is first called to the exhibits of Japan and China. The bronzes from Japan and carved work from China are especially beautiful. The wax groups from Sweden and Norway are very lifelike; so much so, that a lady approached the mother mourning over her dead child, and, with much sympathy, asked if there

was anything she could do for her. Passing through Egypt our attention is called to an immense crocodile from the Nile, by a lady who is tapping it, and asking "What is that?" Lovers of tobacco could feast their eyes with satisfaction upon the meerschaums displayed by Turkey. The pistols and daggers inlaid with gold, gave evidence of the warlike spirit of the Spaniards. They had also a fine exhibit of tapestries. Time will not permit us to linger too long gazing at Russian furs, Irish poplins and German laces, so we pass on. The diamonds and other precious stones, gold and silver ware, displayed by various firms in the United States are dazzling. At Tiffany & Co.'s, N. Y., can be seen a watch no larger than a three-cent piece, which keeps perfect time. Starr & Marcus exhibit an elegant collection of cameos, belonging to one New York lady, which attract much attention. We must not forget to mention the Bryant vase, which, at the time of our visit, was at the centre of the Main Building.

The Grecian style of the vase is symbolical of the simplicity of his life, as are the vines and flowers upon it of the beauty of his writings. In one corner of the building, near the Lewiston Mills exhibit, we found the Maine State Register, in which Bates was well represented. When tired, bodily and mentally, we rest ourselves by sitting and listening to one of the great organs, or to a piano concert.

After riding around the grounds in the cars, in order to get a better idea of the locality of the various buildings, we enter Machinery Hall. It is quite resting to the eyes, after the dazzle of the Main Building. The most wonderful thing in this building is the great Corliss engine. Its cost was \$100,000, and it requires twelve men to run it. We had no idea there were so many different kinds of sewing-machines in existence. At one machine, a blind lady was stitching, with apparently as much facility as if she had the use of her eyes.

In the Annex to the Main Building may be seen every description of vehicles, from the sulky in which Goldsmith Maid trotted her fastest heat, to the English Derby coaches. We passed through the elegantly furnished palace car "Dom Pedro II.," which is to be sent to Brazil for Dom Pedro.

In the Art Gallery and Annex we wander among statuary and paintings, so many and so beautiful, that

we hardly know which to examine. One piece of statuary, "The Forced Prayer," is a great favorite. The expression of disgust and grief upon the little fellow's face is exceedingly lifelike. We afterwards heard it described as "the dear little statuary with the tear-drops on its face." The Italian mosaics are very beautiful as well as curious. One painting which struck our fancy—perhaps because we like the poem—is of Tennyson's "Elaine," where "The dead steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood." The illuminated Missals in vellum, Italian work of the fifteenth century, and the Greek Egyptian gold ornaments, of the Ptolemaic period, are interesting to lovers of antiquity.

The display of tropical plants in Horticultural Hall is fine, yet some are disappointed at not seeing a greater profusion of flowers. In the east gallery of the Hall, Electricity played a galop by Strauss, so naturally that it was hard to believe there was not an orchestra concealed behind the curtain.

In Agricultural Hall, the mammoth grape vine from California attracted our notice. It was originally a Spanish lady's riding-whip, "so the story goes." The collections of stuffed animals in this Hall and Government building, and the collections of minerals in the latter, afford good opportunities for study to the Zoölogist and Geologist.

The Woman's Pavilion we found

very interesting, notwithstanding the declaration of a little friend, that we would find nothing there but "little tidies and such things." An elegantly carved bedstead bore upon its head-board the appropriate inscription, "Morgenstunde has Gold in Munde." We noticed an organ and table—the latter composed of one thousand pieces of wood, made by a Swedish lady. One of the strong-minded sisterhood standing by informs us that "They are the finest things in the whole exhibition, and made by a *woman*."

Over the door of the New England Log Cabin is the inscription "Welcome to all," which we thought rather inappropriate; for the policemen were so zealous in keeping the crowd back, that we had to make several efforts before we succeeded in entering. Once inside, we were well repaid. We saw the veritable cradle in which Peregrin White once slept the sleep of innocence; John Alden's writing-desk, which came over in the Mayflower, and other ancient things too numerous to mention. Those so inclined, could obtain here an old-fashioned dinner, served up by ladies of "ye olden time."

Among the State buildings Kansas and Colorado attract considerable attention. Here is a collection of animals, some of which were shot, and all of them prepared, by a lady.

One can find much that is interesting at the Japanese, Jewish, Algerian and Turkish Bazaars, but beware of smoking the Turkish pipe!

Another interesting place, especially on a hot day, is the Glass-works. A mass of melted glass is drawn from the furnace, poured into a mould, and after a few finishing touches, there is a goblet, preserve dish, or vase before you.

In the Annex to Machinery Hall we were much interested in the process of sawing stone with "black diamonds." Thin slabs of stone were sawn out, which were very flexible.

One has a fine opportunity at the Centennial to study human nature. To be sure, we can do that anywhere, but here you will see all sorts of people.

But, after all, in attempting to describe a small portion of this wonderful exhibition, one cannot do justice even to *that* portion. The best way is to go and look for yourself. You will exclaim, with one of old, "The half was not told me."

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

ONWARD.

ONWARD moves the earth in the never-ceasing course, bringing day and night, Spring and Autumn. Nature continues her unvaried course, whatever may affect mankind. So the Class of '77, despite changes and failures, reaches the last round in the college course, and enters upon the Senior year. Here we tarry for a while, then step forth into the active, restless world. The goal of our boyhood's dreams is nearly reached; anticipation is merged into reality. At the time when we expected to have known nearly all there was to be learned, we see how pitiable has been our failure. But if we have learned enough of the boundless fields of knowledge to recognize our own smallness and ignorance, we have certainly accomplished no small thing.

Sometimes when we reflect on our course, and think of the very superficial knowledge we have gained of the different branches we have studied; when we enter the library and see the vast amount of knowledge stored there; when we note the slow progress we have made, we are led to say our course has been a failure, our time and money spent in vain. Many, when

they measure what might have been done by what has been done, have failed. Who has not, in any department of life? We think the greatest idler who drags through college is benefited enough to repay him for his time. To enter college required a certain amount of intellectual culture; the whole course is a continued exercise of the intellect. Each study opens a new mine of wealth. New trains of thought are started which lead to a broader and more diversified knowledge of life. We find many of our early theories overthrown and our purposes changed. One can not spend four years amid such associations without deriving some benefit. The very atmosphere of college life has something exhilarating in it; under its influence we are different individuals. It is independent and distinct from the outer world with its laws and traditions. College life furnishes opportunities for studying human character, that cannot be surpassed. Every one is subject to severe criticism, and their good qualities applauded, while their bad ones are exposed. Every one's acts are carefully analyzed, and their motives laid bare. Here all stand on a level—wealth and position are not regarded; only merit is esteemed, and none discover it sooner or honor

it more cheerfully than students. Their ideas of honor, though peculiar to themselves, lean toward the side of right. Their religion, though conforming to no prescribed dogmas or tenets, and in opposition to some ideas of Christianity, we would sooner take for the genuine article than much that is for sale. For noble aspirations and generous impulses, students as a class surpass any other. No stronger and more lasting friendship is seen than class associations exhibit. With these considerations, few would be willing to blot from their lives their college course.

The Senior year furnishes the last opportunity for improvement. The shades of the past mingle with the shadows of the future. We are now to lay aside the character of the boy, and assume that of the man. Life dawns upon us with its duties and responsibilities. We must now leave the camp and parade ground for active conflict, and we should look carefully that our equipments are in perfect readiness. Our course thus far has been spent in disciplining and storing the mind for future use. This year the finishing touch is to be added, and the whole made available for use. Though we cannot reclaim the misspent hours and wasted privileges of what is past, we can prevent their recurrence in the future, and by care and attention repair the error that has been done. This year will

shape in a great measure our after life. Whatever shall detract from a true manhood let us lay aside, and what shall add to it, cultivate. Our studies this year are more practical. They are more practical in the sense of having a more vital relation to the principles that underlie individual faith and character, to the historical and political relations of living men, as well as the literature in which their cultured men have expressed themselves.

For this reason, more liberty should be given to the students this year in the use of a portion of the time. And while they should not be released from any duties, allow them the choice of one study. The studies this year lead to manly and moral thought. The æsthetic and inventive in our natures is called into action. This leads to a great amount of reading, which should be rightly used. This should be our busiest year. Whatever is manly in our natures should be aroused and brought into action.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

We wish here to call attention to some practices existing among our students. We have more than once heard from our window the shouts and hooting of a score of students lounging around the front of Parker Hall. The cause was some worthy person riding by with a slow horse, a droll looking carriage, or both; sometimes, a lame person or a gen-

tleman and lady passing, or even approaching to visit a student friend. One of the idlers, with less manners than a hod-carrier, shouts at them, and others heedlessly join. There are few who would start the shout, but too many are ready to join in. Now, in the name of decency, let this cease. If we cannot be gentlemen, let us keep out of sight, and not make this building a place which both strangers and friends will avoid.

There are a few other practices calling for censure. One is, abuse of the gymnasium and its apparatus. Doors are wantonly, and it would seem maliciously, destroyed. Only a week ago a box of new balls for the alley were furnished by the college. At once there were a few students satisfied only with hurling them against doors and posts. We are glad to say that there are but few who consider such things sport. Our words are meant for the few who persist in imitating primary school boys, and bringing others with themselves into bad odor. "A word to the wise," &c.

MUSIC.

"Music has charms to soothe the savage," but not the feelings of college students at all times. Some of the recent night concerts and serenades disclosed this painful fact to us. Not that we attach any blame to individual performers, but to the want of practice together, and the

tuning of some instruments. The recent influx of college songs and airs has increased the interest in class singing and music. Even the singing of songs, the composition of which do not consider the rules of rhetoric, and the music fitted to individual capacities, may be of some avail. We hope so, and that a glee club or some other musical association will be formed. We possess the material for such a club; all it needs is organization and discipline. We have musicians fully competent for such an organization, some of whom have been before the public in such connections. A good leader can be obtained. Good teachers are at hand to give instruction in any branch that may require it. There is plenty of leisure time for practice, and the class connection of the boys would permit them to meet any time. We need such a club to furnish music for our public exercises, and it would increase the interest in those meetings. Our proximity to the city has led us to rely altogether on outside talent; and in the class debates, the smallness of the divisions make an orchestra too expensive, so we have to dispense with music. Many times, music could be furnished by our own boys which would satisfy the audience better than any we hire. This would add another benefit to our list of attainments, and show us capable of success in the fine arts, as well as in the classics, sciences, and athletic games.

Another avenue of interest would be opened to the students; another link added to the chain of pleasant associations that bind us to college life.

It is not necessary for us to mention the utility of class and college singing, nor the pleasures and benefits music affords its possessor. It opens avenues of expression in solitude and sadness, or in joy. It adds grace to character by cultivating the æsthetic in our natures.

FIELD SPORTS.

These sports, which called forth expressions from us in the *STUDENT* last year, attract our attention again, and we shall not be satisfied till they are established at Bates. Their failure last term was due partly, if not wholly, to the Faculty. We were surprised at the view they took of the matter. Certainly they cannot object to contests in running, jumping, and walking. These are the most approved methods of exercise, and sports that students are not apt to indulge in more than is for their good. We think these should be encouraged among college students in preference to all athletic games. They would occupy their attention least, and give them the most healthy exercise. We hope the students will take hold of this thing, and make it a success. We can do it better now than last term. Base-ball and foot-ball will not

occupy so much time. The boys are in a better condition for training after the Summer vacation. The weather admits of more practice. Our studies are not so pressing as in the summer term. Why we should have these sports, needs no argument; it is plain to all.

BASE BALL.

The first game played by our nine as re-organized for the Fall term came off Saturday, Sept. 2d. Circumstances were rather against the nine, and it was hardly expected that it could do more than to hold the Androscoggins within moderate bounds. Three new players appeared and played their game in good style.

The Androscoggins brought on a good team, having sent to Portland and secured Leighton, the catcher of the Resolutes, to face Lavin, their swift pitcher.

From the beginning, the game was one-sided, the Bates nine batting freely and excelling in base running. A high wind favoring the strikers was productive of long fly balls, and made the score on either side larger than it otherwise would have been.

Holmes of the Dirigos umpired the game to the general dissatisfaction of both sides—by reason of want of confidence and sharpness in making decisions.

Record was disabled in the first

half of the game, and was succeeded behind the bat by P. R. Clason, who, though without practice for some time, stood up to his work in good style.

There was considerable feeling exhibited by the crowd at several stages of the game, and twice the game was suspended by reason of shouting and crowding round the players in such a manner as to impede the game each time when the Bates nine was at the field. Such occurrences may occasionally aid the Androscoggins by exciting their adversaries, but it really seems to us that this small gain is more than balanced by the loss of respectability which results; and we hope that the managers will see fit to put a stop to it, as can be easily done by excluding the troublesome ones from the grounds.

BATES.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lombard, 3d b.....	2	2	2	4	2
P. R. Clason, c. f.....	4	2	4	3	7
Record, c.	1	2	1	1	0
Oakes, p.....	1	1	1	5	0
Besse, s. s.	0	0	1	2	2
Noble, l. f.	3	3	0	0	0
O. B. Clason, 1st b.	2	2	12	2	1
Phillips, 2d b.....	1	1	5	0	2
Way, r. f.	2	1	1	0	0
Total.....	16	14	27	17	14

ANDROSCOGGINS.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hartwell, 3d b.....	1	1	1	1	0
Lavin, p.....	1	0	0	1	4
Keefe, s. s.	2	0	3	1	2
Wilson, 2d b.....	1	1	1	3	2
Leighton, c.	1	0	10	4	14
Fitzgerald, r. f.	2	2	0	0	3
Murphy, c. f.....	2	1	2	0	1
Callahan, l. f.	0	1	0	0	2
O'Brien, 1st b.	0	0	10	2	2
Total.....	10	6	27	12	30

Time of Game: 2 h. 30 m. Umpire: F. Holmes of Dirigos. Two-base hits: Androscoggins—Fitzgerald 2, Murphy 1; Bates—Oakes 1, O. B. Clason, 1. Total bases on hits: Androscoggins 9, Bates 16.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Here we are again.

Prof. Seelye has been elected President of Amherst College.

Injun Probabilities: "Mebbe snow nex' week; mebbe heap dam hot."
—*Ex.*

Eighty-three were admitted to the Freshman Class at Amherst,—ten without conditions.

The recent criminal prosecution of a Junior for the larceny of a piece of pie, at the Theological Club, Judge E——n presiding, resulted in the acquittal of the accused.

It is interesting to observe the "conscious" look of a student called up to recite in Psychology, when Intuitive Perception tells him that the question is too much for his intellect.

A Senior says it is a "Combination of Circumstances" when a ball and bat are tossed at a man from different directions at the same time, and he don't know which to look out for first.

We lately came upon the following phrase in Latin: "*Gallus tuus ego et ignis via.*" Intense study failing to give us a translation, a friend read it: "Cock your eye and fire away!"

We learn that a Freshman who was absent from prayers one morning, meeting the Senior who acts as monitor, respectfully presented his excuse for said absence, who gravely accepted it, and promised to excuse it as a first offence.

A high officer in the Faculty made the following novel statement from the pulpit recently. In the course of his sermon he said that "While for many years engaged in compiling his wonderful dictionary, *Daniel Webster* supported himself by the sale of his spelling book."

The Seniors of an Agricultural College not a thousand miles from Bangor, showed what good training can do in sharpening the judgment. After spending much labor and half a day in digging a class tree, they carried to the college, as the result of their exertions, a tree which was to their disgust found to be dead.

Several Sophs. "smoked" a *Junior* out of the room of one of their classmates, and shortly afterwards a '78 man showed them the enormity of their behavior in an eloquent speech delivered in one of the corridors of P. H., before a mixed audience. We understand that the Juniors complained to the Faculty, and as a result, the Sophs. have been "up."

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars. Hence the origin of the expression: "He's gone to pot."
—*Ex.*

At a printers' festival, the following toast was offered: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of news."—*Ex.*

"It was simply an informal affair," wrote the editor, of a little strawberry party at a neighbor's house. "It was simply an infernal affair," read the compositor; and that editor will never get any more invitations from that quarter.—*Ex.*

A Freshman of inquiring mind inquired of Prof. S——, whether one should consider Darwin's theory of the descent of man from the monkey as correct. "Well, Mr. ——" said the Prof., "that is just as you feel about the matter." And a smile starting from the Professor crept audibly around the class.

The Seniors took a geological walk under lead of Prof. Stanley the other day, for the purpose of examining the rocks at the Falls, while the water was still sufficiently low. In the course of the trip specimens of olivene, garnets, quartz crystals, native sulphur, limestone, and graphite were found.

The recent publication of the College Rules and Regulations exhibits great care in the Faculty for the welfare of the students. But a correspondent tells us of a still more touching proof of fatherly oversight.

"A short time since the Freshmen became dissatisfied with the food furnished them at their club, and sought other quarters. Prof. S——, who had been instrumental in starting said club, immediately started an investigation, with what result appears from his words. Seeking the steward, he said to him: 'Mr. P——, I have tasted the food which was prepared by Mrs. ——'. I find the brown bread was rather clammy—the white bread might be lighter. Of soup I am no judge, while the pies are as good as *my wife* can make, and the Freshman who is not satisfied with such fare must be *spleeny*. I think you had better hang on.' The Freshmen concluded to hang."

In the days when college law permitted a student at his morning devotions to remain undisturbed, a certain turbulent spirit of the Sophomore class, named Jonas, stole a sign from the town and hid it in his room. In the morning, hearing that an officer of the law accompanied by a professor were coming to search his room, he set his chum to work splitting up the sign and putting the fragments into the stove. When the authorities arrived, in a shrill voice he commenced his "morning devotion," reading from Matt. xvi., "A wicked and perverse generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall be no sign given them except that of the prophet Jonas," etc. They departed impressed with his innocence.—*Undergraduate.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

Class difficulties are *the thing* at present.

President Cheney started a few weeks since on a trip to Europe.

The Freshman class is very large and makes a good show in the chapel.

Most of the Professors have in the course of the vacation visited the Exposition.

Our business manager is one of those who have been at the Centennial the last two weeks.

Nobody seems to regret that the term has commenced, and all are ready for work once more.

Everything about the college has a smiling look. The leaves are just putting on their delicate Autumn colors, and *now is just the time for base ball.*

We learn that the Sophs. who were before the Faculty are all right and still to be with us. While we would not countenance "smoking out" or any sort of "hazing" practiced on upper-classmen, still we are inclined to think that '78 made a mistake in making the Faculty a third party to the affair.

The nine as it first appeared in a game with the Androscoggins, was the same as last year with the exception of Phillips and Way. The new men played well both at field and bat.

Some new balls for the bowling alley arrived lately. Three things more are needed: Some new pins; that the alleys be planed off; and that the students use in a decent manner the appliances furnished them.

We learn that a large addition has been made to the Geological Cabinet—a present from Rev. I. P. Warren, D.D., editor of the *Christian Mirror*. The specimens are to be placed in a separate apartment of the cabinet, and will be ready for inspection in a short time.

We are sorry to state that quite a number are still owing for this year's subscription to the *STUDENT*. We wish to remind such that now, or as soon as possible, is the accepted time for handing in their dollar. We wish all would settle that can do so conveniently, for with us, as in other matters, "money makes the mare go." Address O. B. Clason, Lewiston, Me.

Prof. Hayes was called away from the place last Tuesday, and for the remainder of the week the Seniors have been free from care, as far as Psychology is concerned. The condition seems to agree with them.

Several of the Seniors have taken a trip to Philadelphia within the last week, and others of the students will probably go before the exhibition closes. The Faculty, rightly thinking that more will be gained by a week at the Centennial than by the same time spent in recitation, have granted leave of absence to those making the trip.

The Sophs. and Freshmen had a base-ball contest on Saturday, the 16th, at the close of which it was found that the Sophs. had "stepped on" the Freshmen by a score of 34 to 7. On the afternoon of the same day the '79 boys took a trip to Lisbon, to play a game with a nine at that place. They were again victorious, this time the score standing 22 to 9. The ride and reception by the Lisbon boys were pleasant features of the occasion.

The societies and classes have elected their officers for the ensuing year, as follows:—

Polymnian Society: President, O. B. Clason; Vice President, C. E. Brockway; Secretary, E. M. Briggs; Treasurer, F. P. Otis; Librarian, J. W. Hutchins; Editors—A. W. Potter '77, C. E. Hussey '78 ('79 and '80 *not yet chosen*); Orator, H. W. Oakes; Poet, Miss J. R. North. Executive Committee—B. T. Hathaway, J. Q. Adams, R. F. Jonhonnott.

Eurosophian Society: President, A. Merrill; Vice President, F. H. Bartlett; Secretary, L. M. Sessions; Treasurer, E. A. McCollister; Librarian, F. L. Buker; Editors—J. A. Chase '77, F. H. Bartlett '78, Fletcher Howard '79, (80 *not chosen*). Executive Committee—N. P. Noble, F. H. Bartlett, E. A. McCollister.

'77 elected her officers without the confusion and jealousy which has sometimes appeared in Senior elections. They are as follows: President, L. A. Burr; Vice President, C. V. Emerson; Secretary, A. Merrill; Treasurer, M. E. Burnham; Orator, G. H. Wyman; Poet, C. M. Warner; Historian, H. W. Oakes; Prophet, F. F. Phillips; Toast Master, J. A. Chase; Odist, J. R. North; Chaplain, J. K. Tomlinson; Parting Address, N. P. Noble. Executive Committee—O. B. Clason, B. T. Hathaway, P. R. Clason.

Class '78: President, J. Q. Adams; Vice President, M. Adams; Secretary, M. F. Daggett; Treasurer, E. V. Scribner; Orator, C. F. Peaslee; Poet, C. E. Hussey; Historian, J. W. Hutchins; Prophet, F. O. Mower; Toast Master, F. H. Bartlett; Odist, A. M. Flagg; Chaplain, A. Gatchell. Committee—F. H. Briggs, B. S. Hurd, H. A. Rundlett.

Class '79: President, A. E. Tuttle; Vice President, F. L. Buker; Secretary, G. N. Howard; Treasurer, E. A. McCollister; Orator, S. C. Mosely; Poet, E. W. Given; Historian, W. E. Ranger; Prophet, C. E. Felch; Toast Master, T. J. Bollin; Odist, E. M. Briggs; Chaplain, R. F. Jonhonnott. Committee—E. A. McCollister, A. L. Lambert, L. M. Sessions.

Class '80: President, H. M. Reynolds; Vice President, J. F. Parsons; Secretary, A. L. Woods; Treasurer, E. H. Farrar; Orator, D. W. Davis; Poet, C. E. Knight; Historian, W. H. Judkins; Prophet, E. B. Morrill; Toast Master, J. H. Heald; Odist, Laura W. Harris; Chaplain, W. P. White. Committee—M. P. Judkins, W. B. Ferguson, F. L. Hayes.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editor.—Ed.]

'69.—Born, at Augusta, Aug. 9th, 1876, to Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Files, a daughter. (Bertha Fernald Files.)

'74. Married, at Portland, Aug. 31st, Mr. Frank L. Noble of Lewiston and Miss Mabel A. Noble of Portland.

'75.—F. B. Fuller and Geo. Oak stopped at the College last week, on their way to the Centennial.

'75.—F. H. Hall has been stopping in Lewiston a short time this Fall.

'76.—Married, at Lewiston, July 3d, by Rev. J. S. Burgess, Mr. A. L.

Morey of Dickinson, N. Y., and Miss Hattie Patterson of Lewiston.

'76.—M. Douglass started this summer for Europe, where he will spend some time in study and travel.

'76.—R. J. Everett is teaching at Canton's Mills.

'76.—C. S. Libby is teaching at West Poland.

'76.—T. H. Stacy has entered the Theological School.

'76.—G. L. White has charge of the High School at Gray.

'76.—D. J. Callahan is still manager of the Androscoggin Base Ball Club.

'76.—W. H. Adams is Principal of the High School at Lisbon Factory.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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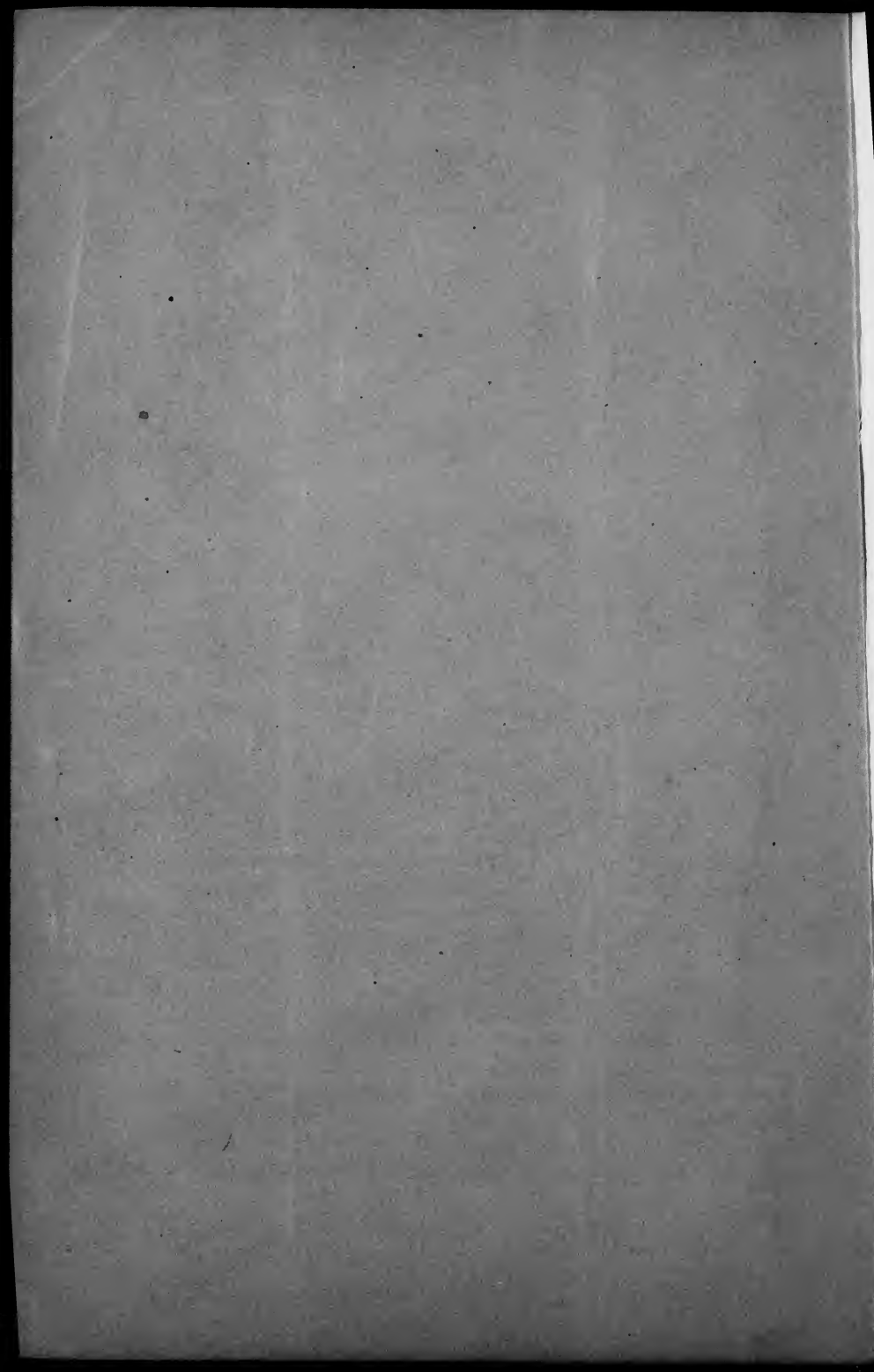
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PERMANENCY OF TYPES.

EVERY form of animal life belongs to some particular type; the animal kingdom being divided into four types, each a strict unit in itself. Metamorphosis is a normal process of development, through regular cycles that always return to the same point.

In some types the development is slow; one phase is introduced after another, each seemingly distinct, until at length the original is reproduced, proving these phases to be only parts of the same life. The *Distoma* require four generations to evolve the perfect animal; the *Aphides* eight or nine. These metamorphoses have all the invariability of every other embryonic growth.

The great power of inheritance fails to produce any new type. By cultivation and the imparting of attainments from one generation to its successors, extreme varieties may

rise up; but such varieties degenerate, die out, or return to the original. Domesticated animals when left to themselves resume their natural wildness. The double highly colored rose of our gardens, when uncultivated, returns to the simple blossom of the roadside hedge; yet it will always be a rose, for if you engraft its scions into the barberry tree, autumn beholds its brown ovaries and the succulent berries hanging from the same limb.

Science is the same in physics and philosophy. We stand on the summit of a pile, the product of ages; we look back through the dim corridors of time, and, as our eyes glance down the steps built by our ancestors, we behold here and there men of mark; some, clothed in warlike armor, guard from threatening danger our precious Liberty; some boldly proclaim the rights of man

and the nation; and some with interests dearer than life probe the heavens with their prayers. Times have changed; sunshine, clouds, and blood stains mark our pile; scenes of conflict by land and sea are there; sorrow, banished hopes, defeats are there; and there are glorious victories won over foes and invaders—blocks composed of human lives more precious than wedges of gold. Such is the composition of the pile that has raised us to our present position, and upon which we as a people stand. But why do we call up these scenes of the past? Why do the examples of valor, statesmanship, and manhood benefit us? Why the results of corruption? Because *we* are like those men we behold in the distance; the huge pile founded in the misty ages past is still progressing, and by us. Patriotism, devotion, still exist. Ambition, hatred, revenge, are all here; our shadows hide nature from the sunlight; blood marks are at our feet.

Probably no name stands higher in profane history than that of Julius Cæsar. Napoleon presents the same type of character. Washington was not unlike either; like Cæsar he made his own army, his success was Napoleonic. Was Cicero eloquent? Did he dare the truth in the face of death? Did he bare his own neck to the fatal blow? Patrick Henry rose amid the assembled house and proclaimed liberty when the air was rent with cries of "Treason."

Adams dared, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote." Charles Sumner—all honor to his name—endured the blows from the Southern Senator and still spake on. Still spake on when his constituents and the President opposed him, and when his native State passed a resolution of censure upon him. Blaine did not quail with the whole South yelping at his heels. Was Antony guarded in the Senate chamber? So was Sumner protected in the halls of Congress.

The type of traitors has survived with all the rest. Cicero had Octavian; Cæsar, Brutus; our Saviour, Judas; Napoleon, Ney; and Washington, Arnold. Cæsar fell on the steps of the Capitol, stabbed by friend and foe. Lincoln was *murdered* in sight of the National dome, bearing aloft the statue of Liberty; and the perpetrator of this crime could look upon his dying form as complacently as Herodias looked at John Baptist's head. Christ's betrayer died ignominiously, but Judas Iscariots walk our streets every day selling men's reputations.

The songs of Homer "on the shore of the loud sounding sea" were sweet to the Grecian ear; but the limestone crags of England have listened to strains as sweet from Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson. The broken shores from Massachusetts to Acadia still echo Longfellow and Whittier. King

David tuned his harp to strains sweeter than which the world has never known, but the soul still repeats "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

Clear the pine forest that has swayed undisputed for centuries and oaks will spring up; the germ hidden in quiet solitude could not be lost, though it required ages to show it. So are types of character permanent. Drunkenness will show itself, even if not until the third or fourth generation. The impulses received at a parent's knee last forever. My mother's words are always with me, I can never forget them.

The word of God written four thousand years ago is a guide for men to-day. Christ's teachings apply to every heart, mellowing and strengthening as effectually as 1800 years ago, because the same type of men *exist* that Moses knew, that Christ came to save. That type was foreshadowed by prophets and bards, inspired men; it was personified; a man like other men teaching men how to live, establishing principles that will last to all eternity, came to fulfill the prophecy. That type still lives; and when the stars fail, when heaven and earth shall pass away, men shall see him and be like him.

COMMON SENSE.

COMMON sense is common, and uncommon. Like sight, it is a universal property of mankind. But sight varies in its power of penetration, and common sense varies in degree. It is synonymous with sound judgment. Another name for common sense is natural sense. Common sense methods are natural methods. Common sense laws are laws prescribed by nature. Hence in every department of education the greatest benefit is derived and largest success is obtained by closely following the laws and methods of common sense. Popularly the term is restricted to uneducated men, and

confined to the more menial pursuits; as if scholars, painters, sculptors, and poets were necessarily devoid of it; as if common sense were inconsistent with genius and a liberal education. It is rather co-existent with both, and without it education is impossible. The great object of a college course is to strengthen a man's judgment; to develop his common sense. Without it, proficiency in any profession or occupation is impossible. Upon it rests the immortality of Shakespeare's poetry. From it has arisen the model statesmanship of Charles Sumner. Its verdict, however, is not always

infallible, for what seems common sense in one age is mere absurdity in another. Its conclusions are often but the deductions of base prejudice and ignorance. "The earth revolves," said Galileo. "Non-sense!" shouted a hundred theologians, and thrust him into prison. On whose side is the common sense of to-day, that of Galileo or of his persecuting opponents? Evidently knowledge and freedom from prejudice are conditions of the freest and surest exercise of common sense. Every progressive step in science, in civil and social polity, in matters of religious faith, is but an advance toward a more perfect standard of common sense. The vast improvement in systems of education; the beneficent changes in prison discipline; the abandonment of the whipping-post, straight-jacket, and dungeon; the recognized barbarousness and inadequacy of the rack and stake as remedies for dissension in religious opinions, are evidences of the steadily increasing power of common sense. Its importance as a standard of ultimate authority is seen in the manner in which the bar, stump, press, and pulpit, in their efforts to enforce their respective views, alike appeal to it. Notwithstanding the boasted progress of the nineteenth century, its great want is common sense. Scientists show want of it in presenting their prayer-gauge, and in substituting science for revealed religion.

The Christian world show want of it in their opposition to science; in their fears for the successful issue of Gospel truth. Adherence to the old because it is old, imbibing the new because it is new, alike reveal a lack of it. Neither are doubt and dissent from the prevailing opinion always indications of it, but often signs of weakness and obstinate resistance. Even eminent men by a simple remark sometimes show plainly the limited and cramped operation of their common sense. Said John Stuart Mill, "I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me." Is it the dictate of an unbiased common sense to denounce without serious investigation a religion so vitally connected with all that is beautiful, true, and good? The religion of Christ is a common sense religion, from the fact of its perfect adaptation to the end in view. In its effort to build up men in truth and holiness, artificial means are discarded, prominence is given to the spirit over the letter, and the character of the thought and motive is carefully determined. Lack of common sense is seen in the extremes of bigotry and license. One is rigid, narrow, contracted; the other, loose, wild, and extravagant. Much of the so-called liberal Christianity of the day means no Christianity. In many cases free thought is but another name for uncertainty and vagueness.

The free religionists would set mankind adrift upon the dark, tempestuous sea of doubt and unbelief, with no compass to direct their course, with no definite port in view, with not a ray of heavenly light to pierce the thick darkness. Against such a cheerless proposition the common sense of mankind rises up in revolt. As ages shall roll on, as knowledge and goodness shall increase, the grandest heights of excellence in all the work and education of life will only be reached through the free, full, and perfect development of common sense.

THOUGHT.

SIMPLE, forsooth, it is to think;
 Simple things oft are thought;
 But each hath some mysterious link
 With acts or speech unwrought.

And thoughts grow into deeds some day,
 However slight and vain;
 Therefore, beware, think well alway;
 Good thoughts great treasures gain.

A mighty thought is mighty pow'r,
 Wielding a scepter grand;
 Ah, thinking is a priceless dow'r,
 Subject to high command.

Thought o'erruleth the nation still;
 'Tis thought that gave it birth;
 Thought the fuel of conquering will,
 Grand Master of the earth.

All deeds grow out of silent speech,
 The inward speech of mind;
 Lofty and low as thought can reach,
 Visible form 'twill find.

But what are e'en most wondrous deeds
 That mortal thoughts produce,
 To the Infinite Grace which leads
 Those finite thoughts to use?

Unto the smallest thoughts of Him
 Who gave this gift to all,
 Dwelling enshrined where thoughts undim
 Like clouds of glory fall.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

REV. W. H. H. Murray, L. R. Stoddard, and others, have tried to depict its beauties, while Street has sung of its loveliness; but the "half has not been told." Stretching through Clinton, Franklin, and St. Lawrence counties, in the extreme north of New York State, and thence southward into Essex and Hamilton, and belting Warren on the north, lies that vast tract of "forest primeval," mountain, lake, and river, enhanced by a thousand waterfalls and sparkling with its myriad ponds and streamlets, known as the Adirondacks. To the settlers along the St. Lawrence it is the "Great South Woods," and they who dwell at Saratoga speak of this region as the "North Woods." To the thousands who frequent its haunts and hollows during the summer months it is the "land of rest." From its mountain summits not all the world is seen, but the glory of its hills is greatest, and the prospect all imperial. From Boston it will cost you \$20, and from New York \$15, to reach that enchanted land. Your cost after that point is

reached will vary according to the person, say from \$1 to \$6 a day. Rev. J. L. Phillips, returned missionary from India, went in by the way of Dickinson, N. Y. Mr. Murray goes in by Plattsburgh or Champlain, and others via Malone. And you will remember that Malone is the residence of the Republican nominee for Vice President. Dr. Fullonton went in through Parishville. Perhaps the cheapest way is to buy a ticket to Ogdensburg, leave the train at Moira, N. Y., take stage for Dickinson Centre, and arriving there inquire for the Rev. E. B. Fuller, or Atwood Dustin, hotel keeper, and finding either, you will secure attention. Or, before you start write to D. S. Smith, St. Regis Falls, N. Y., and secure advice.

From Dickinson Centre, a journey of eighteen miles over the hardest road you ever saw, will bring you to the "Spring Cove House," or "Merrill's Hotel," either you may choose. The first is upon a bay of the river, and you can take boat at any time; the latter is three miles from water. From either of these places you

move into the forest; nay, you are already in the forest. Tall, beautiful trees, a scarcity of undergrowth, hill and vale, shadowed mountain and glimmering stream, and best of all, that great solitude and wonderful quiet that sleeps beneath the lofty foliage. "God is here," is the half-whisper you utter as you feel the unutterable depth of His creation. Pay a guide two dollars and go to the top of Blue Mt., and then climb the cedar tree north of the "pinnacle" or "lookout," and if you do not see "all the kingdoms of the world" you will see "the glory of them." To the north, the St. Lawrence, Canada, Montreal; to the west, lake upon lake, till in the distance you see the Rome and Watertown Railroad, with Potsdam and Canton, and with a good glass Ogdensburg, seventy miles away; to the south, range upon range and mount upon mount, lake, river, forest, pond, and rock; and away to the south-east the fires at "Pol Smiths." Look again towards the east and what a sight! Hill and precipice, rock and fortress, with old Whiteface towering above all. "Eye hath not seen" nor can tongue tell the grace and glory, loveliness and beauty of this grandeur. Students, let Mt. Washington alone and try the Adirondacks!

But what shall I say of the hunt-

ing and fishing; of the "John Brown Tract;" of the Raquette and Grass; of Schroon, Saranac, Tupper, Raquette, and Placid Lakes; of the Chateaugay Lakes, and mines and forges there and at Clintonville, Mineville and Altona; of the State Prison and works at Dennemora, the rolling mills of Keeseville, with its mineral spring, nail-works and wonderful Ausable Chasm? Using the words of Stoddard, "A little depression in the otherwise level country, a wooded valley with gently sloping sides, marks the site of this grand wonder—a Yosemite in miniature almost at the doors of the great city, and, curiously enough, comparatively unknown." This chasm is some three miles long, and full of wonders. We may write another time of its hidden mysteries. If we have called your attention for a moment to this vast wilderness and caused a desire to see its wonders, our object is gained. Once more, let us urge you to see for yourself the living testimonies of God's power and wisdom, of his matchless skill and boundless scope of type and form, and his mystery of cause and effect, thought and finish, with the endless variety of "shifting shade and changing shadow" to be found in the Adirondacks.

SETTLED THINGS.

IN an age like ours, when time-honored opinions are going down before hostile assaults, we are apt to feel that all things are unsettled. In the hour of such misgivings it is well to know that there are settled things. Now, by *settled* we do not mean not liable to any objections, but we hold with Butler, "If a truth be established, objections are nothing." The one is founded on our knowledge, the other on our ignorance.

Among the settled things we place the fact that there is a God. Universally believed, it must be true. Men have indeed been found who had little or no conception of God, but no people, no age, have *denied* the existence of God. A degree of culture sufficient to the conception of a first cause always insures its acceptance as a dependent truth.

Again, the wide-spread desire for *scientific* knowledge—the belief that the multiform phenomena of nature can be classified—involves the thought of an intelligent designer. Admit atheism, and science gives way to chance. For as Peabody well says, "The present system of education is a syllogism, having for its constant term the belief in the immutable attributes of God."

The argument of Socrates, that the works of nature suggest God, has lost none of its force. Even J.

S. Mill ranks it as the chief argument. The facts and methods of science have only confirmed the great truth. But lest it be said that to the common mind these facts suggest God because of religious bias, let us see whether the scientist is not likewise impressed. Hear him whose freedom from theological bias all admit. Says Professor Tyndall: "I have sometimes—not sometimes but often—in the spring-tide watched the advance of the sprouting leaves and observed the general joy of opening life in nature; and I have asked myself, 'Do I in my ignorance represent the highest knowledge of these things?' No man who puts that question to himself, if he be not a shallow man, will ever answer the question by professing the creed of atheism."

Another thing which may be considered settled, is that the ideal of duty presented by the life and teachings of Jesus is the highest. We would not depreciate other teachers, but put them on a level with Jesus, and, like Saul of old, he is higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upwards. The ultimate source of the present enlightenment, freedom, and civilization can be found only in that divine life. Tyndall says that in tracing backward a river from its end to its real beginnings we come at length to the

sun. Trace back to their source asylums, hospitals, benevolent agencies, and you come at length to the Sun of Righteousness. The life of Jesus with its two great truths, the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, has been the germ of all that is best in morals and civilization. To that life the world has not even approximated. J. S. Mill says: "Nor, even now, would it be easy for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life." But is it claimed that we must soon lay aside the Christian conception

as too small for our needs? Geology declares that nature has culminating epochs. History testifies that three centuries before Christ, architecture, sculpture, eloquence reached their height. In Raphael, painting found its highest development. And Shakespeare is the comprehensive type of the English drama.

The student hopes only to approximate the masterpieces of old. And can we hope to equal the great Master? There are two settled things. God exists; and the truest life is that which is nearest to Christ's. With these settled facts we take courage and look forward.

AT PARTING.

O LOVE, love, love, wilt give me one sweet token,
Something to cherish in the days to come,—
Something to bring to mind both thee and home,
That I in distant lands be not heart-broken?

Wilt speak but one last word, love, low and tender,
That it may linger in this heart of mine,
That it may be an amulet divine,
'Mid all temptations my life's pure defender?

Will give me one last kiss, love, fond and thrilling,
That if we never meet on earth again,
Yet e'en in death may triumph over pain,
Still feeling on our lips love's sweet fulfilling?

Thus bearing forth his lady's farewell token,
Thy knight shall prove him ever chaste and true,
Forever faithful to his love for you,
His armor ever bright, his lance unbroken.

THE INNER AND WRITTEN REVELATION.

THE plant or animal in its normal condition needs no artificial aid to attain to that perfect state for which it was created; every want of its nature is met by an adequate supply.

Man, we may suppose, in his first estate was endowed with the seer's vision for discovering those truths which his spiritual nature demands, and therefore needed no supernatural revelation of God. But sin, "that first brought death into the world and all our woes," by blunting the moral perceptions, created an artificial want which rendered a written Word necessary.

Through the moral instincts of the soul, by what may be termed the inner revelation, God first made himself known. Indistinctly but yet certainly, God by the natural conscience still speaks to us of himself. Socrates heard this voice and called it his good angel. A conception of the spiritual world, thus derived, Plato had, and thought it was the dim consciousness of a pre-existence, where the soul uncontaminated by material touch dwelt in the presence of infinite loveliness. Beattie terms this revelation of God—"That power of the mind which perceives truth, neither derived from education nor habit, but from nature." Aristotle affirms that "The mind of man hath a near affinity to

God; there is a divine light in him." But God himself has most clearly explained this manifestation when he says by the mouth of his prophet: "I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them." This natural conception of truth—be it, as the transcendentalists affirm, the product of an innate power; or, according to Empirical Philosophy, the result of experience; or an illumination of the Divine Spirit, as Christian theology teaches—is common to all men.

How far by this natural light man is capable of knowing God—how far it is potent to banish evil from the world, so that we may fulfill as perfectly the condition of our being as the bud that opens at our feet or the bird singing above our head—the results of that great struggle, which, for more than fifty centuries, has sought after positive knowledge of God and of man's duty and destiny, will best answer.

If we view any of the systems of religion which have come from man, we find that they were conceived in superstition and have ended in corruption. During the Augustan age in Rome and the age of Pericles in Greece, those periods when the mind had obtained the brightest development ever known among heathen nations, corruption among the masses was rank as never before.

Cicero says: "Instead of transferring to man that which is divine they transfer human sins to the gods." To-day the Christian missionaries among Pagan nations find no intelligent conception of God; all is blind superstition or blank atheism. The latest definition of God by the free religionists of this country is inferior even to Plato's conception of the "All Beautiful," and proves that man by his own search has added nothing to his knowledge of divine truth for more than two thousand years.

Philosophy has been equally unsuccessful in bringing down truth from the skies, or in raising man above the sway of his passions. The philosophy of Aristotle led to Grecian Skepticism and Roman Stoicism; that of Descartes, to the Pantheism of Spinoza; that of Locke and Berkeley, to the infidelity of Hume. Kant, the Father of German Rationalism, says of his Critique of Pure Reason: "My philosophy will bring eternal peace to the world;" but it has no more stilled the turmoil of the heart and brought peace to the nations, than gravitation, which Newton discovered, has quelled the equinoctial tempests and calmed the mad waves to rest. As new systems have been announced, hopes beat high; but the sublime struggle with the mysteries of being has ended, as it always must end, where it began. In Ethics no system, outside of Christian Morality, can be found

which will now commend itself to an intelligent mind.

Psychology has revealed, indeed, the greatness of the human soul through the magnificence of its ruins; but Psychology can no more restore those ruins to their original proportions, than the magician, by measuring with an enchanted rod the desolate site of Babylon, can restore that city to its former splendor.

Science has in marvelous ways discovered the structure of the universe, but it utterly fails of finding the living, personal Architect. Poetic genius ranks little below prophetic vision, but not in its loftiest flights has it solved doubts and brought repose to the mind. Never yet has uninspired poetry pealed forth one song of triumph over sin and death. England's most gifted singer strikes the harp, and the minor strain is but the wail—

"What am I?

An infant crying in the night—

An infant crying for the light,

And with no language but a cry."

The mightiest intellects of the race, following those spiritual intuitions not wholly obliterated by the fall, have bent their energies to solve the mysteries of God and existence; but, to use the words of Hume, "The ultimate result has been but the observation of human ignorance and human weakness."

Shall we say then that the light of intuition, of consciousness, and of reason, is a false light, certain to lead man astray, and therefore not

to be regarded? God forbid. These natural powers are the moulds into which his molten truth is poured. The mind should be developed to its fullest extent, for in it are the thoughts of the living God. It is the temple which holds divine treasure.

The great mistake of past ages and of Rationalism to-day is, not in ennobling the natural powers of man, but in assuming that the moral faculty is competent to perform the office of Christ, when at best it is only a John the Baptist, pointing men to Him.

Rationalism potent to save men! Think you, if Peter, as he gazed on the impotent man lying at the gate Beautiful, had said: "In the name of Reason and your exalted manhood rise up and walk!" that the beggar would have leaped to his feet before that admiring throng? No. Though human reason may discover man's impotence, nothing but the power of divine truth can make whole.

There is hunger in the soul, but no food; thirst, but no water. There is a conception of moral beauty, but no saving knowledge of the One altogether lovely. Retributive justice cries in the ear of guilty conscience forever, unrelieved by the faintest echo from the calls of mercy.

The last words of Goethe, that man of colossal intellect and broadest culture, were, as he passed away: "More light, more light." The expiring cry of that great soul expresses the universal want of humanity, which nothing but the positive knowledge of a written Revelation can supply.

They who to their natural powers, perfected by all best human culture, add the knowledge of God's written word, shall see not merely the foot-prints of the Creator dimly stamped on earth and sky, but shall behold, as through an open door, truth in all its beauty and transforming power, revealed in the attributes of God and in the image of his Son.

DEVOTION TO DUTY.

DUTY comes upon us in every path of life and under all circumstances. Whatever our position in life may be, or however narrow may be our influence therein, at all times there are certain forms of obligation which meet us and whose prompt-

ings we are expected to obey. It presents its claims to the king on his throne, and it demands allegiance from the subject lying prostrate at his feet. It confronts the leader of society in his palatial mansion, and it calls for attention from the

beggar who knocks at the street door. Being thus comprehensive in its claims, it may not be unprofitable to consider briefly how we may best meet and satisfy them.

He who longs for eminence of character must bear in mind that it is obtained only by a strict attention to every act which he performs, to see that it is performed in a spirit of faithfulness in the discharge of duty. No man who is deservedly "high in the estimation of men," owes his eminent position to anything so much as to his devotion to duty. It is indeed true that ephemeral fame often attends persons whose deeds are not prompted by a regard for duty. Such fame, however, like the thunder-tempests of summer which are forgotten in the brightness of succeeding days, vanishes to be remembered no more. Prominent among the qualities which are possessed by those who conscientiously meet the demands of duty, may be seen moral courage.

There is something positively grand in the spectacle of a person pursuing, in a fearless manner, the course which his conscience approves; something which manifests a dauntless heart that will not swerve from its chosen way, or yield to slurring opposition. Such a sight is full of inspiration. It stirs us to the soul's depths. Just as some lofty mountain, whose rocky summit pierces the clouds, excites in us a feeling of the sublime, so the soul

heroism of him who disregards the sneers and jibes, and "what people will say," begets and calls forth a sentiment of reverent and earnest esteem. No "acting from policy" can be attributed to the man who acts courageously. No "expedient measures," whereby self can be best served, can be charged upon the possessor of moral courage, for his achievements are all designed and executed in the realization of a higher ideal. Life is too short and its possibilities too large to permit such a person to forget, for a brief moment even, the pursuit of that which duty makes plain.

Another quality which may be noticed as found in the character of a dutiful person, is a spirit of self-denial.

It is well for us that duty is sometimes rendered agreeable to our inclinations. Upon life's pathway may be found here and there a spot which yields to our plodding feet and affords them rest. But for the most part the way is hard, and we feel like giving up at times. How true it is, that one possessed of a self-denying spirit can be appreciated only by those who stand upon the heights of virtue. With the condition of such contrast that of those persons who, having no such spirit, fly from one object to another as desire may lead; who, shuffling by their duty with averted eye, become less and less able to perform their part in

life with credit to themselves; and who die, having never realized the satisfaction which obedience to duty affords.

Under these two qualities which have been enumerated as pertaining to those who are characterized by a regard for duty, may be gathered others. These stand forth prominent among them all, and to contemplate them is always profitable. Passing, however, from the contemplation of what we should *be* in order to exhibit a devotion to duty, let us consider what we should *do* whenever duty presents its claims to us.

If, as has been said, moral courage is a prime element in the character of one who earnestly heeds the call of duty, then it is manifest that being morally courageous, he will promptly obey its voice. This will not render nugatory the obligation to consider carefully the path which he will choose. On the contrary, it presupposes that some thought has been bestowed upon the intended course of action, and that, having reached a decision, he will engage immediately in the accomplishment of that which his decision may have pointed out. In short, he will endeavor to follow the advice which tells him to "be sure you are right, then go ahead."

Again, if self-denial is another important quality which he who would obey duty should possess, it is evident that one possessing it will endeavor to do cheerfully that which

his moral perception may have indicated as his duty. It is in this exercise of the will that a truly magnanimous soul may display itself. To exhibit courage is comparatively easy, because there is that in our nature which is fired and animated by opposition. To deny one's self cheerfully, however, is something which requires long practice and the possession of a resolute will. This element of self-denial is so important in the successful pursuit of the Christian path of life, that the Divine Master himself has placed it as the first and as the key to a triad of duties which he has enjoined upon every one who would be his disciple. "Deny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow me." That the first should be done cheerfully in order that the others may be performed successfully is apparent to all.

Thus briefly we have glanced at some of the elements which a mind devoted to duty may be said to possess. It is always hard to run counter to one's strongest inclinations. If we will determine to do always what is perceived to be duty, we shall find that it will become more and more pleasant. In student life, it may be that we have followed our inclinations, disregarding duty's call. Let us, taking knowledge from the past, improve the present, so that the future may not be entirely one of unheeded obligation.

OCTOBER.

THE golden brown that crowns the wood
And gilds the greener shade about,
Has reached its softest, tend'rest mood,
And speeds the summer's smile to rout.

October, is this smile grown old
Upon the cheek of hoary Time?
It creeps athwart the features bold,
Forerunner from a colder clime.

The face of friend is sometimes cast
And set about with ripples keen,
When o'er the disk there hastens fast
A shadowed image, lank and lean.

For in his glee a thought has come
Of danger in the Future's hand,
That, opening wide, might drop the sum
Of greater evils o'er the land.

And so the smile, in changing, wove
A strand of warning in its wreath,
And all the happier threadlets strove
To fill the warping set beneath.

'Tis thus the year has smiled, till this,
Her messenger of future woe,
Runs thro' the garden, with a kiss
Like that of Judas to bestow.

And all the lovely graces climb
In meekness round the Master's lips,
As, turning with a love sublime,
He kisses while the traitor sips.

Of direful wrath the fullest meed,
And torment such as he could bear
But shortly, for the earth had need
Of men who braver deed could dare.

So winter's chill is at the door
To kiss betrayal back for bliss,
And armed men he leadeth o'er,
Whose tribute money buys the kiss.

To palaces and halls, they lead,
Of judgment and denial, too,
As cold as they of which we read;
For these are built of ice and snow.

And some of us like Peter may
Go out before the cock shall crow,
Because we hear the Master say,
"Ye are the ones I do not know."

October, then, the past reveals,
With glory and with beauty blessed,
And, breaking all the Future's seals,
Accepts the daughters as her guests.

Her robing, too, is not her own,
Her diadem and crown but those
That in the Summer months have grown
Too large and lustrous for the clothes.

O Student! learn that you must wait,
And glean where others went before.
The patient toiler knows no fate;
'Tis labor opens Wisdom's door.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

ENTHUSIASM.

“**W**HATEVER thy hand finds to do, do with all thy might.”

How many students obey this maxim? How many would expect to win success in life by following the course they pursue in college? Gen. Grant, on being asked his dominant feeling on entering an engagement, replied: “My overpowering thought in every instance was, that the whole issue of the war might depend on this battle.” Macaulay is said to have treated every undertaking in his great literary career, as if his entire standing and reputation rested on that alone. If this feeling actuated students in all their studies, there would be more model recitations, and less dissatisfaction with their course.

The term enthusiasm was formerly used as a reproach. It was applied to Copernicus, Howard, and John Brown. But the enthusiasts of one generation become the reformers of the next. Enthusiasm lends a charm and adds a force to every work. It is the power that carries individuals and nations over obstacles, through hardships, to success and victory. Its original derivation meant to be inspired by the gods, and we think it is not far from right. Men whose names are stamped upon the bright-

est pages of every nation's history, have been animated by it. It imparted to them a zeal that knew no check. Agassiz had no time for pleasures or making money; his work was his delight. Schiller could forget cold and hunger in his enthusiasm over his noble production, “The Robbers.”

Students need more of this to give them a love for their work. The same feeling should animate them in their course that must be theirs in life if they succeed: to make every undertaking a brilliant success; that on its issue rests their fate. Every triumph leads to a better one; every success makes the next one easier.

OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Our literary societies have always been a marked characteristic with us, and one of which we were proud. But they are fast losing their former importance. There is an increasing interest at present; but it has not reached that of the golden days of the past, when every student was an active member of one of the societies. Then, extra exertions were put forth in the Fall to make the societies interesting, to attract the Freshmen; and they usually succeeded in getting them all by the

close of the Fall term. Public meetings were held, in which each society strove not to be outdone by the other. This gave an incentive for the cultivation of the best talent, and offered an extra inducement for the members to work. There was a livelier interest in class debates, and more good speakers and writers. These things belong to the past, and we wish some ghost from those departed days would return to animate the present. If any one will tell us why we can not and ought not to have public exercises and the same interest as formerly, we would thank them for the information.

One can hardly estimate the advantages derived from the right use of our literary societies. They complete the work of the class room, and one is almost as necessary for a perfect and completed education as the other; for the advantage of an education is the power to impart it.

In the society room the student can display his natural powers and characteristics without restraint, and in this way develop what will be available and eradicate the rest. Yet some enter the society room but a few times in a year, who intend to choose, for their life work, a profession in which their success depends in great measure upon their power to express their knowledge and thoughts effectively. As the fruits of this course, many College gradu-

ates, when called upon to appear before the public, make pitiable failures.

OUR SUCCESSORS.

Circumstances prevent us from announcing our successors, although they have been nominated. We think the class of '78 are making a wise move in increasing the number of editors. This is a measure that we advocated a year ago, but circumstances prevented its adoption. May our successors accomplish what we anticipated.

A college paper is a peculiar thing to manage, from the fact that it has no definite purpose, but is assigned to different ones according to individual opinions. It has not the facilities for any news outside of the college. Science is certainly beyond its pale, and literature also in a great measure; for few of its subscribers care to read the second-hand ideas of students on these subjects. Neither politics nor religion is its sphere. And as a source of making money, experience has proved it to be a failure.

According to our opinion, then, its object is to represent the institution, and its sphere is college news and the discussion of such questions as interest colleges and their students. The majority of the subscribers, exclusive of the students, are Alumni; and its interest to them is the news it furnishes of the every-

day life of the college, and the knowledge they gain through its columns of the students who fill the places once occupied by their classmates and acquaintances.

Many judge a college paper by the amount of wit and humor it contains; but it should be elevating as well as pleasing.

It should be devoted to the best interests of the college and students, and controlled by a spirit of candor and independence. It should criticise without reserve what is hurtful and pernicious, commend what is good, and suggest what is needful.

Contributors are needed who understand the needs of the paper; and there should be more editors, so as not to depend so largely on outside contributions. This would prevent much inconvenience to the editor, and not compel him to use many articles that he does not like—articles that are thoughtful and well written, but fail in choice of subject.

BASE-BALL.

The base-ball interest with us is the lowest it has been for the past three years. We regret this, for since we have a good nine, the result of three years' labor, some use ought to be made of it. This is not so much owing to our own fault as to the difficulty of getting nines to play with us. Yet we think that if there had been a little more enthusiasm displayed, we might

have had more games. We are waiting patiently for our old antagonists, the Bowdoin, to practice their new men for our annual contest. Their nine was weakened considerably by the loss of their pitcher; but we learn that they are developing some good talent, and anticipate an interesting game with them soon.

Sept. 30th, our nine went to Norway and played the Iron Clads, who had very generously advertised us as champions of the State, hoping by a victory to transfer that title to themselves. A few turns of the Bates at the bat demolished those hopes, and led them to change pitchers, which did not have much effect after one inning. Reports from the Iron Clads, and the fact that they held the championship of the State a few years since, led us to expect a closer game; but the heavy batting of the Bates prevented this,—they making twenty first-base hits and twenty-three total. The Iron Clads played the outs well, but, as usual, failed to bat Oakes. Below we give the score:—

BATES.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lombard, 3d b.....	3	3	1	2	1
P. R. Clason, s. s.....	2	2	0	5	2
Record, c.....	4	3	10	3	1
Oakes, p.....	4	3	1	3	0
Burr, c. f.....	1	2	0	0	0
Noble, l. f.....	2	3	0	0	0
O. B. Clason, 1st b.....	1	3	12	2	0
Phillips, 2d b.....	1	1	3	0	1
Way, r. f.....	2	0	0	0	0
Total	20	20	27	15	5

IRON CLADS.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.				
Crooker, c. f.	0	0	1	0	1				
Judkins, p.	1	1	1	5	2				
Robinson, s. s.	1	1	1	3	1				
Pike, 1st b.	1	0	15	1	2				
Burnham, 2d b.	0	0	5	5	2				
Holden, 3d b.	0	0	0	0	0				
Sturdevant, c.	0	1	4	1	5				
Worthington, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0				
Jordan, r. f.	0	1	0	1	0				
Total	3	4	27	16	13				
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates	5	0	1	7	0	2	0	3	2—20
Iron Clads	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2—3

Time of game—2 hours 10 minutes.

Umpire—E. G. Bennett.

FOOT-BALL.

Can any one tell us what has become of our Foot-Ball Association? Does it still survive, or is it numbered with the things that were? We hoped enough of that enthusiasm which blazed up so fiercely last year would remain to make foot-ball a permanent thing at Bates. But its growth seems to have resembled that of Jonah's gourd.

Now that the base-ball interest is low, and it is getting cold for that, it is just the time for foot-ball. It furnishes exercise and amusement to a larger number of students, and is as interesting a game when well played. We learn by the *Orient* that Bowdoin is becoming interested in this game. Perhaps a game could be arranged with them as a means of introducing it into the Maine colleges. Why can not the Garnet and White win reputation at the goal as well as in the diamond?

EXCHANGES.

When our last number went to press we had received few exchanges, and enjoyed a delightful sense of freedom from one part of our burdens.

Now, however, the summer vacations are over and all hands seem to have waked up. The general tone of the papers is much the same as before. Here and there some one declares for Hayes or Tilden, and everywhere we find excellent advice to students in regard to politics. It is earnestly impressed upon the minds of collegians that upon them is to devolve the task of reforming the politics of the country,—so earnestly indeed that we begin to believe either that former graduates have been remiss in their duties in allowing so much corruption to exist, or that present college students are possessed of some new qualities with which to enter upon this work of reform. Besides politics we find numerous descriptions of places visited during the summer.

Together with the regular amount of old almanac jokes several new *jags* have made their appearance.

Altogether the Fall opening is good, and we are glad to meet again so many old and to make the acquaintance of several new comers.

There are two papers which always have something to say of each other—the *Cornell Era* and the *Yale Record*. They are at present in a broil, and, as usual, the

trouble is about boating matters. In the first place, Cornell is slighted because Yale and Harvard decide to have a rowing association of their own from which other colleges are excluded,—Harvard rowing in the '76 regatta, Yale withdrawing entirely. In this race, Cornell, as usual, comes off victorious, is somewhat elated thereby, and, claiming to be champion of America, decides to challenge the Oxford and Cambridge crews to row for the college championship of the world. Yale here feels herself slighted, and the *Record* twits Cornell of cowardice in not sending a crew to Philadelphia, where Yale took a good place in the contest. The *Era* replies by satire, and the *Record* followed with abuse such as is often found in its pages. The whole is amusing to an outsider.

Among our new exchanges we welcome the *Princetonian*, which recommends itself at the beginning

by its excellent typography. Its pages are filled with matter pertaining to the interests of students, and hence interesting to them. We are pleased with the part called the College Calendar, which is something new, and, as it is so far well written, interesting.

Princeton picks up a statement of Yale in regard to foot-ball, and mildly suggests that Yale has several times come out second best in contests with Princeton.

The *Dartmouth* has re-appeared, and seems all the better for its short absence. The article "Qu'a-t-il fait?" has many good points, and shows that what a man has accomplished is the test for his merit; also that this test applies to morals and government as well. The discussion on Science and the Centennial is a good piece of satire on the ease with which scientific gentlemen find data to prove a pet theory.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Freshmen have chosen as their class color, navy blue.

When the loafer enters the sanctum of a busy editor, and the editor says, "Glad to see you're back," what does he mean?—*Ex.*

Prof.—"What do we observe when we measure the right ascension and declination of the moon?"

Junior—"Yes, sir."—*Amherst Student.*

Our expectations were raised a while ago, by the prospect of a game between our nine and the Lowell's, but the L's were unable to come and play us.

. Base-ball is beginning to take a back seat now-a-days. Cold weather and lack of games has a depressing effect. Wake up, brace up, and play while you can.

"It is expected that Seniors should have too much dignity to indulge in sticking pins into one another, pinching, &c." There is good authority for this statement.

The bell tongue disappeared a short time since, and was the occasion of several mistakes. For instance, several students, not being warned by its melodious clamor, stayed out to play ball a *little* beyond the prescribed time.

Matters in the bowling alley don't grow any better. Something should be done to prevent wanton destruction of property, either by the Faculty or by the students themselves. Otherwise, it is hardly probable that it will continue fit to use through the winter.

The Freshmen got a cut the other day. One of those who was foremost in the matter came in a little late at the recitation next day and was somewhat astonished to hear the Prof. remark, "Mr. H. we were just thinking of cutting *you*."

On the base-ball ground yesterday, says the Burlington *Hawk Eye*, a red-hot ball struck the batter just where his mother used to feel for him with her slipper, and the umpire shouted "dead ball." "Dead ball!" retorted the striker struck, "if there's a live ball on the grounds, that's it."

In ancient Paleozoic time,
One muddy day in June,
An obsoletum Rhizopod
Went out to walk too soon.

The carbonaceous soil was damp,
He stepped into the clay,
And left a footprint deep and large,
That muddy summer day.

Next week it rained, and as the earth
Beyond all doubt can show,
The hole the Rhizopod had left
Was filled with H₂O.

—*Tripod.*

One Senior was heard to ask another whose feet were noted for their dimensions: "Jim, why do your feet remind me of Norman walls?" "Give it up." "Why, they are built *flaring*."—*Ex.*

Scene in Psychology class. Prof. illustrating how knowledge is acquired by practice: "Mr. M., when you tap an empty cider barrel on the head, how do you know that it is empty?" Mr. M.—"By experience, I suppose." Prof.—"That's what I thought!"—*Ex.*

Scene: Senior X's room with a caller present. One of the occupants of the room with generous hospitality urges his visitor to have some more of the apples, whereupon his chum blandly remarks, "What are you doing? I'd like to know who *stole* those apples?"—*Dartmouth.*

A person going by a house on College street, heard strange sounds proceeding from the region of the barn. On recollecting, however, that a Senior dwelt there, a cause suggested itself, and he innocently inquired if "S—— was a *praying man*." Prayer, however, was not the trouble with him this time, nor was he sick. He was only practicing a declamation.

A very pleasing variation was introduced in the exercises of the Polymnian Society at the last meet-

ing. The Junior Quartette sang some taking selections from *Carmina Collegensia*, which were appreciated by the listeners. The singers were Hurd, Mower, Briggs, and Peasley. Let us have more, not only in the societies, but outside. There are plenty of good voices in college, which only need cultivation and practice to bring out the melody.

One of the Seniors while reading a criticism before the class, came upon a part of the manuscript which spoke of the manner in which the book criticised spoke of courting, &c., and made the somewhat extraordinary statement that "he was unable to criticise this portion because he had had *no experience* in such matters." Poor fellow! we should pity him if it were not for the fact that certain of his classmates thought he rather underrated his powers.

A Senior in the course of an astronomy recitation was extremely puzzled a few days ago. In the course of explaining an eclipse, the figures of the sun and moon were drawn in contact with each other. Now this was contrary to all his observations of the heavenly bodies, but to make the thing sure he earnestly inquired: "And does the moon ever hit the sun?" The question was appreciated by the class, and said Senior's face changed from red to redder when he saw the point.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

There are 47 in the Freshman class.

Prayers in the lower Chapel now-a-days.

The Seniors commenced Logic this week.

Stacy, '76, has the Freshmen in Rhetoricals.

Only five of the Seniors room in P. H. at present.

The weather makes things dull about the campus.

Prof. Stanton starts, this week, for the Centennial.

Harvard lately received an anonymous gift of \$12,375.62.

Williams has withdrawn from the Inter-Collegiate Rowing Association.

A public Society Meeting has been proposed. We hope to see the plan carried out.

The Amherst Base-Ball Association has decided to have no University matches this fall.

During the last thirteen years Dartmouth has received donations amounting to \$960,591.

As it seems that the fates forbid our indulging in base-ball, we propose that foot-ball be revived, and broken shins be substituted for broken fingers.

The entire Sophomore class of Williams was recently expelled for being concerned in a rush.

Yale has about 180 Freshmen; Harvard about 200; Amherst, 83; Dartmouth, 60; Tufts, 35; Williams, 50; Trinity, 35.

A number of students, from the different classes, have visited Philadelphia within a few weeks. Several more start to see the big show soon.

The class of '76, at Cornell, numbered sixty-one men and five women. There are one hundred and eighty in '80. Cane rushes are in order there.

We understand that '78 will increase the number of editors of the STUDENT for the coming year. This is a good plan, and we shall be glad to see it adopted.

Of the class of '76 at Yale, 81 were dram drinkers habitual or occasional, 48 smokers, 29 gamblers. This is called Yale's smartest and wickedest class.—*Exchange*.

The Harvard nine has recently been twice defeated by "Our Boys" of Boston, who played in Lewiston this summer, and were beaten by the Androscoggins. We should like to match our nine with some of the Massachusetts College nines, and should be confident of a good result.

Freshman declamations come off as usual. Owing to the size of the class, there will be three divisions. The first division speak Thursday evening, Oct. 26th, at the College Chapel.

It is interesting to notice how often a base-ball can find the same spot in a man's head. We don't dare to say how many times we have seen one man strike a ball with his forehead.

The nominations by the Faculty for STUDENT editors were not satisfactory to the Juniors; and though there have been several meetings for the purpose of electing, there has been as yet no choice.

The Sophs have been trying their Trigonometry on farms and lots in the vicinity. We suggest, as something novel, that they endeavor to find the height of David Mountain, if they haven't already tried it.

We notice that the Freshmen are somewhat backward in base-ball matters, and are inclined to withhold their hearty support. Now this is a poor way to feel about the matter, for the class of '80 has longer to stay at Bates than the rest of us, and should especially take care not only to keep alive the interest in athletic sports already established, but to introduce more if possible.

Why, for example, doesn't '80 try titles with '79 in a game of foot-ball, and have the honor of establishing a precedent for future classes?

The Seniors waited for five minutes after the bell rang one day, and, as no Prof. had put in an appearance adjourned without delay. The next day the matter was explained, and the students concluded to accept the excuse of the Prof. that he had mistaken the recitation bell for one which rang an hour earlier.

Our notice to subscribers, in the last STUDENT, has met with but a feeble response. Now we want to say, once more, that money is wanted for the STUDENT, that many are yet owing for their subscription, and that such ones will greatly oblige by forwarding one dollar (\$1.00) to the Manager. So don't forget it.

Winter is coming on and is bringing with it long evenings. Judging from past observations, we hardly think they will all be spent altogether in study; and suggest, as we have before, that a College Chess Club be formed. For the satisfaction of any one who thinks time wasted which is spent in this game, we refer him to Franklin's essay on this subject, and also advise him to try it and judge for himself.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editor.—ED.]

'67.—H. F. Wood has accepted a call to the pastorate of the F. B. Church at Concord, N. H.

'68.—Prof. O. C. Wendell is stopping in Lowell, Mass. We hope his health will permit him soon to re-occupy his chair here.

'69.—Rev. W. H. Bolster is pastor of the Congregational Church in Everett, Mass.

'69.—Miss Maria W. Mitchell has been elected Professor of Languages in Vassar College.

'70.—Rev. A. L. Houghton has recently met with an irreparable loss in the death of his wife. He receives the sympathies of his many friends in this vicinity.

'71.—J. T. Abbott and C. H. Hersey have formed a co-partnership, and entered the practice of law in Springfield, Mass.

'71.—Jesse M. Libby was elected Representative to the Legislature from Minot, at the last election.

'73.—C. H. Davis, who was graduated from the Theological School in class of '76, is stopping at Prescott, Wisconsin.

'73.—Miss Anna E. Haley is pastor of a church at Clove, N. Y.

'73.—Freedom Hutchinson has

been admitted to the bar and is now practicing in Boston.

'73.—Wm. Rynne is practicing Medicine in Portland, Me.

'74.—Frank L. Noble was admitted to the bar, at the September session of S. J. Court for Cumberland County.

'74.—Augustine Simmons is Principal of the High School at New Portland.

'74.—T. P. Smith has entered Harvard Medical School.

'74.—F. B. Stanford is in the office of the *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia.

'75.—A. T. Salley has entered the Theological School.

'76.—E. C. Adams is teaching in Bloomfield, N. J.

'76.—J. Wm. Daniels is Principal of the High School in Lonsdale, R. I.

'76.—F. E. Emrich has entered the Theological School, and is supplying at Mechanic Falls.

'76.—W. H. Merryman is Assistant in Whitestown Seminary.

'76.—A. L. Morey is preaching in Lancaster, N. H.

'76.—I. C. Phillips has entered the law office of Hutchinson, Savage & Sanborn.

'76.—H. W. Ring is meeting with good success as Principal of the High School in Alna, Maine.

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 28, 1876.

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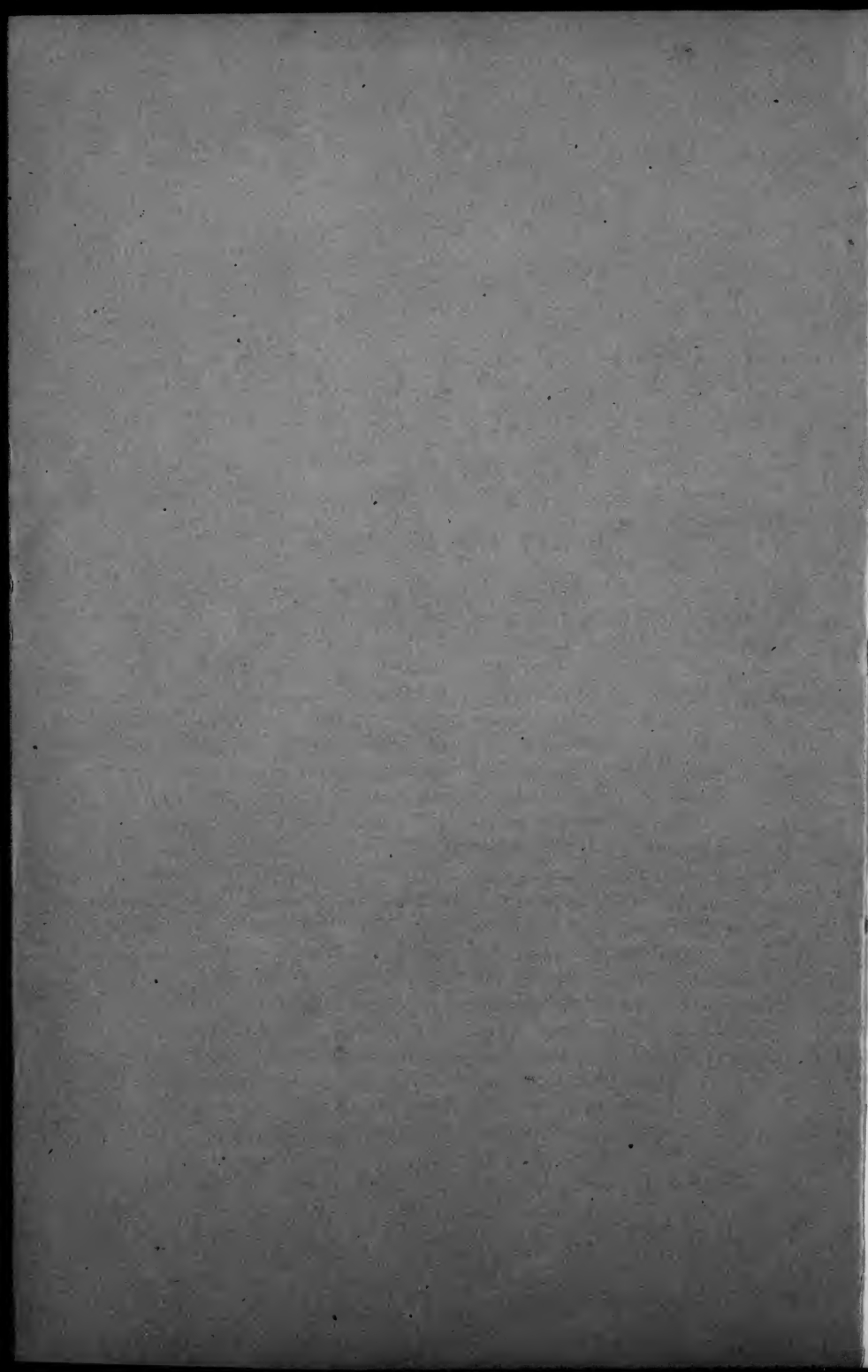
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HUXLEY AND EVOLUTION.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S recent visit to America has awakened anew the minds of men to the difficult problems of evolution. The splendid reputation of the great English speculatist lent peculiar significance to the occasion, and created a feeling of general expectation in all literary circles. Professor Huxley has come and gone, but our enthusiasm loses much of its admiration for the man and all its warmth with our first perusal of his lectures.

We are fully prepared to accept the Professor's decision that the question is a historical one, depending, not on personal testimonies, but on circumstantial evidence. His refutation of the theory that the "Order of nature which now obtains has always obtained," is quite agreeable as a review of familiar things, but a little antiquated as an argument, since there are none found

to urge the statement which it is designed to refute.

The downfall of the Miltonic theory is a necessary consequence of later geological revelations. Even his playful reference to the flexibility of the Hebrew tongue cannot disturb any man of however tender conscience in view of the numerous and fanciful interpretations of Genesis.

But one cannot but be surprised at his treatment of evidence. It is impossible that any considerable amount of circumstantial evidence, beyond a few isolated facts, can be classed as indifferent. It must at least create a presumption in one direction or another.

What Cuvier regarded as decisive, Professor Huxley disposes of by calling it indifferent. If we regard the problem of organic evolution as yet unsolved as we are forced to do,

and treat it inductively as he professes to do, then there is a large class of facts which no candid man can regard otherwise than as so much evidence in favor of the persistency of types. It is true he says that these facts can be interpreted in accordance with the theory of evolution. On strictly inductive principles it cannot be done until evolution is an established fact. If he assumes the theory and proceeds deductively, then the principle of his theory and the evidence conflict. Development is the characteristic feature of evolution, and we should naturally suppose that the flight of untold centuries, in conjunction with the hypothetical laws of Darwin, would have been sufficient to have produced variations better suited to their surroundings and destined to supplant and in turn wholly extirpate the original types. The laws of evolution must be capricious, for they do not work uniformly in the creation of new species to supplant older and less adapted ones. It certainly shows a degree of faith that would do credit to any apostle of modern miracles when men like Professor Huxley, in the face of the fact that we have the history and derivation of no one of the many thousands of living or extinct species that inhabit or have inhabited the face of our globe, will construct a

department for the reception of all evidence that tends to establish the permanency of species and label it indifferent. The whole case looks like the work, not of a man who proceeds in a logical manner seeking to discover the plain teachings of facts, but of one who has a theory that must be established at all hazards. Hence much that seems plain is set aside according to the law of partisan zeal. Of course the deductive method is legitimate and in some cases is the only method that can be employed. Yet as long as the object of proof is in doubt, we should recognize any apparent conflict of testimony. Professor Huxley's idea of the modification of reptiles into a Dinosaurian form and then into birds, is not objectionable, for he himself states that the "process may possibly have taken place." But one who has doubts of the Darwinian theory of evolution can hardly agree with him in calling his array of facts concerning the "pedigree of the horse," demonstrative of the thing which he affirms.

This, like a large class of allied facts, is demonstrative of an evolutionary succession, but compel no one to admit genealogical relationships. All admit that a principle of evolution exists, but time alone will determine its laws.

A PRINCIPLE OF PROGRESS IN MAN.

MANY orators of the present day affirm, and many philosophers teach, the existence of a principle of progression in man—a tendency to perfection founded on the very laws of his being; and one has declared that in those eras when the race has appeared to recede into deeper darkness—as in the centuries that witnessed the decline and fall of the Roman power—that even then the light was but obscured, as when fuel is thrown upon a roaring fire, concealing for a season the brightness of the blaze, but increasing the intensity of the heat. We have learned history otherwise. We have otherwise regarded the story of human advancement. If they intend to assert that there is in human nature a capacity for improvement, that it ought to be wiser and better with each successive generation, that it is influenced to a greater or less degree by climate and circumstances,—we readily assent. But this is by no means the theory that the orators of our day assert and dilate on. Elevation and refinement spring directly from a few master spirits. Thus it has been with the great civilizations of the world. The early Egyptian civilization was not the fruit of growth and progression, but rather the result of traditionary teaching, transmitted from age to age by the priesthood of that mys-

terious realm. Greek civilization sprang from a few master minds; and without a Homer, a Pythagoras, a Plato—even under the inspiring influence of clime and scenery, of sea and skies—we can scarcely imagine the Greece of Miltiades and Leonidas, of Epaminondas and Pericles, to have had an existence. From the tremulous and famine-enfeebled chant of the blind old beggar of Scio, went forth the power that hurled back into the Hellespont the legions of Xerxes, and changed the destinies of a world.

Behold the nations of to-day basking in the light of civilization. What brought out of darkness, out of chaos, the glories of the nineteenth century? What kindled the smouldering embers of manhood to a more genial warmth and a brighter radiance? The theology of Bunyan, the drama of Shakespeare, the poetry of Milton, the philosophy of Bacon, the inventive skill of Faust,—rather than any innate principle of progression in man. Vain the illusion that the far future, merely because it is the future, will be better and wiser than the past. Let the advocate of this theory trace back the mouldy chronicles of the Celestial Empire through thirty centuries of utter stagnation; let him stand upon the ruins of Babylon, above the fallen and imbedded pillars of

her temples, theatres, and palaces, and look upon the scattered hordes of miserable and famished robbers of the desert, who roam abroad never dreaming that a great city ever existed there; and then judge of the fallacy that makes progress a law of our nature, and its unebbing tide the landmarks of time.

It is too true that we are a dwarfed and distorted race. Here and there we see a general, whose martial deeds we admire; a poet, and we are entranced by his song; an orator, and we are charmed by his eloquence; but how seldom a whole and complete man! Could a mental picture be held up before us on which the imperfections of character should appear, what defects

would not the camera depict! what indiscreet philanthropists, what godless patriots, what uncharitable devotees! Must we therefore abandon in despair the hope of a truer manhood? Must, then, human virtue be ever a tiny rivulet, meandering through a bog of selfishness and passion? Let us hope otherwise. Only through ardent effort, through heroic endurance, aided and impelled by the providence of God, does the capacity of our race for improvement evolve itself. Imperative is the obligation resting upon us, not to stand idly by, expecting the foaming current of human ignorance and immorality to exhaust itself, but to embark earnestly in the great work of resisting and overcoming it.

NOVEMBER'S WOOING.

SHRIEK lustily, November,
 Raise high your wildest breeze,
 Wail through the slumb'ring forests
 Where little rills must freeze!

A strain from banished anthems
 Would sound but poorly now;
 The pallid frost hath settled
 Upon the face and brow

Of our crowned queen, October.
 November's kiss was chill;
 The birds would miss *her* welcome,
 And *his* their voice must still.

With her the late buds cower
Beneath his grim, dark smile;
He stole her from her bower
All by his artful wile.

She stept to greet him coming
Across the white-gemmed grass;
Cold was the moon-lit pathway
O'er which the two must pass.

But, oh! *he* bore it bravely,
In Winter trappings clad;
While *she*, in Summer robing,
Was stricken, pale, and sad.

Wail, then, thou harsh November!
Alone thy reign shall be;
Lost is thy bright October,
Save unto memory.

MENTAL SUFFOCATION.

THERE is an atmosphere about the mind which aids its working and gives it vitality, just as the air inhaled by our lungs vitalizes our bodies. We know that with impure air our bodies will become dwarfed and weak, and soon die; just so the mind needs a pure atmosphere to give it proper activity and keep it from becoming dwarfed and useless.

This atmosphere which feeds the mind derives its elements from that which we read and observe. We are as unconscious of its existence and immediate effects on the mind, as we are of the air and its immediate effects on the body.

The oxygen inhaled with every breath purifies and invigorates the blood. If the air lacks this element it will fail to sustain life, and the body will die. Every good thing learned from books or by observation is to the mind as oxygen to the body; and if our reading is devoid of anything good, our minds are far from being improved.

A close inspection of the popular literature of the day would reveal many impurities, and we should be led to hold up our hands in horror at the vast amount of poison it contains. Large doses of this poison, done up in book-covers and in the

columns of newspapers, are placed where young minds cannot help receiving its deadly effects.

The parent is very careful that his child while growing may get a proper amount of open air exercise, and not be confined to the impure air of a close room. But it is feared he is less careful of what the child reads. He does not know what is feeding the young mind. He does not consider that

" 'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd."

The subject of proper ventilation in our school houses has been agitated until the desired change has been effected, and modern school houses are comparatively free from pale and sickly scholars; but there is also a need of proper ventilation in our literature. The hand of law should be laid more firmly upon the press, and the rapidly increasing flow of so-called literature, which revels in the details of bloodshed and murder and depicts scenes which would call a blush of shame to the cheek of the reader, should be checked. This is the kind of reading which influences thousands of young minds, as our Reform Schools and Penitentiaries plainly testify. It is an immoral atmosphere, so poisonous that it suffocates the mind, stifling every generous impulse, every worthy purpose. Thus, while the body comes to the stature of manhood, the mind is cramped by the swaddling clothes of infancy.

If a boy grows up in the streets

of a large city, and is moulded by the influence of the scenes there enacted, his mind can never attain its proper growth, but will be circumscribed by the sphere in which he has lived, and in thousands of cases the result will be a premature, infamous death.

There may be intelligent men, men of power, men of influence, great men, honored men; but truly Christian men are all this and more. They are men of broad minds, of lofty mental stature, because in a Christian life the mind is nourished and grows up in a purely moral atmosphere. It is open to everything that is good and right.

Ministers and other educated men should have sufficient salaries, so that they need not be obliged to stint themselves to a few old books and papers, and be like men suffocating in a close room for want of air, but may have the means to procure such books and surround themselves with such influences as shall ensure an unrestricted development of all their faculties.

A few years ago, when slave-ships sailed between Africa and America, the slaves were crowded so closely into the holds of the vessels that many died during every passage from mere suffocation. The honor due those who have caused such scenes to be things of the past will only be exceeded by that which will be bestowed on those who shall remove the causes of mental suffocation.

'TIS NOT ENOUGH.

'TIS not enough of life to live,
To move, and have a being,
And gallop through life's giddy scenes—
With wanton pleasures teeming.

'Tis not enough to wear the form
And fashion of a man,
And suffer nought but pleasure's gale
Our puny faces fan.

'Tis not enough of life to eat
The fruit of others' toil,
To gather flowers that others sowed
Amid life's thorny soil.

'Tis not enough of life to read
The books of others' lore,
To trust to them for what we learn,
And know of nothing more.

'Tis not enough to always walk
In pace to olden tunes,
And never hurry on our march
When virtue's foe impugns.

'Tis not enough to sing the songs
Our fathers sang of yore,
And always dwell on minor strains,
As in their ancient score.

'Tis not enough to play the harp
That David used to string,
And, like the living warbler,
The same old tune to sing.

'Tis not enough to talk the brogue
Our fathers talked so lame,
To write their straight and labored hand,
And punctuate the same.

'Tis not enough to frame our thoughts
 And actions by the past,
 And, like the toiling beaver, make
 The same old dam at last.

'Tis not enough—'tis not enough
 To know what others know;
 To gather fruit, and never plant;
 To reap, and never sow.

THE "UNKNOWABLE" OF HERBERT SPENCER.

SPENCER'S theory of the origin of things (as we understand it) is as follows: The universe, since it exists, must have had a cause; but of the nature of this cause we can know absolutely nothing, for we have never seen or felt it. Our knowledge of its existence amounts to a knowledge of appearances or phenomena which it has caused. In other words, we know it has created—has performed wonderful feats; but what it is that has done these, in its essence, we do not know. Therefore it is the height of folly to ascribe to it the attributes of a designing mind. Hence, that which the theists call God, the pantheists call *everything*, the atheists call *nothing*,—Spencer calls the *unknowable*.

That we are profoundly ignorant of this primal cause, we frankly confess; but are we indeed so ignorant as Mr. Spencer would like to have us believe? What is it to *know* a

thing? For example, what do we mean when we say we know a man? that we know his weight, the peculiar composition of his body, the texture of his flesh, or the essences of his being? No; we simply mean that we know the manifestations which he has made of himself to the world. Or, when we say we know a rock, we mean we know its color, shape, texture, specific gravity,—which is, indeed, not a knowledge of the rock itself, but of its *appearance*; and what more do we want? Is it not sufficient knowledge of a thing that we know its properties? There may be a difference between a thing itself and its appearance; if there is, it is so small that we are warranted to affirm "a thing is what it manifests itself to be." Suppose we were perfectly acquainted with a thing in itself, but knew nothing of its properties (if such a thing were conceivable), how much more

would we know than if we knew the properties but not the thing itself? Suppose we take to a bank a something, having neither color nor shape, nor any other tangible property, and ask the cashier to exchange it for a hundred dollars. Would he comply with our demand? But, on the other hand, let us take to a jeweler an article, in size no larger than a rain-drop, crystalline in form, of the hardest texture and the greatest brilliancy of any substance, and tell him: "Sir, here is something, that is of the shape, color, solidity, and brilliancy, as you see; but no one in the world knows what it is in itself." The man glances at it and says: "I will give you a thousand dollars for it." A thousand dollars for mere *appearance*! Therefore we may conclude, where there is appearance *there is something*, where this is lacking *there is nothing*; and when we have knowledge of appearances, we have real knowledge,—where this is wanting, there is gross ignorance.

Now then, do we know anything of the first cause, otherwise the "unknowable"—so called by Spencer? Has it made any manifestations of itself? Are there any appearances in which we see its very image? The earth and the wonders that are in it, the heavens and their glory,—are not these like so many types printed on a white sheet? Do we not in these read the name of Him whom Spencer calls nameless? and is it not committing a most gross

blunder to call Him, who is thus known, "the unknowable"? Now, from what knowledge we have of ourselves and the outward world, do we not recognize, in the cause of the universe, a thinking, knowing mind, like our own (only infinitely greater)? But to Spencer's mind such a thing is unthinkable, for he says: "May a watch (supposing it possessed consciousness) regard the watchmaker's actions as determined, like its own, by springs and escapements?" We answer, A watch, had it a mind, could rightly reason in regard to its maker as follows: "My maker could not have made me unless he had first formed in his mind the concept, the idea of a complete watch." Again, the watch could say: "My mechanical workings are according to a law; the mind of my maker must work according to a principle. I have a balance-wheel to regulate my movements; there must be something in my maker to keep his mind within proper limits of action. I have a main-spring, to overcome the friction of my wheels; my maker must have force of character to surmount difficulties." In this sense, who can dispute that a watch is part and parcel of its maker, and therefore, so far, like its maker. It does not seem so absurd, after all, for a watch to judge of its maker from itself. Mr. Spencer has not, then, shown any flaw in the reasoning which determines the creator from the creature. Just as a watch is an

emanation from the mind of its maker and an expression of his character, so are we and all creation an emanation from the Infinite Mind and expressions of His nature. Therefore, while we are lost at the contemplation of His greatness, and are overwhelmed with a sense of our ignorance of Him, yet we can with the fullest confidence affirm: We know he is great, for his *works* are great; we know he is a designing intelligence, for *we* are intelligences.

METANOIA.

I STAND on some vast mountain peak
 And gaze the landscape o'er;
 What countless beauties round me break,
 Set free through Nature's door!

I stand on some great thought, alone,
 And look adown the slope,
 And ask myself, in bitter tone:
 "Is this your only hope?"

"What other men have done for you,
 Shall you but do the same?
 And ne'er attempt a vantage new,—
 Are you indeed so tame?"

And then I watch the way I came
 To this, another's height;
 And all my soul is filled with shame
 That I have fought no fight.

Oh, bitter then the tears that flow,
 And I am weak, so weak,
 I fain would walk the road below—
 Another pathway seek.

But if I go far down below,
I lose the beauty here ;
The clouds that fill the valley so
May ever be too near.

And I may never come again
To glory such as this ;
The longest life is but a span,
By current drawn amiss.

And I would fain go on to see
The higher peaks that rise ;
The eternal that round me be
But urge me to the skies.

Shall I rebuild this mountain vast —
The bottom place at top,
Go over all the weary past,
And reach this height, to stop?

No higher shall I be when done ;
No firmer will it stand ;
No nearer to the noonday sun ;
No farther see the land.

The plain and valley hold the earth
That you and I may take
To build a growth of sterling worth,
That nothing e'er will shake.

O Student! then no longer make
Another's height your own ;
They who the soonest self forsake
Are all the sooner grown.

A LETTER FROM EUROPE.

AFTER a long and fatiguing journey of nearly three weeks we have finally reached our destination.

Aix les Bains is a fashionable watering place, situated in Savoie, in the southern part of France. The province of Savoie was formerly a part of Italy, but was ceded to France in 1860. The people speak a mixture of Italian and French, which makes it very difficult for one who is not acquainted with both languages. The town is high up among the mountains, contiguous to the beautiful lake of Bourget, near the Mont Cenis tunnel; it is surrounded by orchards, gardens, and vineyards, some of which extend far up the mountain side. It has many beautiful walks and drives shaded by tall trees set on either side. The place is visited annually by many thousands who come in search of health, tempted by the mineral springs and the extreme salubrity of the atmosphere. The climate is so healthful that Aix is said to have entirely escaped the terrible plague that so rapidly depopulated the neighboring valleys in 1435 and 1564.

The thermal springs have been used for many centuries, first by the Romans, whence the name Roman baths. They were formerly situated under the "Pension Chabert." Its form is octagonal, surrounded by

seats one above the other. The roof is supported by a hundred columns, around which the waters circulated. The ceiling is perforated. This is supposed to have been intended for a vaporium. Recently there has been a large stone building erected with all the modern conveniences necessary for bathing. The supply of water is 1076 gallons per minute, having a temperature of 112 to 117 degrees Fahrenheit, and thoroughly impregnated with sulphur and alum. There are some old Roman curiosities still in existence. In the garden near the bathing house I saw the old sun dial which was found close by the ancient vaporium. It shows the marks of age, but tells the villager the time of day as accurately now as it did the Romans hundreds of years ago. There stands in the square of the modern thermal establishment, a fine old monument called the Arch of Campanus. It is built of large blocks of calcareous stones, is 32 feet high and 22 feet wide. The span of the arch is nine feet ten inches. On it are many inscriptions, all dedicated to the honor of the Pompeian family. Under the architrave is the following:

L. POMPEIVS CAMPANVS VIVVS FECIT.

The thermal grottoes are well worth a visit. They are illuminated

twice a month, then the entrance fee is one franc, at other times fifty centimes. It is very interesting to walk through this subterranean cavern and notice the corrosive power of the water. Near the source of the springs the roof of the cave is completely honeycombed, caused by vaporizing of the water. The smell of sulphur and the almost insupportable heat brings to mind what we have read about the lower regions. Excursions are made to Haute Combe on the opposite side of the lake, which was formerly the burial-place of the princes of Savoie; also to Annecy, to the summit of Mont du Chat and many other places of interest. The most difficult and yet the most desirable of any is the ascension of the Grand Revass.

We have waited a very long time for a suitable day. It has come at last and is all that the most fastidious could desire. None has been clearer or more favorable during the whole season, says our guide. At eight o'clock we start. The first part of the journey is easily performed with mules (if one desires them, but I prefer to walk.) On the left, the guide points out a fine statue, on which is the following inscription:

HOC MONUMENTUM PIIS FIDELIUM IMPEUS
IN SPONTE CONCESSO
ERECTUM, IN HONOREM BEATÆ
MARIE VIRGINIS
SUB NOMINE
NOTRE AQUARUM DOMINE
DICTUM EST
1867.

Our path becomes more and more difficult as we ascend. It is very narrow, in many places cut into the solid rock which projects over it, and winds back and forth in a zig-zag course. Near the top and most dangerous part of the mountain the path is not yet completed; here a misstep will send one over the edge of the path into the abyss, a distance of two thousand feet or more. A step that one would not relish unless he wishes to try the experiment of flying without the aid of wings. At length we reach a more level spot, where by the side of a mountaineer's stone hut we do ample justice to the bountiful viands which our landlady prepared and the stalwart guide brought. At a height of seven or eight thousand feet we see large herds of cattle and hear the tinkling of their bells as they feed.

At last we reach the summit of the mountain and are amply paid for our hard labor. At a little distance to the east we have a magnificent view of the eternally snow-capped mountains. The view from here rivals that from the Valley de Chamounix. To the north and south as far as the eye can extend, we see the line of perpetual snow. But directly before us and towering high above its neighboring peaks, is that majestic old mountain, Mont Blanc, which in its mute grandeur seems to say, "Here have I been for thousands of years wearing this same

snowy mantle, and here shall I remain as long as the earth continues to circle in its orbit." This mountain is the chief object of attraction to the tourist and usually the only one mentioned. Although there are others nearly as high, Mont Blanc is 15,410 feet high, Mont Rosa 15,150, and Mont Cervin 14,835, all in full view. It is impossible to describe the grandeur and sublimity of this stupendous work of nature. It must be seen in order to be fully comprehended and appreciated.

Our party remain and look at the

marvelous beauty of the mountain scenery, strangely contrasted with that of the cultivated valleys far below, till the approaching sunset and the chill winds warn us that a night passed on the Alps would be far from agreeable. The average snow line is about nine thousand feet above the sea level. Many of the glaciers, however, extend far down the mountain sides into the valley, where, melted by the fierce rays of the sun, they form the source of some mighty river.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

CHIVALRY.

CHIVALRY presents a bright contrast to the barbarism and immorality of the middle ages. The feudal system had rendered the power of kings merely nominal in the eleventh century, and there was no protection for the weak against the violence of the times. Then chivalry took its rise with the avowed purpose to protect the defenseless and check corruption. With the sanction of the church it became the leading institution for three centuries. To become a knight was the highest ambition, an honor that kings and princes sought.

The oaths taken at different periods indicate the morals which it was endeavored to impress upon chivalry. They swore: "To fear, revere, and serve God; to fight for their sovereign and country; to protect the weak; to respect woman; to faithfully keep their word and pledged faith; to be faithful, courteous, and humble." No labor or hardship was avoided that would give them a graceful and robust frame. There is, in these oaths and obligations imposed upon knights, a moral development foreign to the society of the period.

Moral developments so elevated,

so delicate, so humane, bear upon them the stamp of Christianity. In proportion as it succeeded, in proportion as chivalry appears more and more in a character at once religious, moral, and warlike; and superior to the existing manners, the more it exalted the imagination of men; and as it was intimately connected with their belief, it soon became the ideal of their thought, the source of their most noble pleasures. Poetry, as well as religion, took possession of it. From the eleventh century, chivalry, its ceremonies, its duties, its adventures, were the mines from which the poets drew to satisfy the imagination, to elevate the thoughts. It presented more elevated and purer emotions than real life could furnish. Many have claimed that chivalry was nothing but poetry—a beautiful chimera, having no relation to reality. In fact, when we look at the state of society in those three centuries, at the incidents in the daily life of men, the contrast between the duties and acts of knights is not pleasant. If in this period there was immorality and disorder in society, it cannot be denied chivalric morality, purity, and true knighthood existed. The monuments are there to prove it.

It is true of the middle ages, that while society was in its worst stages there existed in men's minds, in their imaginations, pure and noble instincts and desires. Their notions of virtue more elevated, their ideas of justice better developed, than they saw practiced around them, than they practiced themselves. Over these rude times hovered a pure spirit of morality which attracted the attention of men, and gained their respect, though they seldom practiced it. Much of this is due to Christianity. Its characteristic is to create in man a high moral aim, to hold before him an ideal superior to human actions, and incite him to imitate it.

We find everywhere in the middle ages that the moral thoughts of men rise above their acts. Yet, because practice gives the lie to theory, we should not consider the theory null and worthless. "I prefer a bad action to a bad principle," says Rousseau, and we agree with him. A bad action may remain isolated, but a bad principle is fertile. A young man had better be poisoned in his blood than in his morals. For it is the mind that controls; men are guided more by their thoughts than they imagine. We find in the middle ages principles better than actions. It is for this reason that it occupies so important a part in the civilization of Europe. It is a great thing to exercise judgment upon the actions of men, and the result is apparent

sooner or later. If chivalry was naught but a poetic creation of the imagination, it accomplished a purpose, as the civilization and morals of Europe attest. Its origin was with the young men, and it became the trust of the people and the strength of nations.

Our colleges in a measure correspond to this. They are composed of young men, and are the higher development of the free school system, on which our fathers placed their hopes for the continuance of freedom. Whatever tends to raise the moral standard of society in colleges benefits the whole community. They furnish the men who frame our theology, create our literature, and control our motives. They are in a measure the sources of our religion, morals, and government. Yet we think few of them would care to claim the honor to-day.

For this reason the standard of colleges should be high. We would engraft upon them the noblest principles of chivalry. An ideal should be raised superior to existing society, and the students incited to imitate it. The principles of honor which exist among classmates and students should be cultivated and encouraged, till they reach a higher perfection, and when they fall below the recognized standard they should be guided in the right channel, but never eradicated. Let them always be guided by a delicate sense of

honor, and "student" be synonymous with what is honorable, a passport to the best society, a guarantee to any trust or honor. Let their rules be faith in God, pure morality, a sacred regard for truth, a noble purpose, a true manhood,—recognizing the fact that character is superior to intellect. With these principles, the standard of colleges will be higher, the aims of students more lofty, and our whole society better.

THE SOPHOMORES.

For the first time in the brief existence of our College, we have no Sophomore class. We think it necessary to state the facts that have led to this,—to so much talk in the city, and to so many comments in the papers. The facts have generally been stated correctly, but the criticisms sometimes have been unjust.

When the last division of the Freshman class declaimed, mock programmes were circulated caricaturing the Freshmen, and near the close, some balls from the bowling alley were let down from the top of the building, through the scuttle on to the floor above the chapel, and from thence rolled down stairs.

This created some disturbance in the audience, but no one was injured, and the exercises continued to the close. The programmes, instead of being disgusting, as some very pure minded correspondent reports, who, in pandering to a certain class, over-

stepped the mark, were acknowledged by the Faculty to be the least disgraceful and low of any they had ever seen, and in themselves not deserving of severe punishment. There was but little in them that any one could object to, and we are glad that the class did not indulge in anything obscene or disgraceful. The letting down of the balls was the worst part of the affair, and should have been dispensed with. The class claim no connection with this, as it was known to very few. This part of the joke fell upon the audience rather than the Freshmen. We should endeavor to repay those who attend our entertainments for their trouble, and, above all, treat them as becomes students and gentlemen.

The Faculty immediately suspended six of the Sophomores on suspicion, it not being known who were the instigators of the programmes, or who arranged the balls. The remainder of the class asked the same punishment, knowing some of those suspended to be innocent of the charges brought against them, and considering themselves equally guilty.

After a careful consideration of the matter, we do not see how the class could have honorably pursued a different course. College society is governed by laws peculiar to itself, laws strangely inconsistent sometimes with the established codes of God or man, and unintelligible to many. Their rules of honor

sometimes fall below the recognized standard, and again soar far above them, but almost unexceptionably lean toward the side of right. The student who is not bound by these laws, who will not stand by his class in trouble, will not be controlled by any principles of honor, and cannot be trusted in any emergency of life, and deserves the contempt that he receives from all fair-minded students.

If the Sophomores as a class assumed the responsibility of the programmes, and agreed to stand and fall together, as soon as part of the class were suspended the rest were bound to go. Their crime was in making the league, and for that they should be equally punished. We agree with many disinterested observers, that it has been made too serious a matter. We fail to see any bad motive or principle underlying it, or anything in the act itself meriting severe punishment. For this reason the sentences of some of the Sophomores was regarded by many as hasty and severe. No law compels any one to criminate himself. No court of justice convicts any one on suspicion. Neither does anonymous or doubtful evidence have any weight with them. We respect the decision of the Prof. who pronounced anything anonymous as mean and low. We wish he had gone farther, and expressed the opinion of all honest people, that one is equally mean and contemptible who by betraying secrets learned in confidence or by accident,

brings another student into disgrace. As our institution becomes older, and the number of students increase, such things will occur more or less frequently, and should be treated as they deserve. After a careful and just investigation of the affair, the guilty ones should be punished as the case demanded, and the dignity of the College required; but nothing like "haste, anger, or vacillation should be apparent." We do not look upon every joke perpetrated by one student upon another, or by different classes, as hazing, or deeds that should subject a student and his friends to disgrace. They are practiced in all classes of society.

We trust the affair with the Sophomores is settled, whatever may have been the difference of opinion, and nothing more will be heard from it till the class has served out their sentence. This we hope will not be long, and that next term will find them with us again.

READING.

We do not propose to add another essay to the countless number that are written advising students how to read, when to read, and what to read. We do not feel competent to give advice, or lay down any rules to govern students in their reading. Every one ought to consider the matter carefully, and be guided by what is for his best interests. We think reading as a means of improvement is not productive of the good it should be in our colleges. Some

students do not read enough, a few read too much, and none of them have any method. If a declamation or essay is to be written, or preparation made for a debate, the reading may have reference to those things; but the greater part is desultory. The student enters the library, and after loitering around, and looking at the different books till it is time to close, takes the last one he happens to get hold of; or a friend recommends one to him because he likes it. This is especially true of the Freshmen, for they all regard it essential to be in the library regularly. Reading of this kind is not productive of the good it should be. In the Senior year the student does the most of his reading. The studies of this year lead to thought and reflection, and necessitate more or less reading. Even then, many are puzzled to know how to read.

There is no branch of his education that a student needs more on leaving College, than a well established, systematic habit of reading. It is through this avenue a great part of his knowledge is obtained, and a correct habit is of inestimable value through life. For this reason we wish the class of '77 could make some arrangement to substitute a course of reading for the remainder of the year in place of one study. The course of reading and amount to be done should be arranged by the Faculty. This would not relieve the class of any responsibility or labor. They should be required to

perform the same amount of work as now. We think this means would be of great advantage to the class, and one that might be accomplished.

EXCHANGES.

We shall soon take a last farewell of our exchanges, and at the thought our heart is "bowed down by weight of woe." Life will indeed be gloomy when we are no longer guided to right ways of thinking and acting by the sermons of this one, and amused by the sallies of that one.

Nevertheless we expect to survive and instead of the first, propose to take up Fox's Book of Martyrs, and shall console ourselves for the loss of the second by increasing our supply of Comic Almanacs.

But between these extremes there is a class of papers that we shall indeed be sorry to lose sight of, containing as they do much that is both instructive and entertaining. As College papers they contain mostly College news, and in their literary departments aim to offer matter which will be of interest specially to students. May the STUDENT, if not so at present, come in the future to be of this class.

The *Alabama University Monthly* opens with a good article on Fictitious Literature, distinguishing between two classes of novels—the first that to which belong Fielding, Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, and George Eliot; the second composed of works which owe their interest to rapid

changes in plot and scene. The article shows thought. Next comes a story which it seems to us must take its place among the second class, being quite sensational in its character. And then comes Commencement. We notice that the degrees were conferred before the Valedictory was delivered. Then comes a marriage, and exhausted we looked no farther.

The *Undergraduate* from Middlebury College, Vermont, recommends itself at a distance by its clean and clear appearance, and upon nearer inspection confirms first impressions. Its matter is good, though sometimes in a rather crude state. The "Philosophy of Poetical Translation" shows thought, but reminds one too much of a sermon to be of much interest. The "Characteristics of Miss Mulock's Novels" is good as far as it goes, but gives only one side of the question and is eulogistic rather than critical. The editorial column is filled with College matters and contains some excellent advice to Freshmen. Altogether it is far from being the worst of our exchanges.

We hope the time is distant when that monument to the "Literary Talent of Racine College" mentioned in the last *Mercury* will be needed, but really it seems to us that the *Mercury* is somewhat on the decline.

The *Wittenberger* has but recently made its appearance among our exchanges. It is a large sheet and de-

votes most of its space to editorials, locals, &c. An article on the authorship of Shakespeare in its last number is well written and shows thought as well as research. In regard to student work the editor says: "Do well what you do; do it for all time as well as the present." Old precepts these but well put. It has a mathematical department from which we turn with dismay. The personal column is well filled. We welcome our Western friend.

BOOK NOTICE.

Student Life at Harvard, published by Lockwood, Brooks & Co., 331 Washington Street, Boston. Price \$1.50.

We have received advance sheets of this book and were much pleased in reading them. The work takes for its subject, students and their life, and the characters portrayed are types of men to be found in all College classes. Sam Wentworth, the hero of the story; Huntington with his brilliant gifts and entire lack of principle; Villiers, the "dig;" and Haskill who went through College to "please the old man," are all familiar to the College student. The Faculty also is well described—Bulard, the "Philosopher," the Doctor, and the "Bantam" are realities. The whole is enlivened by the introduction of ladies, and the power of a pretty girl to attract a student is fully shown. Altogether the book is very entertaining, and must be especially so to College boys.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Term closes Friday, the 25th.

All hands begin to prepare for Thanksgiving turkey.

For sale—a fine bull dog, warranted good to watch. Inquire of R—.

The Sophs. take their vacation a little earlier than the other classes, by request of the Faculty.

A Senior told the Prof. the other day that he supposed isomorphous meant something that wasn't morphous.

A Prof. says that the other night he "saw two meteors coming up from the lecture." What in the world did he mean by that?

A Senior wants to know if by "indirect vision" one can see a star that is below the horizon. That is a good deal like shooting round a corner.

It is supposed that '79 is responsible for the disturbance at the last Freshman Declamations. It is reported that when the balls descended from above, many started for the doors and windows under the impression that the building was coming down. Several even found it necessary to put their arms round their partners—for greater safety we judge.

It is now supposed that Abraham was the original base-ball player, as the Scriptures say that he pitched in the wilderness.

And now Room T will weekly resound with the Sophomoric "Give me liberty, or give me death!" and the average spectator will rise up in his might and say, "give him death!"—*Ex.*

Persons who wish to have secret conversation should take warning from recent occurrences, and see that the ventilator over the door is tight and that the key hole is plugged up.

Scene — Greek recitation room. Prof.—"How do you translate *moschos*?" Smart Student—"A plant—a young plant." Prof.—"Hardly in this connection. Here it means a calf." Smart Student—"That must be a cowslip."—*Ex.*

Philosophy class. Prof.—"What was Boyle's greatest discovery? Pupil (barely minding his b's)—"Hoyle sir, is the man that knew how to shuffle the cards. They were his discovery—the greatest blessing that monte men and gin-slingers ever got. Hoyle *was* a great man." Prof. proceeds to turn him down which proceeding was certainly in accordance with Hoyle.—*Ex.*

A Senior, who evidently had his reasons, asked the Prof. whether the skin would grow again after the application of nitrate of silver.

Geology. Prof.—“How do you recognize generic character?” Student—“By detail of structure.” Prof.—“But this specimen has no tail.” Student smiles faintly, gasps and sits down.—*Ex.*

The following translation in Wilhelm Tell does not look so suggestive as it sounded. “Ulrich von Rudenz tritt ein in Ritterkleidung” was rendered —“Ulrich von Rudenz enters in a knight-dress.”—*Cornell Era.*

A Senior who was making a decided flunk in his Chemistry recitation and was being kindly assisted by a neighbor, rebuked him and astonished both class and Professor by calling out, “Who’s doing this reciting, you or I?”—*Nassau Lit.*

Daniel Pratt, G. A. T., CO₂, etc., made Middletown a call lately. The subject of his lecture was “Universal Principle.” He said that he should condense this lecture, “*multum in parvo, pro bono publico, ne plus ultra.*” The degree of H₂O was conferred upon him.—*Ex.*

A gentleman residing on College Street was disturbed late one night by the barking of a dog. Now he recognized this dog as one belonging to a house in another part of the city, where beauty hath its abode in

the form of young ladies. What he wants to know now is, which one of the Seniors who live near by brought over the dog. Neither thinks he is the man, but neither would take his oath about the matter.

A Freshman showed his valor at a recent necktie festival in a notable manner: Having with difficulty, and finally by aid of a friend, found a partner, he spent the evening in her company, and about breaking-up time approached a friend, saying, “Here, you take her,” and was off.

It is not very often that the Doctor perpetrates a joke, but when he does it is sure to be a good one. On registration day a certain Fresh. walked meekly up to the Doctor’s desk and inquired, “Are the schedules out yet?” Dr.—“Yes, sir; they are.” Fresh. after an awkward pause—“Can I have one please?” Dr. (with a bland smile) “How can you have one when they are out?”—*Cornell Era.*

Strange things happen to travelers. For instance, one of the Seniors who recently visited Philadelphia, found himself in a predicament one day. He had gone into a barber shop in company with a friend to get a shave. The operation performed, as he was about to start out, the door burst open and one of Philadelphia’s dirtiest street youngsters rushed up to him shouting, “Papa, papa,” and refused to be shaken off. The moral is plain.

Pull for the shore, Junior, pull for the shore,
Heed not the barking dog, bend to the oar;
Safe are the apples, dangers now are past,
Open wide the pillow-case and treat while
they last.

—*Coll. Reporter.*

Prof. in Psychology—"Now, Mr. D., in regard to how the mind forms a material thing from several percepts. Take an apple, and illustrate." Mr. D.—"I don't care if I do." Class murmur, "Pass 'em 'round."—*The Dartmouth.*

A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a Professor, in the course of a class examination, "Pray, Mr. E—, how would you discover a fool?" "By the questions he would ask," was the rather stunning reply.

Two Seniors and a Freshman undertook to carry a stove down stairs. During the passage the stove got the better of them and deposited itself partly on the Freshman's head and partly on the floor. We are told that the Senior who was in command used some naughty words.

One of our prominent men went out one evening to make a call—not a business call you know, but for pleasure. Arrived at his destination, however, he found the man of the house was round and so cut his visit short. After his departure the gentleman, perceiving perhaps that he had been in the way, hastened to the door and shouted after him,

"Hold on, I will go to bed and you may have the room." It is said that the temptation was too strong to be resisted, and he concluded to stop.

Scene in Mechanics. Festive Junior puts his pedal extremities on the seat in front of him. Instructor, *log.*—"Mr. Z., if it would not be inconveniencing you too much, I would like to be able to see the gentlemen in the back part of the room."—*Berkeleyan.*

Right you are—Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whose names were More, Strange, and Wright; said the last: "There is but one fool in the company, and that's Strange." "Yes," answered Strange, "here is one More." "Aye," said More, "that's Wright."—*Ex.*

A young man, an applicant for admission to Cornell University, spilled ink all over his examination papers, rubbed out the blots with his tongue, sucked his pen clean at the end of every sentence, spelled the name of the father of his country "georg washington," said that "galus decius Brutus discovered America," and that it was at least 679 miles from the earth to the moon, and nearly twice as far to the sun; but when it was ascertained that the applicant was Robinson, the Union Springs, New York, oarsman, his papers were marked 125 per cent., and he went into the Sophomore class.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

It is a bad time for locals.

Vassar has organized a political club.

Another ball smashed in the bowling alley. Keep it up.

Singing on the campus or in the buildings is forbidden at Trinity.

The Rowing Association of New England Colleges does not appear to be very popular.

There are now 120 Chinese students in the colleges of New England.—*Univ. Review*.

The question of wearing caps and gowns is being discussed by several of the College papers.

Cornell has some thoughts of changing her color—the present one being hard to obtain.

Of the sixteen University races Harvard has won nine, Yale three, and other colleges four.—*Targum*.

We hear that President Cheney will probably cut short his stay in Europe by reason of the serious illness of his son.

Notwithstanding the efforts of our manager, Bates has not yet been able to induce Bowdoin to play us the third game in the series arranged for the year. Those who know the nines can draw their own inference.

The Latin School Declamations were very fine. Perkins took the prize, with Parsons a good second.

The Literary Societies of the Latin School held a public meeting a short time since. The exercises we are told were very creditable.

A number of the students spent a pleasant evening not long ago at the residence of Deacon Jones. Truly, surprise parties are pleasant things.

The contemplated public meeting of the Polymnian Society is necessarily deferred by reason of the absence of its Sophomore members.

The College color has not yet been decided upon. Meanwhile we notice that the Freshmen use garnet to set off their class color, navy blue.

At Oberlin, the Æliolians refuse to accept an invitation to attend the exercises of the Alpha Zetas because it is against a *traditional rule* of the institution.

The Freshman Declamation took place on Thursday evenings, Oct. 26th, Nov. 2d, and Nov. 9th. From the first division, Merrill and Reynolds were chosen to compete a second time—from the second, Davis and Tarbox. Hayes finally bore off the prize. The declamations were a credit to the class.

The preparation for examinations is something of a bore. One gets tired towards the end of a term and finds it hard to buckle down and work on lessons that are no longer new.

Amherst field-day sports resulted as follows: Ball throw, 364 ft. 2 in; 100 yard dash, 11 1-4 seconds; quarter mile run, 58 seconds; half mile run, 2.33 1-2; 2 mile run, 12.12; mile walk, 9.11; three mile walk, 28.54; running jump, 16 ft. 4 in; standing jump, 9 ft.

The billiard tables introduced some time since at Princeton by advice of President McCosh, and also the bowling alleys, have been removed by order of the trustees, as being "deleterious to the moral health of the community."

The Reading Room Association has elected the following officers: President, O. B. Clason; Vice President, F. O. Mower; Secretary and Treasurer, L. M. Sessions; Executive Committee, N. P. Noble, J. W. Hutchins, R. F. Johonnett, F. P. Fisher.

Fall Athletics at Dartmouth: Throwing heavy hammer, 61 feet; one-quarter mile run, 59 1-2 seconds; 100 yards dash, 10 3-4 seconds; throwing base-ball, 323 feet 6 inches; mile walk, 7.57 1-2; mile run, 5.8 1-2, broad jump, 16 feet 6 inches; standing long jump, 10 feet 9 9-10 inches; running high jump, 4 feet 8

inches; one-half mile run, 2.22 1-4; 3 mile walk, 17.36 1-4.

The Juniors, in accordance with nomination, have elected the Editors of the *STUDENT*, as follows: F. O. Mower, J. H. Hutchins, M. F. Daggett, M. Adams; Business Manager, F. H. Briggs. These names give assurance of good reading throughout next year. The addition of two to the number of the board will undoubtedly show good results.

The *STUDENT* makes its appearance a little later than it otherwise would, by reason of the Chief's losing his manuscript. A classmate, coming home rather late one evening, found the door locked and was obliged to force an entrance. He attributed the joke to the Editor, and confiscated his *copy*. Hence those tears and the general gloom that prevailed for a while.

Two of the professors in Michigan University have printed outlines of their lectures given before the students. They are printed in pamphlet form of 18 pages each, with blank leaves bound in for the use of the students in taking additional notes. The matter printed is simply that which has been heretofore dictated to classes who have been required to spend an immense amount of time in copying, while a large portion of the lecture hour has been consumed in the mere dictation.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editor.—ED.]

'67.—Rev. A. H. Heath was recently installed pastor of the Congregationalist church at New Bedford, Mass.

'68.—Prof. Wendell was in town recently. His health, we learn, has much improved.

'68.—Prof. Chase has been severely afflicted recently, by the death of his father, and more recently by the death of an only sister, wife of Rev. W. C. Hulse. He receives the heartfelt sympathies of his numerous friends in this vicinity.

'72.—E. F. Nason, we learn, is stopping in Boston.

'73.—N. W. Harris is stopping at his home in Auburn. We see him occasionally in the College Library.

'73.—L. C. Jewell is practicing medicine in Cape Elizabeth.

'73.—In West Buxton, Oct. 31st, by the Rev. Mr. Kyte, George Ed. Smith, Esq., of Boston, to Miss Sarah F. Weld of West Buxton.

'73.—E. A. Smith has met with a severe loss in the death of his

wife, who died at their home, Sept. 23d.

'74.—R. W. Rogers is studying law in Burnham.

'74.—H. W. Chandler, former editor of the STUDENT, is practicing law in Jacksonville, Florida.

'74.—In Concord, N. H., August 13th, by Rev. Mr. Garner, Mr. J. H. Hoffman of Bangor Theological School, to Miss Elena L. Gordon, late Instructor of Music in New Hampton Institute, N. H.

'74.—Augustus Simmons has been appointed Principal of the High School in Fairfield, Maine.

'75.—J. R. Brackett is in town, and made us a call recently.

'76.—W. C. Leavitt is studying law with Hutchinson, Savage & Sanborn.

'76.—J. Rankin has been teaching the High School at Bolster's Mills. He met with fine success.

'76.—Ed. Whitney, former editor of the STUDENT, is stopping at his home in Harrison.

'77.—M. E. Burnham of this class has been appointed teacher in a Normal School in Tougaloo, Miss.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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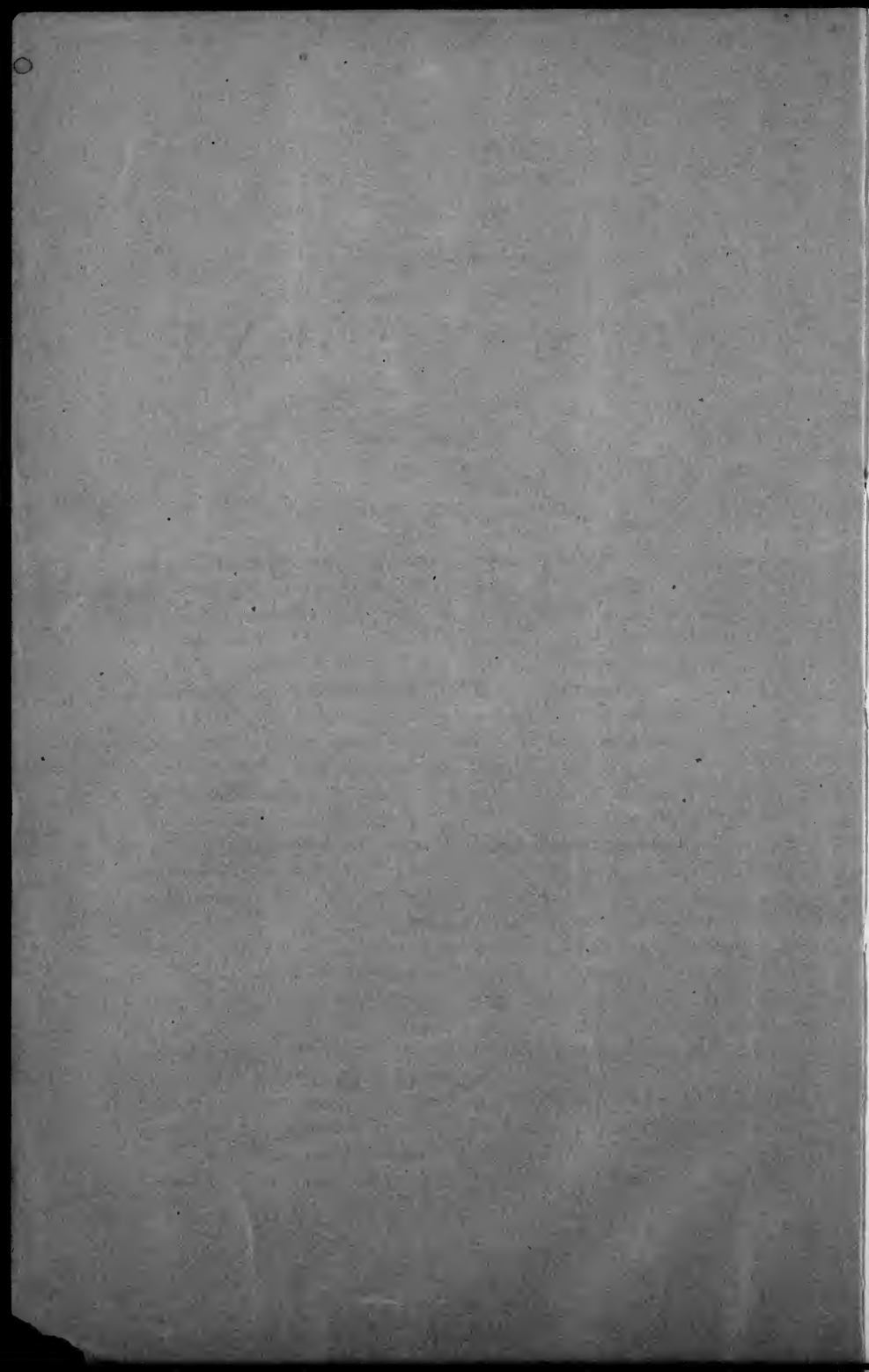
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VOL. IV.

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No. 10.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King of England, was the son of the Duke of York. For years there had been a bitter feud between the houses of York and Lancaster. During the reign of Henry VI., the Duke of York fomented insurrections against the reigning sovereign. Both parties appealed to arms, and at the battle of Wakefield Green the Duke of York fell. This event brought quiet for a time. In 1641, by the exertions of the Earl of Warwick, Edward, son of the late Duke of York, was crowned King of England. Thus the house of York was once more triumphant. Edward's reign was troubled by the endeavors of Queen Margaret to re-instate the Lancastrians.

Edward's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, was a faithful friend to the house of York. Brave and daring, he aided his brother in the over-

throw of the Lancastrians at Tewksbury, and for his brother's sake became the murderer of Prince Edward, the son of Henry VI.

The Duke of Clarence, brother to Richard and Edward, exhibited a vacillating spirit, in that he sided with Warwick in his rebellion against the crown. Some time afterwards, the Duke of Clarence returned to his allegiance to his brother's reign. During the reign of Edward, we have no evidence that Richard was aught but a loyal subject of the King. The Queen, whose family were not of the nobility, incurred the displeasure of the nobles by her favoritism to her relatives. Richard, at heart, hated her and her family; but, by his cunning, he managed to be acceptable to both parties. Clarence, however, frankly showed his displeasure at the Queen's bestowal of favors.

Towards the last of Edward's

reign, it would seem that Richard contemplated ascending the throne himself. In his way stood the offspring of Edward, and Clarence. To ingratiate himself in the favor of the King and Queen, he took sides against Clarence. Upon a mere pretext, the Duke of Clarence was thrown into prison, tried by a Parliament suborned by the King, and summarily executed. Thus Richard gained one item in his plan. At the death of King Edward, Richard was made regent during the minority of the young King.

No sooner did Richard enter into this holy trust than he set about the accomplishment of his purposes. At this time he had the service of the Duke of Buckingham, a wily, unprincipled man. Richard's first plan was to withdraw the King and his younger brother from the influence of the Queen's relatives. To accomplish this, he caused several of the leading members of the Queen's family to be murdered at Pomfret. It would seem that at first Richard did not contemplate the murder of his two nephews, but only their exclusion from the throne. To this end he sought to blacken the characters of his own mother and his brother. He met with opposition from Lord Hastings, whom Richard caused to be executed without even the semblance of a trial. He finally caused his nephews to be murdered. The throne which he had gained by blood needed to be preserved in like manner.

When the Earl of Richmond was suing for the hand of Richard's niece, the Princess Elizabeth, Richard foresaw that this alliance would prove disastrous to his reign. He had previously married Anne, the widow of the murdered son of Henry VI. To thwart the Earl of Richmond's plans, he felt that Anne must be set aside, and the Princess Elizabeth be made his Queen. Queen Anne died suddenly, and, it is believed, from the effects of poison administered by her husband. Richard's desire to wed Elizabeth was thwarted by Richmond's sudden invasion of England, and by the rout of Richard's forces at Bosworth field. In this battle Richard fell, while bravely fighting for his cause.

Shakespeare has selected Richard as the hero of one of his plays. In this play Shakespeare has conformed as near as possible to the historical facts. The impression we receive from reading the historic life of Richard is that he was a man skilled in the accomplishment of his purposes—that, in one sense, he was a great ruler. Richard has not wanted defenders, but the general voice of historians is that he was a bad man. Shakespeare in his drama aims, according to Coleridge, to show "that pride of intellect is the characteristic of Richard; and he has here, as in all his great parts, developed, in a tone of sublime morality, the dreadful consequences of placing the moral in subordination to the intellectual."

Such a man Richard must have been. The poet and historian alike represent him as a man of great intellect but no morality. Richard was a man of determined and indomitable will, and the poet rightly pictures him as committing every crime to carry out his purposes. His will had overwhelmed all compunctions of conscience—he had indurated himself to the doing of crime. The impression the poet gives us tallies with Richard's character. It may be that the compressing of Richard's crimes into a short space of time, which is done in the drama, intensifies his wickedness. This it undoubtedly does. The play first shows us Richard's treachery to

Clarence; immediately we meet the corpse of the murdered Henry, and listen to Anne's fierce accusations of Gloucester; then we learn of the Pomfret murder; close upon this Lord Hastings' sad death; then the murder of his nephews. We are astounded that *one* man could, in so short a time, be guilty of such deliberate murders. To such an arrangement, however, the poet was driven by the laws of dramatic composition.

Finally, on sober reflection, we feel that Shakespeare does not exaggerate Richard's wickedness. The man who could, within a few years, plot for and accomplish the murder of so many human beings, was indeed a monster.

SELF-DECEPTION.

IN this age of the world, nothing is more easy than deception; few things more difficult than telling the truth. To "Buy the truth and sell it not" may have been an expedient investment in Solomon's day, but in modern times it has become a more expensive luxury.

We usually associate deception with certain definite acts, so as to give it an air of remoteness as regards ourselves; but fraud and trickery, imposition and stratagem, do not always manifest themselves in outward action; they may exist all unseen, and even beneath the

most precise exterior. Men who would hesitate to wrong their neighbor will persistently deceive and impose upon themselves. They clothe falsehood in the drapery of truth, and make the worse appear the better reason. The men who know themselves are few, but those who will acknowledge to themselves what they are, are fewer.

Men love flattery, and, from confidence in their own judgment, it agrees with them best when it comes from their own lips. Every day one meets sinners who flatter themselves they are saints; fools who consider

themselves wise; small men who think themselves great; polyps in the scale of humanity who, in their own estimation, are cetacean monsters. Some are not so virtuous as they imagine, and some not so wicked as they think they are. Few never cheat themselves. The advocate deceives himself preparatory to deceiving others. The intemperate, the miserly, the criminal, are all victims of self-deception.

Among the causes of this disorder, is the fact that we value too highly our own qualities and accomplishments; all the good we see in a man is what he has in common with us, and his evil is what he has that we have not. Our judgment is blinded by our affections, and, in proportion as our affections become strong, our judgment is likely to become weak. We have a greater love and admiration for ourselves than for any other people, and judge ourselves with less severity. We mislead ourselves for the gratification and ease to be obtained by little tricks and substitutions. Uniform fact fails to satisfy, and we are ever saying to the imagination, "Speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits." If we cannot be rich, we like to dream of riches; if we cannot be wise, it is an immense satisfaction to possess fancied wisdom.

The self-deceiver smothers his

convictions, and encourages his doubts. He sees foolishness in every doctrine except his own. He puts before himself a certain conclusion to be reached, and uses only such reasoning as will suit his purpose. He sees virtues in himself which no one else can see; fondles himself, and purrs with complacency under his own caresses. He regards his good qualities, but overlooks his faults. Men see what they wish to see; believe what they wish to believe; love what they wish to love; and hate what they wish to hate.

No other habit is more pernicious and lasting in its effects than self-deception. Whoever has once deceived himself, has incorporated into his life an error by which it will be forever influenced. Men so deceive themselves as to be utterly unable to see the truth; they see everything misshapen and distorted. He who attempts to deceive at all is frequently the only one deceived, and is always the most unfortunate victim. If any man would be sincere, then let him, first of all, be sincere as regards himself; let him be suspicious of himself until he knows his own capabilities and imperfections; let him not content himself with imaginary powers, but assiduously improve those he has; in short, let his duty be truth, and let his heart be faithful to her worship.

CHRISTMAS.

HARK! the chimes peal clearly,
All abroad the earth;
For the Saviour's birth
Cometh to us yearly.

List! the anthem swelling
All its holy notes;
Higher up it floats,
Renewed gladness telling.

In the temple bendeth
Fir and hemlock sweet,
As a gift most meet
The great forest sendeth.

"Peace, good will," still ringeth
Every nation o'er;
Ages told before
Of the gift Christ bringeth.

Bow, then, great or lowly;
Bow, then, meek or proud;
While the bells peal loud,
For the Christ-child holy.

Kneel in solemn wonder,
Highest praise combine,
For this birth divine
Life from death doth sunder.

Christmas! oh, the sweetness
Of that olden time
Riseth with each chime
Into more completeness.

CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY Chaucer, the founder of English Literature, died in London, Oct. 25, 1400. Of his birth and parentage nothing is known. He is said to have been educated at Oxford, and to have supplemented fine scholarship by extensive travels. His works conclusively show his acquaintance with French and Italian literature, while his numerous allusions to the classics, ancient mythology, and philosophy, are indicative of thorough and extensive reading. Dante lived just before him; Boccaccio was a contemporary; and he had met Petrarch in Italy. To Chaucer's other accomplishments was added the refinement gained in King Edwards' court, then the most splendid in Europe.

But it is not his learning, his travels, nor the daily pitcher of wine from the King's bounty, that distinguishes Chaucer; it is his influence on our language. A jargon of dialects precedes every great language. Before the Norman Conquest there were two well-defined Saxon dialects, the Northern and Southern. After the Conquest the division was more marked, and a third, the Midland dialect, appeared. Luther, by his translation of the Scriptures, decided which of the German dialects should be pre-eminent; and Chaucer it was who determined that the East Mid-

land dialect should become the literary language of England. He found his native tongue very harsh and unattractive. This was partly due to lack of cultivation. The writers preceding Chaucer were mainly of two classes: the scholars and clergy, who wrote in Latin; and solicitors of the royal patronage, who wrote French, the court language. Something, however, had been done in the native dialects; rhyme and meter had been introduced, though so imperfectly understood that Johnson says Chaucer was the first English versifier who wrote poetically.

Before genuine poetry could be produced three things were necessary, viz: ideas, poetical words, and a metrical system. To the acquisition of ideas his acquaintance with foreign literature was indispensable. Like Shakespeare, Chaucer did not stop to invent. He read and appropriated French and Italian poems. "The Knight's Tale" is Boccaccio's, "The Romaunt of the Rose" is from the French of Lorris and Meun, "Troilus and Cresseide" is a translation, etc. By culling from every field, Chaucer found matter for thirty thousand verses, varied and entertaining.

Like Dante, Chaucer wrote in a vulgar dialect, without thought for the future, or more likely with faith

that his native tongue would keep alive whatever it can worthily express. How unlike the distrustful Bacon, who dimmed the lustre of his genius by turning his works into mummified Latin!

The language was defective in two respects; it was incapable of expressing many of the refined ideas of the South; it was too stiff for easy metrical composition. To remedy these evils the poet enriched our language by expressive terms from the Latin, and naturalized a host of musical words from the Provençal, or *langue d'oc*, at that time the most highly polished language of Europe.

But more important is his introduction of the rhyming pentameter. "The Knight's Tale" was the first English poem written in heroic verse. This is a marked improvement. Before Chaucer, there was some alliteration, some rhyme and perhaps meter, but most Saxon poetry was distinguished from prose principally by its pomposity. The harmony of Chaucer's poems, however, is excellent, the numbers flowing, and somebody who has read the whole says there is not a superfluous syllable from beginning to end!

Chaucer was, probably, of mixed race. Hence we find much in his writings that is Frenchy. Under this head I dispose of parts of his works troublesome to his moral admirers. His satires of marriage and religion are also of this cast; "The

Wife of Bath" is an example of the former, and his treatment of the monks, an illustration of the latter. I believe Chaucer always owed the friars a spite. Indeed we read of a pounding he gave one of them. He was obliged to pay a fine, but has his revenge in the prologue to the "Lompnoure's Tale."

If Chaucer was French in some respects, he was more English. Thoughtful and observant, he is the first to say things rather than words, the first to describe character, the first to give his personages individuality. His works are not so monotonously long and sweet. His Oxford man is lean and learned, his soldiers ready to fight, and Eglantine as dainty as any modern Miss.

In short, Chaucer taught Englishmen to write in their native tongue, decided forever which was to be the literary dialect, introduced a store of material for the future development of the language, enriched it by a perfect and melodious metrical system, gave it the sprightliness and wit of the Frenchman united with the sober thought and vivid delineation of character peculiar to Shakespeare—the representative Englishman.

While we are warm admirers of the "Bard of the Avon," let not our

"—breast be cold

To him, this other hero, who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land."

ORIGINALITY.

“**I**S there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new?” From some points of view it seems at times as if we could not refrain from joining old Solomon in declaring that “there is no new thing under the sun.” The more we learn of mankind both of the present and of the past, the more we realize the insignificance of our own thoughts and deeds. History and travel unite to show us that though we may be great in our own circle, there are and always have been other circles, beyond and perhaps above ours, that have had their heroes and favorites, the result of whose lives are still seen and felt.

If we are to believe that silver-tongued orator, Wendell Phillips, we are far from being superior if even equal to the ancients in science and art, while the “Sage of Concord” has recently shown us how little that is truly new can be found in literature. Critics tell us that during all these years our philosophers have not advanced beyond Aristotle, and our poets are accused of continually searching the top of old Parnassus for poetical gems, but making no deposits themselves. Undoubtedly there is too much truth in this. We know that Virgil borrowed from Homer, that Milton imitated Latin and Italian poets, and that Shakespeare was more or less indebted to

his predecessors and contemporaries. We know that all many of our painters and sculptors can do is to copy well the works of the old masters.

It is said there never was a time when such a fierce fire of investigation was turned upon politicians and political acts. With equal truth I think it may be said there never was a time when literary productions were exposed to a fiercer blaze of criticism. Criticism has become a sort of literary blow-pipe before whose searching examinations plagiarism and imitation are instantly detected and the guilty one held up to ridicule. Yet I cannot believe that we moderns are “guilty above all other men.” On the contrary, this sharp criticism shows and compels a tendency to be original.

But before we can decide whether there is such a thing as originality among men we must define the word. If it means the production of something entirely new, the bringing to market something never before seen, there is indeed a dearth of originality. To such originality every work of art, every line of literature, every invention or discovery in science, is a hinderance. Since human thought first became active, so rapidly has increased the debt of man to man that originality in this objective sense has become lost in antiquity. If Adam, inspired by the beauties of

Paradise, had left us a little volume describing those scenes, he might have made a strong claim to originality; but since that time men have been imitating, consciously or unconsciously, their predecessors. The chain of imitators seems to have no end and no beginning. Go back as far as we may, we find scholars and students, not teachers and originators.

But the term original may be and must be applied not only to the production but to the mind of the producer as well. Superficially considered, and to the world in general, recent thoughts and discoveries may be mere echoes of the past, while the mind of the thinker is truly fresh and original. The man who applies for a patent, and finds that the very process or machine over which he has spent so much study was invented years since is not necessarily an imitator. When Longfellow wrote:

"And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,"

he was accused of borrowing, because some one before him had used the expression: "Rejoicing on the mountains, clapped their hands." A writer in the *Galaxy* some years ago well says: "If this is plagiarism, it is plagiarism to speak of rosy cheeks."

But in attempting to say anything about originality, one exposes himself to the charge of lacking that very quality. After making all due allowance for unconscious imitation

and accidental similarity, we must admit there is too little of even subjective originality. If we seek for the hinderances we shall find that they are infinite in number, and that a full consideration of any one would require too many of these pages.

There is no mind but has some natural original power. What the great majority lack is the development and cultivation of the powers of observation and generalization. This lack is the result of faulty education. It is a fact not very complimentary to our systems of education that a majority of the men most eminent in science have been self-educated by that great teacher—Nature. Facts and theories must be developed by a careful study of natural laws before books can be written. We read Hugh Miller, Hitchcock, and Dana, and then air our knowledge of geology; but had those men depended upon books, what would they or we have known of geology? A writer in the last *STUDENT* expresses fears that ministers will *suffocate* mentally for lack of books. It must be admitted that some minds are in danger of mental *starvation*, but I venture to say that an equal if not a greater number are in danger of suffocation from the present abundance of books. It is too often the case that the learning of the past is so heaped upon the mind as to stifle its tender powers. Just as our bodies, though fed upon the most nutritious food, unless

properly exercised, become weak and feeble, so the mind may be suffocated by the abundance of food which is furnished it without any effort of its own.

"Knowledge dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own."

And here we find another hinderance to originality—our feverish desire to know and do everything. And since we cannot really do this we content ourselves with seeming to know more than we do, with striving to pass for more than we are really worth. In our haste to become producers we soon empty our own small cistern and, unwilling to wait and fill up, we are forced to draw from our neighbor's great reservoir. This is especially noticeable in young orators. In an article written just after our late war a writer says of the young orator: "He remarks that traitor hands have attempted to overthrow the grandest structure of human government upon which the sun ever shone. Sometimes he prefers to call it the fairest fabric of human government under the blue vault of heaven. Sometimes he 'methinks' he sees the form of Washington hovering over the hotly-contested battle-field; sometimes he sees posterity looking down upon us from the pyramids of the future."

The same lack of originality is seen to-day in the young orator ha-

ranguing a country audience upon "True Nobility," "Self-culture," "Reform in Politics," etc. And the would-be poet shows by his meter what master he has been studying. If it is Longfellow, he writes everything to the tune of "Tell me not in mournful numbers."

Both of these hinderances arise from another—our aversion to long, deep thought and study. Our rapid, restless lives, wholly devoted to business or pleasure, have no room for such thought, and without it there can be no originality. The book which we admire so much is often the sole result of years of the closest study. Of what use would it have been for you or me to have lived in the time of Galileo or Newton without their devotion to study. With that devotion there is yet room for both subjective and objective originality.

Carlyle says, "The world's wealth is its original men. By these and their labors it is a world and not a waste." If we would be original, let us remember on the one hand that the original and proper sources of knowledge are, not books, but life, experience, personal thinking; and on the other, let us find in books and other works of the past, not hinderances, but helps to originality. We have only to make it yet broader and deeper, for in many mines long worked there are yet glittering jewels and priceless gems.

RIGHT.

RIGHT, the prerequisite of human character, the prerogative of human existence, is by far the most perverted of moral attributes. However firmly planted in the heart of man by the Creative Hand, its domain has been sadly usurped by the aggressions of might. The further we penetrate the shades of antiquity, the more firmly do we find established "the law of force"—the more prevalent the idea that "might makes right."

The profoundest of heathen philosophers believed human slavery to be of divine appointment; and, in conformity with his belief, one-half of mankind in his day was held in bondage by the other half. The sentiment has outlived ages and nations, and, even in the most enlightened and Christian lands, slavery has not been abolished till within the present century.

An ancient lawgiver, that he might more firmly establish his imperfect institutions, demanded that every citizen offering a repeal or amendment to his laws should appear in the public assembly with a halter about his neck, ready for execution if his propositions should fail to meet with general acceptance. The spirit, if not the peculiar injunction, has been no less apparent in later times.

Of courts and judges we cannot

speaking without profound respect; yet history has proven them to be but men. Alas! have not the darkest crimes been perpetrated under their sanction? Does not the blood of martyrs and patriots cry out, summoning them to the judgment of the Most High? It was a judicial tribunal that condemned Socrates to drink the fatal cup; that adjudged the Saviour to the cross,—of whom, when he asserted that he came to testify unto the truth, the magistrate demurely asked, "What is truth?"

The professed representative of truth was yet to become its learner. It was a judicial tribunal that arrested the teachings of the great Apostle, and sent him bound from Judea to Rome for imprisonment and death. It was a judicial tribunal that, in France, became the instrument of tyranny; that, in England, surrounded by all forms of law, sanctioned the despotic caprice of Henry the Eighth, lighted the fires of persecution at Oxford and Smithfield, and enforced the laws of conformity that drove the Puritan Fathers across the sea to the inhospitable shores of New England.

Thorny, indeed, has been the pathway over which has come to us, in these later days, a juster recognition of human relations! Who among us can not but feel, in his inmost soul, the intensity of scorn

at the idea that human rights are but the philosopher's dream? No institution of law nor government can be more crippled than that which enjoins silence upon its subjects. Every man should be heard. If his opinions are false, their errors will become more apparent when placed in juxtaposition with the truth; if they are true, the world should have the benefit of them. Grant that he is in the minority—does that imply that his opinions are false? Does not history justify the assertion that the sentiments of *the world* have been placed in the balance and outweighed by those of *one man*? Said John Milton, in his struggles with English tyranny: "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue according to conscience, above all liberties." The mandates of men are to be discussed; the mandates of heaven are to be obeyed. "Nothing that comes from man's hands,

nor law, nor constitution, can be final. Truth alone is final."

Fortunately for us, there have lived those to whom a sentiment was dearer than life. Self-sacrifice is not in vain. The reformer foresees, with the clearness of prophecy, that out of his sufferings shall come a transcendent future. Conformity or compromise may purchase a profitable peace, but not peace of mind; it may win position and power, but not repose; it may establish a temporary abiding-place, but not a permanent home in the hearts of men. Honor to him who, in defense of a cherished principle, can stand alone, against the madness of men, against the oppression of kings and tyrants. Significant are the words echoed from Plymouth Rock: "Better the despised pilgrim, a fugitive for freedom, than a halting politician, forgetful of principle, with a Senate at his heels."

DUST.

AND what of life thus far now seemeth fair?
 'Tis time we contemplate—the months wax old!
 Where are the Spring's bright days, the Summer's where?
 Or are the year's full crannies stored with gold?
 We haste to see; but lo, a breath, a sigh
 Dispels the hope, as worthless atoms lie.

The flow'rs have withered, and the leaves are gone,
 The grass is only matting closer still;
 O'er the cold sky the morning's sun doth dawn,
 And gloomy echoes break from hill to hill.

The soil alone, the dust o'er which we tread,
Unchanged, unfeeling, knoweth much is dead!

Knoweth that myriad ones of nature's grace
Have cast their crowns, have yielded to decay,
Have lived their lives, have fallen from their place;
In dust they lie, their summer spent, their day
Is "earth to earth," for winds to lash and sift,
While from the mass few golden grains they lift.

And we are grim with dust—once passing bright;
Our work falls from us, as the rattling leaves
From the high trees; yet do not fail, O Knight,
Though, half your armor gone, your spirit grieves!
Take hope, if yet, amid the mouldering wreck,
Some golden dust your conquered spoil should fleck.

There is much dust to every day and year;
'Tis glorious blooming, fruiting, then the fall
Of all things unto earth; but this is clear:
Some dust is precious—'tis not clouded all.
Heaps to be trodden under foot we cast;
The little gold we raise, and hold it fast.

COLLEGE WORK.

THIS is acknowledged to be a world of progress. Since Adam and Eve first began to make innovations in the clothing line, improvement has been the great aim of mankind. Every branch of industry shows signs of change. The mighty strength of steam, the wonderful speed of electricity, the power of sunlight, have been brought under the control of man. The resources of the earth have been utilized; the great stores of heat and light which

for ages nature has been storing up for man in the form of coal, have been dug out from their hiding places, and help to cheer nearly every household in the land.

The hand of machinery, more powerful than the Titans of old, and more delicate than a lady's finger, produces for us articles of wonderful beauty and convenience. But more especially in the art of turning out learned men, has progress been made. We of the New World are

fast,—fast in eating, fast in working, fast even in studying. It is right that we should be so, for why should we spend half our lifetime in learning how to spend the remainder? Formerly a man could not enter upon life till he reached almost the period of middle age. To be sure, such courses of preparation have given to the world the ripe thoughts and polished sentences of a Cicero, and have produced the unequalled splendors which adorned the oratory of Demosthenes. But we in later days have learned to produce scholars without any such wearisome years of labor. One may graduate from college without deep study, and may receive the name of scholar without great knowledge of books.

Let us trace the course of one of quite a large class of college students. He enters his Freshman year with fear and trembling, and after he receives his ticket feels upon himself the immense responsibility of sustaining the dignity of the college. He intends to shine in recitation, and manfully battles with Latin and Greek roots, and attacks Subjunctives and Optatives, Grammar in hand. But in after years he is inclined to look upon this period as one of temporary insanity. He soon finds that he can get a translation with much greater ease and rapidity from a "pony" than from the dictionary, and, riding up the hills of learning in this way, thinks that in truth there is a "royal road to learning." Such

pleasing discoveries as this give him more time for the recreation which is so much needed by the student.

Soon comes the time when, dismounting from his horse, he has to climb up to the Sophomore year. Here he must infallibly stumble were it not for certain stepping-stones which aid him in his time of trial. For so long has he been accustomed to the help of his noble steed that without him he feels unequal to any crisis. However, certain little rolls of paper well covered with *notes* raise his courage somewhat, and examinations pass off successfully. A full-fledged Soph, his concern is to keep his place in his class, snub Freshmen, wear a tall hat and sport a cane, and to keep up continual war with the professors. Excitement is now necessary to him, and he cannot bring himself to settle down quietly until the Faculty, resolving itself into an investigating committee, kindly decide to send him into the country, to allow him to recover from his nervous prostration. The symptoms of his disease are always marked, and generally a number of the class are infected at the same time. One afflicted generally evinces a violent desire to make a noise in the world, and is occasionally seen but oftener heard with a horn at his mouth. There also appears a great desire to empty slops out of the upper windows of the dormitory, especially when the Freshmen pass below. Such, however, though often indica-

tive of disease and frequently cured by a stay in the country more or less extended, sometimes are unmistakable signs of genius struggling to rise. In such cases the student has been known to graduate without passing through the remaining years of his course.

As a Junior he is free from such troubles as afflicted him in his Sophomore year. His duties now require him to look dignified, to attend recitations when not asleep, and to refrain carefully from hard study. To do this last and still to maintain his standing in his class, he shows himself, oftentimes, very ingenious, and calls to his aid an immense amount of "cheek." Often, without flinching, does he oppose his opinions to those of the book when called up to recite on a passage which he had not glanced over. He has even been known to suggest that possibly the printer had made a mistake, and to insinuate that his word was to be relied on rather than those of a man unknown to the professor except through the title-page of the text-book. He develops great skill in framing excuses, and can bring on a fit of sickness at short notice. In social circles he makes himself prominent and establishes a reputation as a lady-killer.

When he becomes a Senior there comes a change. From his lofty eminence he looks on the crowd who are following upon the path he has just trod, and smiles to think

that *he* was once there. Then he takes a look the other way, and groans when he thinks of his chances for a part at Commencement. However, he cheers up as he thinks that much of his rank depends on his excellence in writing, and remembers what a goodly store of themes may be culled from the College Library.

During this year he shows considerable literary talent. As for his daily recitations, he *generally* reads them over before going into the class, and, by a careful computation of the chances, and improving his opportunities for study in recitation time, he makes a good appearance when called upon. He graduates with a part in the best style of some good writer, and is much applauded.

When he is through with his course, he continues to work easily, and finds that in his profession he is never overpowered, as are some of his acquaintances, by a press of work.

Such is the correct way to go through College now-a-days. To be sure, some read out their Greek word by word, know something about Latin, and work out for themselves the tough problems in Algebra. They let the Freshmen alone, and "plug" during Sophomore year. In Junior year, they spend the hours which should be devoted to croquet and novel-reading, in poring over dry books, writing their themes, etc., and sometimes even contribute an article to help the poor editors of the College paper. As Seniors, they

foolishly fill their brains with notions about Consciousness, the Intellect, the Imagination, the Will, the Judgment, etc., and even aspire to calculate eclipses. Though their own productions may fall short of those of certain of the "British Essayists," they still write their own essays and orations.

These fellows always get the Valuedictory and Salutatory at Commencement, and step readily into good positions on leaving College. In after life, too, fortune often seems

to smile upon them, and bestows on them wealth and fame. But, nevertheless, who would wish to be so far behind the spirit of the times as to devote years of work to attain such honors? Far better to live a life of mediocrity and take life easy. If ever a thought that you might have taken a higher stand in the world comes to trouble you, reflect on the numerous cases of prostration and death from overwork, and bless yourself that you have never run any risk of such evils.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

ADIEU.

WITH this number we bid adieu to the STUDENT, and resign our position cheerfully to those who follow us. We do this without any feeling of sadness for the parting, only regret that we have not done better.

Among the many pleasant associations and varied experiences of our College life, none will be remembered with more pleasure than those of the last year. This year has been one of interest to us all, but its record is nearly completed, and such as it is it must remain forever. None of it can be erased, none of it rewritten. All our victories, all our generous and noble deeds have been recorded; so have our mistakes, failures, and errors,—not one can be altered, we can only prevent their repetition.

The new year found us beset with many doubts and misgivings. We were suddenly and unexpectedly called upon to perform duties for which we considered ourselves unqualified. But, encouraged by our friends, and remembering that one duty performed at a time had completed the noblest lives, that word by word, sentence by sentence, the longest book is written, that it was necessary to publish but one STUDENT a month, we began our labors; and the end is reached if our anticipations have not been realized.

We have succeeded in furnishing our readers each month with the required amount of reading matter, and in transmitting the STUDENT to our successors; if this has been done to the satisfaction of our class, we are in a measure satisfied. We extend our most earnest and heartfelt thanks to those who have so kindly aided us in these labors; and those who have disappointed us we as freely forgive as we hope to be forgiven for the sin they have caused us to commit. If we have not accomplished all we desired, it has not been wholly our fault. How can the STUDENT be published regularly, and every article be what the editor would choose, if, at the time of publication, he cannot obtain half the articles promised, and is compelled to take what he can get, and when he can get it? We have sometimes found it difficult to furnish news, when there was none, and nothing of interest going on—not so much as a game of base-ball. But this is too late to begin our complaints. We have done what we could under the circumstances. What suggestions we had to offer our successors have been given heretofore. That each class will strive to do its best in the future, we are satisfied. The class of '78 have done wisely in their election of editors, and we predict for them a successful career. They

cannot ensure this alone; they must have the earnest and hearty co-operation of their classmates and friends. This must be given fully, freely, and unsought before the STUDENT reaches its highest possible literary position. This will happen in time, and other improvements be made. They can not all be done at once. We shall always follow the STUDENT with interest, and trust its future will be brighter than the past.

Wishing our many acquaintances through these columns "A Happy New Year," we bid them adieu, and introduce our successors, close our editorial labors, and willingly retire to private life.

OUR COURSE.

As the closing shadows of our college days begin to gather around us, perhaps it is not amiss to review the past four years. With the conflict of life approaching, and manhood dawning upon us, the question presents itself, Are we better prepared for these duties than we otherwise might have been?

Does a college course pay? This question and similar ones are frequently asked. We say, emphatically, Yes. But our answer might have been modified a year ago. For not till the past year have we so fully appreciated its benefits. The theory of our course is, that certain studies are best fitted to prepare a man for the most efficient and successful discharge of the duties of life. We do not mean merely pro-

fessional life, but that life which a thoroughly cultured man is fitted to occupy, as a leader in whatever station he fills. By a thoroughly cultured man we mean one who has been trained to know himself, his duties, and his powers; to know society, its institutions, literature, and art; to know the history of the different peoples and nations that have existed; to know nature in its developments and scientific relations. The liberal education which colleges uniformly propose to give, is none other than what Milton calls the "complete and generous education that fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

If it be concluded that the studies in our course are the best fitted for culture, they should be prescribed. Not one is superfluous, not one should be removed, for all are needed. We would rather add more. The theory of our curriculum has been to provide for all those studies that could properly find a place in a system of liberal culture. The end is not to train for the learned professions as such, but to train for that position in life which many others besides professional men should aim to occupy. The curriculum has not been arranged by theorists, or those wedded to a traditional or hereditary system, but by those whom long service in public life have made competent judges.

We would say to those commencing

ing their course, Do not be led to neglect any studies because you think, or some one says, it will be of no use in your life work; you will find them all necessary for a finished education.

Often we hear the remark that the influence and associations of college life are bad. That parents fear its effects upon their sons. That at best college student are mere carpet knights, while many contract habits and imbibe principles that lead to their ruin. That the moral and religious influences are demoralizing and paralyzing to the moral powers, and deadening to the conscience, and those subject to its influence leave college cold-blooded sensualists or skeptics. Nowhere is the saying more true than in college: "You send your child to the school-master, but 'tis the school-boys who educate him." The studies, the system of teaching, the knowledge and skill of the instructors, do not constitute the whole of the educating influence of college. Often they do not furnish half those influences which are most effectual, which are longest remembered and most highly valued. Many who make the best use of the opportunities which their *Alma Mater* furnishes, are indebted as much to the educating influences of its community as to their studies or their instructors. The constant examples of successful effort, the achievements witnessed by themselves, the kind words and opinions of classmates and friends, together with the warmth

of college friendships, and the earnestness of rivalries, the quick detection and condemnation of fraud, the reward of fidelity and perseverance, make college life full of excitement, and lead sometimes to the severest discipline and labor and the development of unconscious powers that will date as the origin of a successful life.

Nor is the social life less important in the formation of character, and the furnishing of practical information to the student. It may be said that the college world is narrow, unreal, and fictitious, and unlike the freer, larger outside world. Whatever the disadvantages may be in this respect, the advantages are many. Boys from the best homes are brought together in the closest intimacies at a period when they are frank and fearless, if ever; before they have become corrupted by contact with the world. While their characters are undergoing formation, they are open to the closest scrutiny, and each one begins to have his opinions of right and wrong. This study of character leads to the training of the moral and esthetical powers, and the formation of the moral character. That this one-sided and isolated life presents peculiar temptations, is true. That some students fall when they are first subjected to these temptations, the restraints of society and the influences of home being removed, cannot be denied. Their errors are not of the grosser sort, but a kind of

refined and subtle insensibility to good, a deadening of the conscience. But a reaction takes place when the reflective powers are awakened and the better influence of the college prevails. The errors of college life often serve as good lessons, although obtained at dear cost. Such things are common with all classes of young men.

The religious influences of college life must be briefly mentioned. The life of the student is necessarily intellectual and reflective. During the period of college life the earnest mind often encounters those questionings which require a decided answer, and it awakens to thoughts that can not be repressed. It is haunted by the presence of mysterious realities that can not be dispelled. They find their early belief undermined in many places, and many of their theories swept away. This leads them to doubt it all, and they find themselves drifting on a shoreless sea without an anchor. But in place of these ruins many construct a broader, fairer, and more lasting fabric. The influences in college to sensualism and unbelief are manifold; so are the influences that favor a Christian life; and while some are led astray, many leave college with a stronger Christian faith than when they enter.

The effect of these varied intellectual, social, moral, and religious influences is so powerful that we think there are few influences for a general culture so important and

refining as those of a college life. It takes into its organization a band of youth, at a period when their characters are forming; it isolates them from the world; it introduces them to a community peculiar to itself. The pursuits of this community are professedly intellectual. The thoughts and opinions of each of its members turns upon intellectual themes. The labors and anxieties, the strifes and victories, the discussions of persons and things, the loves and hostilities, are chiefly upon subjects of an elevated character. This life has conventionalities and distinctions of its own; but they are founded on no such false and superficial reasons as those of the great world without, but are far more just, more honest, more sagacious, and more generous than are the distinctions of the coarser world. True manhood in intellect and in character in no other community is so sagaciously discovered and honestly honored. Shams are speedily detected and condemned; modest merit and refined tastes are honored.

For four years it subjects the youth to these influences, advancing the literary and artistic tastes over the sordid aspirations after wealth and power. Withering selfishness and greed may scorn its generous impulses; the cold-blooded realist may laugh at its romantic dreams; narrow-minded utilitarianism may grudge the time that is not spent in making the almighty dollar; the man of wide experience may laugh at the

extravagant expectations of the college year; but it is a living fountain, from which flows a pure stream for the elevating of our common country.

That it has its ignorances and its romances, its conceits and its follies, none will deny. What community has not? Let any thinking man compare for a moment the education received here with that which the country at large furnishes. Let him reflect on the trickery of business, the jobbery of politicians, the slang of newspapers, the vulgarity of fashion, the cant and shallowness of the pulpit,—and he may rejoice that *one* community has better tastes.

Subject to these influences, we have followed our class for the past four years. We contrast the boys whom we met for the first time in the recitation room, with the young men who meet there now. We have noted the different stages through which they have passed—the rise of some, who were at first unnoticed, to the foremost positions in the class; the gradual falling of others; the change and development that has taken place under the influences of college life,—and in almost every instance it has been for the better. Our own experience corresponds to this; gradually but surely has the change been made. One theory and idea after another has been changed, till we possess hardly an idea or an aspiration that was ours on entering college. Each individual spectator of this active life has learned intellectual lessons which he cannot for-

get if he would, and would not forget if he could; and he will bear away a rich freight of experience, and of culture in his tastes, his estimates of character, his judgments of life.

MANAGER'S NOTE.

Before severing our connection with the STUDENT we wish to express our thanks to those who have in any way aided us in our labors.

The STUDENT has been printed, the present year, at the office of the *Lewiston Journal*, and it is needless to say that the work has been done in a prompt and satisfactory manner. To those who have had the immediate charge of the printing of the STUDENT we extend our sincere thanks for favors received.

To the business men of Lewiston who have so promptly and willingly filled our advertising columns we also feel grateful, and hope we have done something towards recompensing them.

To the class of '77 we desire to say that we wish we had been able to have done better for them. We are conscious of mistakes made, but they were unintentional. Although we shall not be able to declare a large dividend, yet we confidently hope to let your purse-strings alone. We thank the class for their confidence and united support.

We bespeak for the Manager of '78 the same generous support and patronage that we have received, and hope the STUDENT may improve much under his care. O. B. C.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Once more, and for the last time, we sit down to our exchanges. The fact that we are no longer to peruse their pages, is on the whole not displeasing to us, since, though often amusing and instructive, they are always associated in our mind with an extra amount of exertion, and extra exertion we always did abominate. Even now visions of future ease flit across our mind, when we shall stand aside and smile at the hardships of our successor. Truly we pity him if, during the first three months of his position as exchange editor, he feels himself bound, as we did, to read carefully all his exchanges. We tremble for his intellect if he attempts to grasp the full glory of such productions as are found in the *Archangel*, whose sole aim is to demonstrate the entire superiority of the Catholic religion over all others. Let him shun this, and also its companion, the *Niagara Index*. For news let him turn to the Yale, Harvard, and Cornell papers, where he will find the very latest in rowing, shooting, and sporting matters, relieved by an occasional row caused by a difference of opinion between these representatives of rival colleges.

The Western exchanges have some good points, but are rather crude oftentimes. The papers of the most value will be found nearer home. The *Bowdoin Orient*, the *Amherst Student*, and the *Tufts Collegian*, are

among the best of these. Princeton sends out two good papers, the *Princetonian* and the *Nassau Literary*. The last number of the *Nassau Literary* appeared in a very genteel cover, and judging by external appearance would take its place among the standard monthly publications.

The article on "Hawthorne" is written with good taste and judgment and shows considerable insight into human nature. The pieces entitled "To Thine Own Self be True" and "Northern Mythology" are worth reading.

We read that "Brief Reply," and deliberated whether to look upon it as a satire or a eulogy. We finally concluded to call it a satire, but, like Mark Twain's account of the "Petrified Man," it runs very deep. The editorial department is good. Altogether the *Lit.* is a very readable paper.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* comes to us from Halifax and consists mainly of an address by a certain Professor. This we haven't had time to read but from its general appearance would recommend as better than a dose of opium as a sleeping potion.

One of the writers for the *Chronicle* (University of Michigan) has rightly assumed the name of "Homunculus." Judging from his production anything more fitting could scarcely have been chosen. The wit exhibited by the one "Possessed of the Blue D——s" is immense, so immense that the mind is wholly un-

able to grasp it. The *Chronicle* has some good remarks on the subject of chess and a chess club in the University.

We can't help noticing a dainty bit of poetry in the *College Mercury* entitled "King Fairy's Story." It is one of the finest specimens of poetry that it has been our fortune to see during our acquaintance with college papers. The *Mercury* is especially entertaining throughout this number, and need not order that tombstone for the "Literary Talent of Racine" yet awhile. "Christmas Day at Chattenham College" is an interesting sketch, owing as much to the style of composition as to anything. May we see more of the same sort in the future.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for December is full of interesting matter. Among the more noticeable articles are "Fermentation and its Bearings on the Phenomena of Disease" by Tyndall, "Mormonism from a Mormon Point of View," "Canine Sagacity," and the second of Prof. Huxley's Lectures. The Editors' Table and the Miscellany Department contain a variety of interesting notes. This magazine is one that is always worth reading, and has no rival in its class of publications.

We append a list of our exchanges:

Cornell Era, Alumni Journal, Yale Literary Magazine, Targum, University Herald, Packer Quarterly, Hesperian Student, Brunonian, College Olio, Madisonensis, University Press,

Trinity Tablet, Chronicle, Denison Collegian, Bowdoin Orient, College Argus, University Record, Alumnæ Quarterly, Ala. University Monthly, Archangel, College Journal, Crimson, Transcript, College Herald, Niagara Index, Chronicle (N. W. Coll.), University Review, Aurora, College Mercury, Amherst Student, Dartmouth, Lewiston Gazette, Alfred Student, Irving Union, Vassar Miscellany, Argosy, University Monthly, High School, Tyro, Tripod, Volante, College Journal, Otterbein Dial, Tufts Collegian, Collegian, Golden Sheaf, Undergraduate, College Reporter, Boston University Beacon, Institute Journal, Calliopean, Wabash, Yale Record, Wittenberger, Capitol, Philadelphia.

PERSONALS.

'72.—Married Nov. — by Rev. W. H. Bolton assisted by Prof. B. F. Hayes, Mr. J. S. Brown of Lyndon, Vt., and Miss Emily A. Davis of Auburn.

'74.—T. P. Smith has entered Harvard Medical School.

'74.—Frank Noble left recently for California. We understand that he intends to settle in San Francisco.

'75.—F. B. Fuller sends us a couple of items for this column, for which we are obliged.

'75.—Geo. Oak is studying law in the office of Cheney & Smith, Boston.

'76.—Anson, Nov. 19th, J. William Daniels of Rumney, N. H., and Miss Alice P. Steward of Anson. Good for Daniels.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It seems odd to us, but the fact is that Odds and Ends for this are rather out of order.

The Peabody Museum of Yale College has just received a valuable treasure, nearly a thousand specimens of ancient pottery, dug up in Missouri, and estimated to be nearly 2,000 years old.

We would commend to the notice of Freshman bards the following rhyme from the University of California:—

“Here’s to Class of ’80!
Drink her down!
Here’s to Class of ’80,
For she’s dreadful small potaty!
Drink her down!”

—*Era*.

Our manager wishes to remark, and his language is plain, that for ways that are dark and tricks of “not payin’,” the *STUDENT* subscribers are peculiar, of which he is quite certain. Notwithstanding the fact that to each he has sent a little slip of paper with a gentle request for a little of Uncle Sam’s currency, he finds that the “returns” are too easily counted to satisfy him. Now let every one look over his accounts and if he finds that a dollar is due to the *STUDENT*, let that dollar quickly pass from his pocket to that of the manager. Thus will a load be lifted

from his pocket and heart at the same time, and he will know the bliss of one who oweth not his publisher. Seriously, many are still indebted to us for the *STUDENT*, and the money is needed to settle our own bills for printing, etc. So send it along and give us an “honest count.”

We take the following from the *Alabama University Monthly*. Any one interested in the tactics had better practice them. “A student has produced the following ‘osculatory tactics,’ which he affirms are the result of theory verified by experience: Recruit is placed directly in front of piece. First motion—Bend the right knee, straighten the left; bring the head on a level with the face of the piece, at the same time extending the arms and clasping the cheeks of the piece firmly in both hands. Second motion—Bend the body slightly forward, pucker the mouth and apply the lips smartly to the muzzle mouldings. Third motion—Break off promptly to the rear to escape jarring or injury, should the piece recoil. N. B.—The third motion requires the exercise of the greatest promptness and activity, as serious results sometimes accompany the slightest hesitancy in its performance.”

COLLEGE ITEMS.

The STUDENT appears thus late by reason of unavoidable accidents.

The Harvard Faculty allow 72 absences from prayer during a year.

A post-graduate course, with the degree of M.L., has been added to Yale Law School.

A Senior, a Sophomore, and two Freshmen are stopping at the buildings during this vacation.

French is required for admission to Amherst. Yale requires no knowledge of French or German.

Harvard College has an annual income of over \$10,000 exclusively devoted to the purchase of books.

Yale beat Harvard at foot-ball, Nov. 18th, and served Princeton in like manner on Thanksgiving Day.

Applicants for admission to Harvard Law School must be able to pass an examination in Cæsar, Cicero and Virgil.

With this number, the local for '77 makes his little bow. We can only say that we hope the pencils we have chewed up and swallowed during our year's hunt after items have not ruined our constitution. May the items be more plenty and easier to find for our successor than they have been for us.

German universities have fourteen hundred American graduates.

Two hundred and fifty honorary degrees are conferred by American colleges annually, mostly of D.D.

The committee for '77 report that they have secured the services of Miss Cary for Commencement Concert, with Mr. Fessenden as tenor and Mr. Whitney as bass. We cannot yet say who will be engaged as soprano, nor as to the instrumental music; but the gentlemen on the committee tell us that everything shall be the best that they can procure. The three mentioned are in themselves sufficient to guarantee an enjoyable concert.

Seniors are bound to distinguish themselves wherever they go. A particularly gallant specimen of the class of '77 visited the Grammar School some time since. At the close of the exercises he was politely invited by the Principal to step outside and see the scholars pass out in line. He declined, and so far all was well enough; but when a lady teacher proposed the same thing shortly after, the scholars say the effect was instantaneous. Without any further demur he made his best bow and started. Well done!

HORACE RUNDLETT CHENEY.

HORACE RUNDLETT CHENEY, only son of President Cheney, died at Philadelphia, December 13th. He was on his way South, but the rapid and alarming progress of his disease compelled him to seek medical advice on his arrival at Philadelphia. His physician and friends were confident of his recovery till a short time previous to his death. His father, who had been summoned home from Paris by his son's illness, his mother, his wife, and other friends, were with him. He passed peacefully away, trusting in the power and goodness of God.

The funeral took place at Valley Falls, R. I. The services, consisting of Scripture reading, address, and prayer, were conducted by the Rev. Carlton Staples of Providence. Mrs. S. D. Cheney of Boston read a poem, and made an interesting address on the life and character of the deceased. His remains were taken to Swan Point Cemetery for burial.

The deceased was born at Parsonsfield, Me., October 28th, 1844. He early displayed intellectual capacities that enabled him to take a position with those much older than himself. He graduated from Nichols Latin School in 1859, and entered Bowdoin College the next Spring, from which institution he graduated in the class of '63.

Bates College began its work in the Fall of the same year, and the deceased was appointed the first Tutor. In this position he remained three years. During this time he founded the College Library, and was appointed its first Librarian. He was deeply interested in this work, and spent much time and travel in soliciting subscriptions and obtaining books.

After mature consideration, he chose the profession of Law. He graduated at

Harvard Law School, and studied with Senator Boutwell and Judge French of Boston. After but two years' practice in the office of A. A. Raney, he was appointed Assistant District Attorney for Suffolk County—an important position for one so young. This place he held three years. Since then he has been actively engaged in the duties of his profession.

In this brief time, without the aid of a partner, he has established a practice and gained a reputation that would be creditable to many lawyers years his seniors. His business the last year amounted to \$8000, and he bid fair soon to rival the ablest lawyers at the Suffolk Bar. His clear and brilliant intellect was combined with a noble and generous nature, revealing itself in a pure moral life. Those who knew him best were warmest in his praise. He was a constant laborer, and whatever he did was performed with an earnestness and enthusiasm that crowned every effort with success.

But his active and aspiring mind lacked the support of a correspondingly vigorous body; and suddenly, when the goal was but just reached, the reward scarcely grasped, his strength failed. Why a career so auspiciously begun should be thus suddenly closed, He alone knows, in whose hands are the destinies of men.

Mr. CHENEY left a wife and one child, who in their sudden and crushing bereavement have the sympathy of many friends not personally known to them. The deceased was one of the Trustees of the College, and in his death it has lost an earnest and valued friend. President Cheney receives the sympathy of his numerous friends and acquaintances; yet none but those who have been similarly afflicted can fully realize his great loss.

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REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** in Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 28, 1876.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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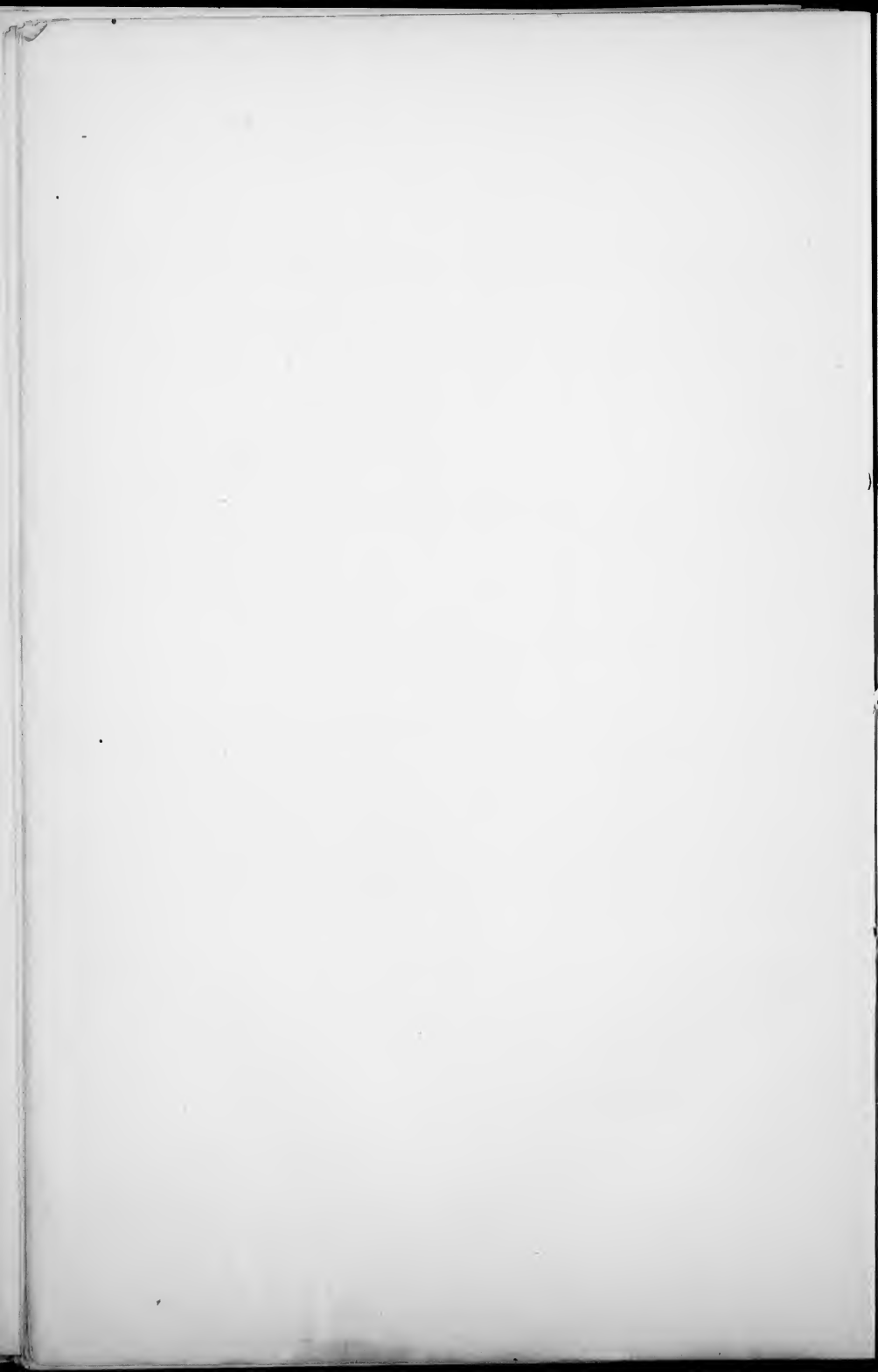
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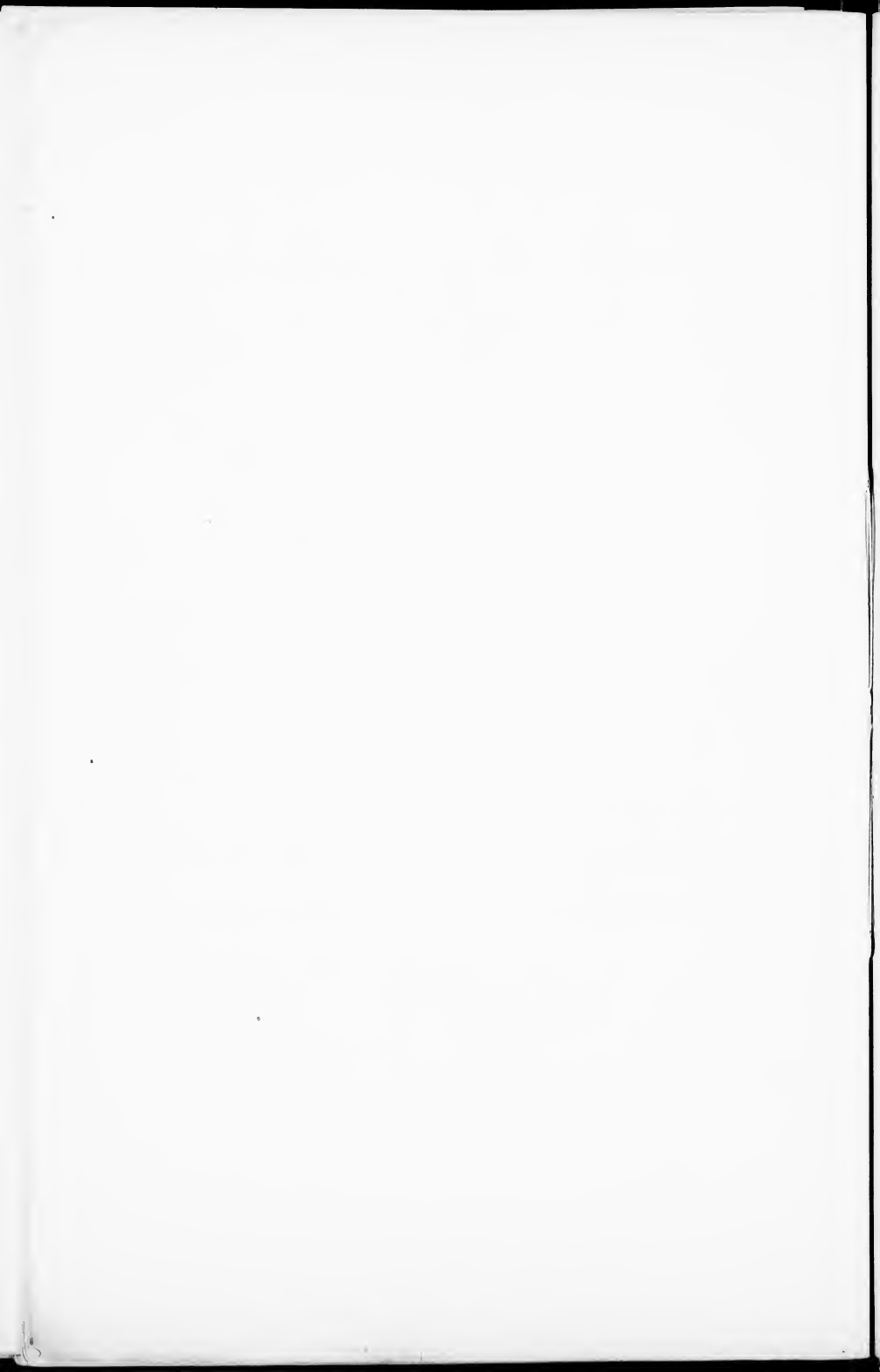
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